

365 DAYS OF DREWY GOODNESS (2007)

365 DAYS OF DREWY GOODNESS

January 1, 2007 | Info

As anyone that has read some of my previous postings can tell, I have a problem with commitment. I've attempted to start blogging consistently on a number of occasions (see "Joke of the Day", "A New Thinking", "The Cooking Project", and "What I Learned"), but I've been unable to stick to any of them.

Well, with 2007 here, it's time I try one more time. Now I know what you're thinking, you've tried it four times with your myspace blog (and a number of other times w/ AIM, etc), what makes you think you can do it now?

The answer has 2 parts:

- 1) I have this feeling that 2007 is going to be huge comedic year for me, **Smarty Pants**, and **The 8th Floor**, and I want to do everything I can to make sure that's true.
- 2) I know how I work, and therefore know what kind of reward/punishment system will help me stay motivated. As a result, I am proud (and worried) to introduce to you... (dun dun dun):

THE 365 DAYS OF DREWY GOODNESS CHALLENGE

The challenge is to myself, and it is to write about something (anything) every single day of 2007. In order to motivate myself to do this, **I will be offering \$10 to the first person that comments on my wall whenever I fail to post a new entry.** That's right, you read correctly. I will give \$10 to whoever calls me out first whenever I miss a day of blogging.

And ok, I understand that \$10 isn't all that much money, but it can get you two combo meals at Chick-Fil-A. Plus, the key here is *whenever* I fail to make a new post, meaning that for *every* day that I miss posting something in 2007 (and someone calls me on it), I will pay out \$10. So theoretically I could pay out \$3,640 if this is the last day that I make a post (not talking chump change any more).

As with any challenge, competition, give-away, etc. there are some rules & regulations:

- 1) The first person to comment on my myspace wall pointing out that I did not post a new entry will win the \$10 for that day. If you don't have a myspace account, then shoot me an email over at drewtarvin [at] gmail [dot] com.
 - a) If you live near me, or I will see you in the near future, I will give you the money in cash. If you live in a different city, then I will mail you a check for the amount.
 - b) If no one manages to post a comment before I make up for the missing post, then I'll be the winner.
- 2) Rules are subject to change at anytime, but they will be announced either as an update to this post, or as a new posting. Possible rule changes include:
 - a) If I no longer have a passion for writing (very unlikely), then the challenge could end indefinitely. (Any missing entries prior to the announcement of discontinuation WILL be paid).
 - b) Once I create my own website, the blogs will be posted there as opposed to myspace.
 - c) If I end up paying out a large number of payments, I may switch to PayPal for my long-distance readers.
- 3) An entry can consist of any number of types of post. They can be as simple as a one-liner, more in depth like a story or an entire bit, or unrelated to stand-up in the sense of: something I've recently learned, a review of a movie (or cd, tv show, food), a tip for using stand-up or improv in every day life, etc. An entry as simple as "Here's my post for the day" does NOT count, I won't use that as a loop hole.
- 4) Posting an entry day does not necessarily mean on every single *date*. There will be times when I post something after the stroke of midnight that is geared for the day before (unfortunately our lives don't all revolve around the 24-hour clock of 12:00am, especially on days I will be traveling). Therefore an entry is to be assumed missing after 5:00am.
- 5) Finally, there are certain circumstances where I may not be able to post an entry right away (such as travel out-of-town or extreme sickness). In these cases I will post a note IN ADVANCED so you are all aware. I will also make up for those posts so as to still reach the 365 number.

So that's it. That's the 365 Days of Drewy Goodness Challenge.

In addition to helping me by "encouraging" me to write every day, there are a few other things you could do to really help me out (I know I'm already asking a lot, but...):

- 1) Leave a comment. This is by far the biggest help. Leaving a comment helps me gauge people's reactions. Whether it's a note about a

joke that I've left, or even a question, your comments can lead to further discussion (and sometimes better bits).

2) Tell your friends. The more people that read my blog and know about my upcoming events will become more sources for feedback so I can get better.

FYI, you can subscribe to my blog by going [here](#).

Feel free to suggest changes to the challenge or other things I can do to get better. Here's to a great 2007.

Thanks for reading!

<http://blog.myspace.com/drewtarvin>

DAY 2 (364) - NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

January 2, 2007 | Info

I don't think it would be appropriate for me to start the year, and the challenge, without sharing my New Year's Resolutions for 2007. So without further ado, here are ten things I hope to resolute in 2007.

- 1) Finish the **365 Days of Drewy Goodness Challenge** paying out less than \$300 (hey, I'm trying to be realistic).
- 2) Limit the number of times I mistakenly write 2006 to less than 3 times. Every year I write the wrong year for about the first 3 months, finally get it right, and then mess up again come August (I don't know why, but it just happens).
- 3) Have 30 minutes of professional quality stand-up material – 20 minutes of which is 100% (church) clean. To put this in perspective, I have approximately 10-12 minutes that I consider solid right now, only 4 of which are church clean. 6 of those 10 were in the set at the **Funny Bone**.
- 4) Create an interactive website that fuses stand-up with games/images/cartoons/downloads. I'm definitely going to need help with this, so if you're artistic (ahem, *cough* David *cough*), know Flash, CSS or HTML, I need your help.
- 5) Learn a song on guitar. That's right, all I want to do is learn a *single* song. I've had the instrument for a year now, and only know a handful of chords that I've yet to string (ba don cha) together to make a song.
- 6) Perform in front of 500 people at a single time (my current high is 280 at the Funny Bone), and over 5,000 people over the course of the year. This can be in the form of improv or stand-up (if I had to guess, I'd say I hit the 2,000 mark this past year).
- 7) Actually tape a skit and put it on the Internet. For the past couple of years, many of us 8th Floor members have talked about recording some skits, and we've got a whopping 0 to show for it. Here's to getting *one* done.
- 8) Finish making The 8th Floor Best of Season 1, Season 2 and Season 2: Summer Break DVDs. This was supposed to get done last September...
- 9) Get 1 Ratings at P&G. I don't want to bore you with details about ratings, but I will tell you that this is very difficult to do within your first year and highly unlikely, but as they say: "shoot for the moon, because even if you miss, you land among the stars... or you go too far and burn alive in the sun."
- 10) Rate all of the songs in my iTunes (4350 of them and counting). I started this a couple months ago and have only rated around 300 of them, That means I only have to average a little over 10 a day to get it done by 2008.

Well that's it. 10 of my resolutions for 2007. Let me know what you think, and tell me what you're resolving to get done this year.

Also, something I forgot to mention yesterday, I would like to thank **Rajiv Satyal** for the inspiration to even do something like this. I noted his blog in a [previous post](#), but it's worth posting again, check it out on his website: [the funny indian](#).

Till tomorrow, thanks for reading.

DAY 3 (363) - YOU SNOOZE YOU LOSE

January 3, 2007 | Stand-Up

Last night, when laying down to go to sleep, I thought of one last resolution to add to my list. This resolution will be, by far, the hardest one on the entire list, and is most likely impossible (*cue stand up*):

Since my bladder alarm didn't last, I've returned to using a normal alarm clock, and as a result, I've had many a-morning (is this a word?) filled with hours of that wretched "BEEP BEEP BEEP!"

My resolution is to not hit the snooze button a SINGLE time during all of 2007. For those of you that know how I sleep, you all realize how ridiculous of an attempt this is, but I must try.

In **The Challenge**, I set up a punishment system as a method of motivation to actually complete that resolution. For "You Snooze You Lose" I will attempt to use a reward system.

Given the difficulty of such a resolution, I've decided that my reward for completing it should be pretty big. If I successfully go 365 days without hitting snooze, then I will buy myself a Select Comfort Sleep Number Bed and 1000+ Thread Count Sheets, an approximate \$1,000 value.

To some of you, this resolution may seem relatively easy, to others, next to impossible. For me, it will be the hardest thing I've ever attempted.

So what's the hardest thing you've ever tried to do? And do you think you could go 365 days without snoozin' and losin'?

(Also, what do you think of the audio infused in the blog? Yay? Nay?)

DAY 4 (362) - DOMI - NO NO

January 4, 2007 | Stand-Up

Last night I spent some time with the family, cooked dinner, and played some games. The dish I cooked (Orange Caper Chicken) was ok, but not good enough for me to want to repeat, so I won't include as a dish in the cooking project (or maybe I will, just not today).

But one of the games we played last night was Dominos. And every time that I think of Dominoes (the game), I think of Domino's (the pizza). And that always makes me think, what the hell does pizza have to with a game with tiles and dots?

So then I started thinking of all the brand names out there that make no sense, and I think that it's time for this absurdity stop. A quick glance at **Forbes' Top 5 Brands: Beyond the Balance Sheet** (meaning the brands that Forbes thinks are the best, not statistically speaking) reveals *gasp* 5 names that don't make sense. These companies need to either explain why their name makes sense, or change it.

1) Apple – explain to me how a computer company relates to a fruit. Are they suggesting that one of these computers a day keeps Bill Gates away?

Suggested name: We'll-Never-Make-Anything-Better-Than-The-iPod. It's long, but at least it's true

2) Blackberry – again food and technology, I don't get it. I've never once associated a black berry with being more productive, unless maybe if I'm in the wild, and that's the only thing around to eat, and by it's nutrients alone am I able to stave off starvation.

Suggested name: BTM – Business Text Messaging. That's all a black berry really is, a phone with business quality text messaging (aka email).

3) Google – of all the ones on this list, this name is the closest to making sense. A googol is a 1 followed by 100 zeros. The claim is that the name Google is a play on that mathematical number to suggest they are trying to organize the large amounts of data on the internet. The most results I've ever seen Google return is 5,560,000,000 (a search for "the") – clearly less than a googol.

Suggested name: TheSearch. Simple, effective, and displays that it is *the* search engine to use.

4) Amazon – last time I checked, the Amazon was a rain forest in South America. Unless the dot-com company is telling us where it's gets all of it's trees for producing their books, I don't get the name.

Suggested name: Shop Till You Stop. A play on the phrase "Shop to you Drop" but since you can shop from the comfort of your own living room in a computer chair, you really can shop for as long as you'd like.

5) Yahoo! – I have never once been looking for something, found it on their site, and been so overcome with joy that I've let a country "Yahoo." And neither has anyone else.

Suggested name: SecondBest Search. Again, simple in nature, it tells you that it searches, and lets you know that they are second best after TheSearch.

Well there you have it, the top 5 brand names and they all don't make sense.

Thanks for reading.

(Special note: this is my first blog post not related **The Challenge** or my resolutions. I basically picked something and started writing about it. The hope is there will be some nugget of comedy in the writing that I can use at a later time. Which is where you come in, you tell me, "Drew, you're an idiot and none of that is worth even reading" or "Drew, that's really funny, I like the part about [blank].")

DAY 5 (361) - TAT'S SO FUNNY (BA DON CHA)

January 5, 2007 | Stand-Up

The other day I saw a guy with a tattoo on his arm, of a heart with a knife sticking through it, and the word "mom" in the middle of it. And I've always wondered about that, how is that a good idea? I mean don't get me wrong, I love my mom, but I would never get a tattoo of her name on my arm. Granted, she did go through 9 months of pregnancy, 20 hours of labor, and raised me for 18 years, BUT a tattoo is *permanent*. If there was one that only lasted 18 years and 9 months, then maybe I'd think about it.

Who thinks of doing that for their mom anyway? Do you get that as like a gift? Are you driving along, and then all of a sudden realize that it's Mother's Day and you don't have a gift for her? My guess is that that happened to some guy years ago. It was late on Mother's Day, and

he suddenly remembered that he hadn't gotten anything yet. So he pulled into a strip mall, and there were only two stores open: a Hustler, and a tattoo shop. And he's a smart man, because I would've gone with a tattoo too.

But have you ever noticed that it's always "Mom" on the arm, never "Dad"? I think it's because in some weird way, your mom will take it as a sentimental gift. Your dad will just be mad you didn't get him something from the Hustler.

And they never have "Mother", it's always "Mom." And I think we all know why that it is. Everyone knows the stereotype that tattoo artists are huge ... fans of palindromes.

I don't think I could ever get a tattoo, though I'm sure tattoo artists would love it if I did. First, they wouldn't have to use much ink (not exactly the biggest guy). Second, they would have a perfectly white canvas to do it on. It's people like me why caucasians are called white and not pink. I'm so white that the last color on those color scales for tooth whiteners is me. We'll just put it this way, I'm not allowed to wear my "birthday suit" after Labor Day...

I've always wanted to be a tattoo artist though. I just know I wouldn't be good at it, because I used to hate those vibrating pens that we had as kids. You remember those? They'd vibrate as you wrote and make squiggly lines? It was suppose to be fun or something, or maybe it was to teach us what it's like to be Michael J. Fox signing an autograph, I dunno.

But I want to be a tattoo artist because think of the practical jokes that you could pull. That one guy gets wasted and passes out on your couch? Perfect time to start drawing on his face... with a needle. But I wouldn't draw "Loser" or phallic images on his head. I'd draw just a few red dots that looked like cold sores. Then I'd find a 300 pound fat chick that passed out, and put them next to each other (clearly moving the guy, not the chick). Oh imagine the hilarity that would ensue the next morning. The guy wakes up, and already assumes the worst with who he's sleeping next to. And then he goes into the bathroom, and "BOOM" he sees an explosion of cold sores on his face. That's worth going to tattoo school for.

DAY 6 (360) - "YOU CAN'T HANDLE THE TOOTH (FAIRY)!"

January 6, 2007 | Stand-Up

Well the Christmas season has just passed, and I couldn't help but wonder, what if Santa Clause was actually real? What if all those lies our parents told us when we were kids were real? Santa does exist, our faces will freeze like that, I really was a "pleasant" "surprise".

The world would be completely different. If Santa was real, 100% of the world would be Christian. Free stuff just for being "good"? What other religion can beat that?

And maybe the world would be a better place, with everyone trying to impress Santa Clause. The mail service would get a huge boost as well, and just think of the economic boom that would occur in the North pole.

But it wouldn't all be a bed of roses, especially for Santa. It'd only be a matter of time before he was sued for manufacturing Playstation 3's. And you know Dateline is bound to be waiting for him at one of the houses, ready to question why he's be watching little Timmy, tracking when he's sleeping and when he's awake.

If those lies that our parents told us were true I would (reasons are in parenthesis, see if you can guess why. If not, highlight the text to see why):

- 1) Be Christian (Santa Clause & the Easter Bunny)
- 2) Avoid eating the crust on bread (I don't want a hairy chest)
- 3) Just think about getting amazing gifts for everyone's birthdays, but never actually buy anything (it's the thought that counts)
- 4) Keep a shotgun in the bedroom (birth control for the stork)
- 5) Be blind (I think we all know why)

What other lies do parents tell? How would your life be different?

DAY 7 (359) - WHO WANTS POPCORN?

January 7, 2007 | Stand-Up

I don't ever plan on killing anyone, but if I did, I already know what my last meal on death row would be: popcorn kernels. Thousands of popcorn kernels. That way, when they send 2500 volts through my body, I'd start popping like collars on frat boys. Not only would I be providing entertainment for all those people watching, but a snack too.

I don't really get that though, why do people watch criminals get executed? I guess it is a form of closure for the victim's family, but I don't think I could do it. But people have been watching killings for centuries: public lynchings, stonings, Cleveland Browns' games.

And capital punishment is such a controversial topic. I don't really have a problem with it. I think that it should be up to the criminal whether they are executed or spend their life in prison. If they choose execution, we keep them alive. If they choose life, then they die. One last kind of middle finger to them.

If I had the choice between execution or life in prison, I'd pick execution. A guy like me? The first day in prison I'd become someone's "wife." I don't need a lifetime of dropped soap and being unable to sit down. No sir, electrocute me. Now, who wants popcorn?

DAY 8 (358) - I CONTROL THE UNIVERSE

January 8, 2007 | Stand-Up

Well it's less than an hour away from kick-off, and I'm feeling nervous. Yes, Ohio State, my alma mater, has been #1 all season long, yes they've beaten everyone they've played, including two #2 teams, and yes they have the reigning Heisman Trophy winner. But nothing in sports is ever guaranteed (except for the Browns sucking).

With the Bengals' disappointing season (so many ups and downs, plus heartbreaking losses), I've already suffered a good deal from the football gods. I hope they realize that for all of us in the Buckeye state, it's time we win again.

But out of everything that OSU has rooting against them, more than the fact that they are the favorites, which can be bad, that they haven't played in 51 days, that Florida had one of the toughest schedules in college football, and that Urban Meyer knows how to coach, more than all of that, the biggest thing that could cause them to lose is where I will be watching the game.

You see, the last two times we played the #2 ranked team in the country, I watched the game with the 8th Flo Hoes up at Ohio State in the Drexel Gateway Theater. But tonight, I'll be watching it from home.

And as we all know, it's not about how well the teams have practiced during the month that they've had off, or how the coaches have prepared, or even how talented the players are. No, it all comes down to me, and where I watch the game.

So if the Buckeyes lose tonight and Florida wins (as opposed to ... what, the Gators losing too? I'm an idiot... not only for that comment, but also for being dumb enough to point out my own stupidity when I could easily just have deleted it from the blog, just like this comment... and this one...) – ANYWAY, so if OSU loses, we will all know that it is my fault, and that I ultimately control the universe. If the Buckeyes win, it doesn't necessarily mean that I don't control the universe, it just means that my apartment is an acceptable place to watch the Buckeyes play.

Note: Though I am being facetious, there are a large number of people that actually believe this. Have you ever watched a game with a superstitious fan? Be careful about what position you are sitting when the team he roots for is winning, because if that team starts to lose, you better believe superstitious fan is going to make you sit how you were before.

These people change seating arrangements, and how you're sitting because that's magically going to make football players, hundreds of miles away, somehow play better. It's like their adjusting the antenna on a TV, trying to get a good reception (ba don cha).

A friend of mine once made his girlfriend leave his house in the middle of a game because the Buckeyes started losing when she showed up. She was visiting him from California.

It makes me wonder if they apply those types of superstitions in other aspects of their life. I can't really think of any examples, but I'll come back to that someday.

For now, it's time to cheer on my Buckeyes. O-H!

DAY 9 (357) - MEETING ENTERTAINMENT

January 9, 2007 | Stand-Up

I experienced a very common phenomenon (can you have a *common* phenomenon?) last week when I found myself at a meeting that I had no interest in. Not only was the subject matter boring, but it had nothing to do with any of my responsibilities at work. The whole time I was thinking "For the love of God, why am I here?"

So naturally, I tried to find ways to entertain myself, while still looking engaged in the presentation. I present to you my findings:

1) Play "I wonder what they're thinking?" Scan the room for someone who isn't paying attention to the presentation. Based on their expressions, try to guess what they're thinking.

Guy pondering something: "Did I leave the iron on?"

Lady licking her lips: "I should wear less lipstick."

Man in thought: "If a bear ate Anne Frank, would he have diary-a?"

Check their faces, someone's thinking it.

2) Write out new lyrics to one of your favorite songs. Make sure you do this on paper, not on your computer. Doing this by hand makes it look like you are taking notes, doing this on your computer makes people think you're screwing around. Here are some lyrics I wrote recently (to Justin Timberlake's "SexyBack"):

I'm bringing nerdy back (true)

Them other nerds want my server rack (true)

I can pop it like I'm a stack (true)

Get out of here with that stupid Mac (true)

Take em' to the bridge

3) Practice writing with your non-dominant hand. Again, this makes it look like you are paying attention and taking notes. The best part is when someone next to you looks over and sees that you've spent the last 20 minutes writing one word that looks more like a stick man spanking a stick antelope than it does the word "the." Do this in every meeting and in a year you'll be just like Da Vinci.

4) Learn to spin a pen in your hand. This was something I started doing in college – figuring out how to spin a pen around the base of your thumb and catch it again (the key is to find the point of balance for the pen and make a snapping motion). This can take some time, however it is well worth it in the end. Just like poker players do tricks with chips to intimidate their opponents, so too can you intimidate those people around you... after all, the pen is mightier than the sword.

5) When you're sitting there and nothing exciting is happening, just imagine that something exciting (or at least funny) *is* happening. Like as the presenter is talking, imagine he just let out a long, baritone fart, like the sound of a barge horn. Really picture it in your head. Other great things to imagine include: the presenter on fire, the rest of the audience is slowly melting like the wicked witch of the West, or how much fun the entire meeting would be if everyone was a midget and the tables and chairs were extra tall.

So there you have it, ways to stay entertained in a boring meeting. Feel free to tell me your own methods.

DAY 10 (356) - COMEDY WRITING PRIMER

January 10, 2007 | Info

One week from today, I will be **performing stand-up** for the first time in 2007 at the **Dayton Funny Bone**. It's their "Future Legends of Comedy" Show that they do every Wednesday that showcases local comedians. I'll be performing 5 minutes (show starts at 7:30pm if you would like to come watch).

In an effort to not procrastinate like I always do, I've decided that I'll use some of my blog entries over the next 7 days to try and figure out exactly what I want to say.

But before we get started into that, I'd like to make a few notes to adequately prepare you as a reader.

1) Material on paper, and material performed are two *very* different things. You could have something absolutely hysterical in writing, that doesn't translate well on stage, and vice-versa. So much of stand-up comedy is the delivery, that it's really hard to judge if something will be successful by reading it on paper.

Case in point, one of the most popular comedians today is Dane Cook. Here's part of his set from "Harmful If Swallowed." Not bad here in text, but hilarious when performed:

"Here's what happens though, you finally get the information going right, and you print your stuff nice and clean, 'there ya go', there's my fa- highlight everything's nice. You give them, 'there ya go', it's in an envelope, 'ahh'... yeah, nice. But then you get their information, and it looks like they had %\$*# seizure, while they were writing it. Your like 'Dude, you've got a 28-digit phone number going on here, buddy.'"

I bring this up because what is written here may be really good and could fail miserably, or it could look terrible written down but be successful at a show. So having your input is amazing, but just try to read it as if it were being performed.

2) There are tactics that comedians use (or at least me) in writing that gives suggestions as to how the text should be performed. Punctuation is huge. Whereas in proper writing punctuation is used for proper grammar crap or whatever, in stand up writing, I use it to designate pauses. A comma is a brief pause, a period slightly longer, ellipses (...) a little bit longer (like 2-3 seconds), and (pause) for anything longer. A lot of punchlines come after an ellipses, i.e.:

"Why did the fish turn himself into the police? ... Because he was feeling "gill"ty."

3) Though you don't necessarily write every detail of what you are going to do and say, you can script some of the actions that you will do. I often use [ACT OUT *blank*] to signify that I should be acting out a certain activity or motion.

"The last girl I dated wasn't very smart. [ACT OUT Valley girl] 'Like, oh my God. My little niece is like on crack or something. My mom just told me that she is, like, hooked on phonics.'"

I think those are the major things. I'm sure I'll think of more as I go along. Tomorrow, we start on the first minute of the set.

DAY 11 (355) - DFBS - OPENING JOKE

January 11, 2007 | Stand-Up

Quick note about the title, it stands for: "Dayton Funny Bone Set – Opening Joke", just so I can properly label it.

The opening to your set is crucial because it sets the pace for how the rest of your show will go. If you open strong, you have a much better chance to do well for the rest of your time. If you start off bad, it will take some really solid jokes to pull the audience back in.

Your opening joke should typically have very little set up and get right to the punch. Generally, in a nice comedy club atmosphere you have 45 – 60 seconds to make the audience laugh before you completely lose them. In a bar or other open mic setting, you have less than 30. (Obviously this is different if you are a known headliner that people have been waiting to see.)

So keeping that in mind, I want to start off quick and have a few decent jokes within that first minute.

"Good evening everyone,. my name *is* Drew Tarvin, and I just want to let all the ladies know, that I am like a number one at Wendy's... single [ACT OUT wink & point]

I've been single for two years now.. *two years*... that's like, 2 decades in penis years.

And I was feeling down about not finding someone for so long, until today. Because today, I read in an article that women love a man with a deep, sexy voice (pause) so I figure I'm set.

Because my voice ranks as one of the top sexy man voices. Right up there with: Mike Tyson. Mickey Mouse... Fran Drescher."

Based on some timing estimates, this will put me close to a minute (take time for getting up there, hopefully having some applause, and pauses and laughter between the jokes).

So let me know what you think, does it make you want to listen some more? And is saying penis still PG clean?

DAY 12 (354) - DFBS - MINUTE 2

January 12, 2007 | Stand-Up

Based on the comments, I think I may change some of my opening material slightly. Since "penis" apparently isn't PG, then I'll just drop that joke and segue into being depressed about not having found anyone.

I don't know that I'll drop the #1 at Wendy's as I need a quick joke for the intro, but I may try to think of another way to say that I am single.

From where we left off, this is the next minute of the set. This is where it slows down some and has some story elements and acting to it. Hopefully my portrayal as a cute, lovable kid is not only darling, but also funny.

"Do you guys remember the first time you heard your real voice? The day you realized that the voice that you heard in your head wasn't the same voice everyone else heard? I remember the day I realized that. It's hard to forget such a traumatizing experience.

It was back in the fourth grade. I had made a video for school, and I go to play it for the first time. [ACT OUT putting the tape in] Put the tape in, and go back and sit with my friends. [ACT OUT slightly higher voice] 'Watch this guys, this is gonna be rad.' (pause) [ACT OUT confusion] 'Did... di... did my little sister dub over my voice?' And then it starts to sink in... Drew that's your voice... you don't even have a little sister."

So minute two, how we doing so far?

DAY 13 (353) - DFBS - HALFWAY POINT

January 13, 2007 | Stand-Up

Ahh, the middle of the set. To be honest, this is probably the least important part of any performance. Obviously it is still important to do well and be funny, but compared to the beginning and end, it pales in comparison.

Continuing from where we left off:

"But I didn't want to believe it, so I turned to my friends for reassurance. Surely, they would have told me if I really sounded like Flipper.

'Guys, guys, that's not what my voice really sounds like right? There's something wrong with the tape right?' And they just looked at me weird, 'Drew, what are you talking about? Next thing you know you're gonna say you don't run like a preying mantis.'

'Exac- wait.. what? Run, run like a preying mantis?'

How am I supposed to know that I look like this when I'm running [ACT OUT running like preying mantis]

I had always imagined that I ran like the people on Baywatch. In slow motion. [ACT OUT running in slow motion, humming Baywatch theme]. Sweat glistening off my hot body.

And then was just another sad realization, that I don't actually have a hot body."

DAY 14 (352) - DFBS - MINUTE 4

January 14, 2007 / Stand-Up

Ok, I don't know what happened to my last post from yesterday, but it's not showing up (at least for me). Can anyone confirm that they saw it yesterday, or am I just crazy? Anyway, here is the repost from yesterday (luckily it was still in my browser's history.

Day 14 (352) – DFBS – Minute 4

We've now passed the half-way point, so it's important to start building momentum to a big finish.

"I've always been a skinny guy. I was really skinny growing up, which can be tough when you're a kid. I think it's just as tough growing up thin as it is chubby. Because I don't know any fat kids who have ever been thrown.

The kids in school used to be so mean too. They'd pick on me, call me names like Skeletor, take my lunch money, beat me up. God... girls can be so cruel.

The times have changed though, kids these days have it easy. They're all carrying around cell phones, and they all do that text messaging. I don't think they even talk in person any more, it's just on the phone.

But I'm trying to change with the times. I went out and got one of those hot new Motorola Razors. I don't see what the big fuss is about... it doesn't shave worth a damn."

(And I think we all know where this is heading...)

DAY 15 (351) - DFBS - CLOSING

January 15, 2007 / Stand-Up

We've finally reached the final minute. The last 60 seconds is just as important as the first 60 seconds, because it leaves the audience with one final impression of you. If it's a great finish, then they'll remember you for being really funny (even if you had a slow start). If you end poorly, well... let's not go there. So here's what we're looking at for the finish.

"But I've started to try to text message people too, trying to stay hip, stay cool.

And when you text message you've gotta use all the crazy acronyms that kids are using these days, like LOL.. BRB... NAACP.

But I think some people are taking it too far. It's really getting to the point of ridiculousity.

Like my little cousin sent me the alphabet the other day, and I was so confused. But it turns out, that he was that 'A Baby Cat Died Earlier From Giant Hairballs. It Jumped Knowingly Landing Millimeters Near an Oasis. Peering Quietly Ravens Saw The Ugly Vermin

With X-rays and Yelled Zounds.'

Which doesn't even make sense, like where did the ravens get x-rays, and a cat's not even a vermin.

I'm Drew Tarvin, thank you guys for listening."

And that's it. My 5-minute set. Hopefully the whole thing flows naturally and will be a good first set at the new Dayton Funny Bone, and of the new year.

DAY 16 (350) - HELL WEEK PART 1

January 16, 2007 | Info

Ahh, it's been awhile since I've found myself in a "Hell week", though they were common in college, they have different weight now. But I'll be honest, I wouldn't want it any other way.

So today, I'll share what I've been doing. Tomorrow I'll share what I'm doing for the next week. And then you can all share with me how I shouldn't be complaining because I'm sure there a good number of people who are doing more than I, and that at least I'm enjoying what I'm doing.

The fun all started last Wednesday, when I went to observe an open mic at **Go Bananas** (after a 9-hour work day that started at 7am). Two guys from work, Ed and CJ, met me up there as they are both interested in possibly trying stand up sometime soon. The show was pretty typical for an open mic, some of the comedians were good, some of them ... not so good. Ed and CJ were surprised at how many people got up there and got basically no laughs. The interesting thing is that they were both motivated by this, they both said, "Hey, I could do better than that." Which reminds me of something Paul Reiser once said, that I think is so true: "We aren't inspired by greatness. We are inspired by mediocrity."

Thursday was another busy day at work, followed by a trip up to Dayton for improv practice with **Smarty Pants**. We worked on focusing on the relationship between the characters in a scene, rather than a problem – led to some great results. It also gave me the chance to sound smart by giving me the chance to use the word **MacGuffin** in a sentence.

Friday was another long work day lasting till 6pm. After work, I left for the C-bus to pick up Hot Cards for a couple of upcoming Smarty Pants shows, as well as see **The 8th Floor** perform. They did amazingly well, and had 95 people between the two shows – the most we've had for a normal Friday night show ever at the **Drexel**. We then played Halo for four hours, because really, what else is there to do on a Friday night at 2am?

Moran and I spent all of Saturday working on ideas for our **Send-Off Show** video. We came back down to Cincinnati in the evening and shot some of my stuff here, then chilled at my apartment for the night.

Sunday, we drove back up to Columbus and shot Moran's footage. We then went and taught The 8th Floor's workshop at 9pm, sharing some of the great things I've learned from various folks in Smarty Pants. Nate arrived late, having just got back in town from LA, and so we shot some of his footage after the workshop. **Kyle** then somehow talked us into playing Halo again, so we stayed up till 6am... again.

The next morning (Monday) Moran and I finished up some of our shooting on campus, then went back to Nate's and finished up his footage. We then piled into two cars and drove down to Cincinnati to begin the editing process. Whitney and **Laura** were so kind as to join us for some entertainment. Since we hadn't gotten the chance to watch 24 (because of the workshop), we caught up on the two episodes from Sunday (I love DVR – I don't remember how I lived without it.). Thanks to some incredible timing on our part, we didn't have to wait long to watch the next two episodes that they showed yesterday. (Don't worry, I won't spoil anything, all I'll do is quote one of the characters in the show "Oh my God.")

Due to 24 and the work we did on the video, I didn't get to sleep until late, and of course was so lucky as to have to get up early for work today. I opted not to go to a training session in Lima because I had a bunch of things to catch up on at work, and I'm pretty sure that's the only reason I'm coherent right now. After working for a solid 9 hours, I switched gears and started editing everything we shot this weekend. Before I started taping things and editing them myself, I never realized how much time editing really takes. We shot a little over 2 hours of actual footage for a 4-minute video, and I'm the lucky one that gets to cut out the extra 97%.

DAY 17 (349) - HELL WEEK PART 2

January 17, 2007 | Info

Picking up where I left off yesterday, today continued the streak of busy days.

I started the day at 8am in an all day training session for new hires. I learned a lot and had some fun, but it was still a lot of material to sit through.

Then, immediately following work, I drove up to Columbus to perform in an Open Mic. I picked a good night to go, as there was a guy there from the Dayton Daily News doing a story on comedy in Dayton, so he interviewed me to just find out about what I was doing. The story is supposed to come out sometime in February, so I'll have my name in the paper. The crowd was about average for a set up there, I'd estimate around 60ish people. I have to thank Matt, John, Jamie, James and his friend John for coming to the show and supporting me, I hope you all enjoyed it.

As for my set, you can find it on **YouTube**. It was just a short 4 1/2 minute set that I posted throughout the course of last week. Here are some of my thoughts on it:

- Overall, a decent set. Not amazingly well, but wasn't bad.
 - I still need to learn to let my laughs carry through. I have this problem where I start talking before the laughter has died down, cutting off how much people laugh - not a good thing.
 - I need to do a better job acting out my 4th Grade story. I wasn't very convincing with where my friends were sitting, etc.
 - Similarly, I need to do a better job with the "preying mantis" run, I didn't look that much like a preying mantis.
 - I should think of more names that the kids would call me. It seems weird just to stop at 1 (maybe: Skeletor, Ethiopian, Skinny Boobinny - I have no idea what that one means).
 - The audience enjoyed my confusion with what possible reason an 8 year old has a cell phone, so it seems as if acting out what an 8 year old would say on the phone is necessary. Maybe "Oh my God Billy, this is an emergency. Did you see that Spongebob Square Pants won't be on TV tomorrow because of a Veggie Tales marathon, how much does that blow? I'm so happy we have cell phones so that we can share this incredibly important string of events together."
 - I should probably avoid stumbling through punch lines ("I hated the girls in high school")
 - The Alphabet bit went ok, but it works better when I tell it with the mic on the stand. It also helps to not mess up (stupid "words" and their "pronunciation").
 - Finally, I should leave on a stronger "outro", thank the audience like I really mean it (which I really do, the fact that people listen to me talk is still amazing to me).
- So that was today. The rest of the week remains busy until Sunday.

Tomorrow I have a full day of work, and then have to drive up to Dayton for **Smarty Pants** practice. Friday, I'll have to work till about 5 or so, and then the **Fred Leeds Comedy Rocks Benefit Show** starts at 7:30pm. I'll be performing 5ish minutes of stand up, as well as some improv with the Smarty Pants group.

Saturday I have to get up early to go to an audition for an independent film in Dayton, and then go over to the Greene to promote our Family Friendly Show at the **Dayton Funny Bone** on January 27th. Then after that I have the **Send-Off Show**, which is really a sad day because it will be the last time I get to perform as an 8th Floor member.

Oh, and to top it all off, I still have a crapload of editing to do for said Send-Off Show, so I get to squeeze that in some time when I'd much rather be sleeping.

If you get a chance to watch my stand up on **YouTube**, please leave me some comments and let me know what you liked/didn't like, you have no idea how much that can help me with my set.

DAY 18 (348) - YOUTUBE DILEMMA

January 18, 2007 | Random Thoughts

I was talking to Matt at Smarty Pants practice tonight and something he mentioned got me thinking about my blog / stand up that I do. He talked about how in a way it can be nice to be a relatively unknown comedian, because you can do the same material over and over again and people will still find it new.

It's definitely an interesting concept. Though there are certain jokes that you want your favorite comedians to tell, for the most part you like hearing new material each time you go see them. If you saw the exact same show again and again, would you continue put forth the effort to go see them?

To make things worse, most people don't realize that headlining comedians do (for the most part) the exact same set every single night, at every club they go to, for an entire year (or more). Have you ever been to see the same comedian twice in one weekend? Minus some crowd interaction and sometimes the order of material, you'll often get the same jokes with the same set ups and the same punchlines.

BUT, this is what works for stand up comedians. They have a new audience every night, why not use material that you know will work, that you have spent countless hours perfecting at local open mics?

And now we get to my dilemma. By posting the videos of the stand up that I do, am I effectively limiting my audience that is eager to see me? Will I disappoint the people that come to my show if I do 100% of the set they say on YouTube (or 90 or even 50)?

Obviously many people realize that seeing comedy in person is 100 times better than on video, but does that make it worth it if the person could just wait a few hours (or however long it takes me) after the event to see the video on the Internet?

If I were to think of this in terms of a business (which is what stand-up is, a solo-proprietorship with the single product you are selling is you), then posting to YouTube and detailing my set out in my blog are potentially cannibalizing my own product.

And all of that sounds bad. But the trade off is that I can reach a much larger audience by posting my videos. They can see, with little risk involved, if they think I'm funny. That could then encourage them to come out and see me live next time I perform, as they have already had a test-trial and realized they liked the product. Of course, will they still be satisfied if the next time they see me live, it's the same material that I did on YouTube... and the cycle begins anew.

I guess I don't really have an answer, I don't know which is effectively better. Until I figure that out, I'll keep on keeping on. Feel free to enlighten me with any thoughts you may have.

DAY 19 (347) - FRED LEEDS REVIEW

January 19, 2007 | Review - Performance

Well tonight was the Fred Leeds Comedy Rocks Benefit show, and it went great. It was amazing to see everyone come out and support such a great cause and to celebrate the life of an amazing man. In total, we raised \$1100 dollars for the Pulmonary Fibrosis Foundation in just the short time we were there.

As for the performances, they went very well. The show started with the sketch comedy group, Chuck Overburger. They started off a little slow but definitely picked up towards the end and prepared the crowd for some comedy. Afterwards, Nate did a short stand up set. It was of course funny, though if you've seen Nate perform before, you could tell he was slightly rusty.

Smarty Pants followed Nate and we did a solid job. We had some great scenes and some really funny lines, though there were a few awkward seconds (yes, just seconds, nothing really noticeable to the audience, but we could feel them). We finished on a great note and had some incredible energy, it really lifted up the entire room.

I followed Smarty Pants with a set of my own, mostly stuff from Wednesday's Open Mic. The set was decent, I got some good laughs, but I stumbled through some of my material which is always disappointing.

Following me were another improv group, Jesse Allison performing stand up, and Steve Caminiti headlined the event. All in all everyone performed great, though show went a little long (4 hours). Many thanks go to those that came and especially those that stayed all the way through.

And of course, thanks to Fred for all that he accomplished in his life and the lives that he touched. I know he would've been proud of the benefit that bears his name.

DAY 20 (346) - THE BIG DAY

January 20, 2007 | Info

Well, today is the big day. My last show with The 8th Floor Improv Comedy Group. I'm excited, of course, for the show, but also a little apprehensive. This is the last time I get to perform with the student organization.

In the three years that I've been apart of The 8th Floor, I have had some amazing experiences. I have gone from a shy computer science geek to a guy that has no problem stepping in front of 300 people, not knowing what I'm going to say.

Whenever I sit back and think about my college experience, I always remember the classes that I took, and everything that I learned while working for University Housing. But what we've accomplished in such a short time, and the amount that I've grown because of The 8th Floor, will always be my greatest memory.

Tonight, Moran, Nate and I say goodbye to a group that has given us so much; we can only hope that we have given back to it, and the people that made it possible, a fraction of what we've received.

So thank you everyone, for your support, and for making it all possible. Thanks for the memories, the laughs, and the experiences, they will never be forgotten.

DAY 21 (345) - TIRED

January 21, 2007 | Review - Performance

Thank you.

I can't say it enough how grateful I am for all of the opportunities that I've had to perform as an 8th Floor member.

Last night's show was an incredible experience. There was a great turnout, a ton of energy, and plenty of laughter. The show lasted around 2 hours, and had a balance of comedy and sentimental moments throughout. Moran, Nate and I were fortunate enough to perform in front of our mom's, friends, group members, and even some strangers.

I'll discuss the show in more detail tomorrow, but for now I need sleep. The weekend's festivities (as well as playing Halo until 6:30am last night) has left me sore and incredibly tired.

Thanks again for the support, and the opportunity to perform these past 3 years.

DAY 22 (344) - THE WEEKEND IN REVIEW

January 22, 2007 | Review - Performance

First and foremost, I have to thank Katie for leaving me an **amazing comment** on my blog. If even half of what she says is true, then I know that all the time and effort I put into comedy is well worth it. Comments like that make me feel so fortunate to even be able to perform in front of people, so thank you, Katie, and everyone else who has shown their support.

Now that I've slept and had some time to think about the entire weekend, I suppose it's time to reflect on the two shows this past weekend.

I already **reviewed** the Fred Leeds show, but I still think it's important to talk about the show's significance. I only knew Fred Leeds for a short period of time (I had the honor of performing with him in my first show as a **Smarty Pants** member), but I knew him long enough to know that he was an amazing man.

Before I met Fred, I was actually afraid of getting older. I felt like I had to accomplish everything I really wanted to do before I hit 50, otherwise it would never get done. But the fact that Fred was still performing at the age of 70, and the energy and charisma that he had, assured me that life isn't over as you get older.

So here's to Fred, an amazing improviser, and even better person. I hope that we did him proud at his First Annual Comedy Rocks show, I know he was watching the whole thing.

What's amazing about this past weekend is that I had the opportunity to perform in not one, but two incredible shows. Saturday's Send-Off Show was one that I will remember forever.

The show started with the video that Moran, Nate and I spent a good deal of time on; it depicted a day of reflection for us as we prepared for our final performance with **The 8th Floor**.

After the video ended (suitably on Jay-Z's *December 4th's* ending lyrics "If you can't respect that, you're whole perspective is whack, maybe you'll love me when I fade to black"), I started the show off recapping the history of The 8th Floor. I thought it was important to share with the audience what all The 8th Floor has gone through and accomplished in the past 3 years.

With all of the sentimental stuff out of the way, we started the improv off with "First Line, Last Line." Every now and then, as an improviser, you have a scene where it seems like every line out of the player's mouths gets a laugh. "First Line, Last Line" was one such scene for us.

The rest of the first half of the show went well, though it lasted longer than we had planned. "Home Shopping Network" was of course filled with loads of energy, with Nate and I nearly sweeping Moran and Lindsey (after they had talked so much trash...) We had planned for a 90 minute show, but by the time we reached intermission, it had already been over an hour.

As a result, we shortened the intermission break and went into our "Ambassador Tasty" skit, followed immediately by Chain Death Murder. We played a few more solid games, and then reached our final two games of our final show: "Most Dangerous" and "Pendulum."

For those of you who don't know, "Most Dangerous" is a game where the players play barefooted and blind folded, with around 100 live

mousetraps set up on stage. Needless to say, it's a painful game. I was so fortunate as to have a mousetrap snap directly on my big toe, where it remained for the rest of that game. I'm not sure what it is, but people love seeing us get hurt...

It was then time for the last game. "Swinging Pendulum of Death." When we thought about how to close, "Pendulum" seemed like the natural end, for the game ends with all three characters dead. When Kyle called the game over, I was officially done performing with The 8th Floor.

And then it happened. I don't know if it was because our show was so good (I thought it was great), or because of what we were able to help start (it's been a long, but amazing 3 years), or what, but Moran, Nate and I (and the 8th Floor) received a standing ovation (our first).

I was speechless, and still am when I think about it. But just like Katie's comments, that reaction from the crowd reaffirmed everything we had put into the group. All of the late nights, long practices, miles driven, expenses paid, (and on and on) was validated and worth it.

So again, I can't say it enough. Thank you everyone for your support, both this past weekend, and in the three years that The 8th Floor and myself have been performing.

And I suppose that means it's now time to move on and focus on the future. Luckily I am already able to perform with another hilarious group, and already have a full weekend of performances and events this weekend. As a side note, I will be making DVDs of the Send-Off Show here in the (hopefully near) future. If you'd like a copy, let me know and I'll get one to you.

Thanks again, to family, friends, strangers, and of course The 8th Floor.

DAY 23 (343) - CHRISTOPOLY

January 23, 2007 | Stand-Up

Is anyone else aware that they make Bible versions of Board Games? This was news to me, but apparently they do. I saw a Bible study group playing Bible Tribond. (If you're not familiar with Tribond, the concept of the game is that you give 3 clues that are seemingly unrelated, but are all connected to one word – the answer. For example: A split in the road, a utensil, and a pitch ____ would have the answer "fork").

What kind of clues do they have in Bible Tribond? The son of God, mankind's savior and hundreds of Mexicans: "Jesus". Is there a "Christopoly" too? You go around "buying" followers, land on the wrong spot and you go directly to the cross, do not pass Salvation?

Is there a Christ version of Clue? It was the Romans in Jerusalem with a cross... or was it Professor Plum in the Library with a Lead Pipe? You just never know.

But I have to assume that if there's Bible versions of Board Games, other religions have to have their own as well. There's probably a Hungry Hungry Buddha, Judaism already has the top (or dradle as it were), and then there's Jenga for Muslims... (that ain't right).

Scientology probably doesn't have any games though, because the "religion" or whatever they call it is a big enough joke already.

DAY 24 (342) - AND ON THAT NOTE...

January 24, 2007 | Stand-Up

As I was singing alone in my car today to Aerosmith's "Don't Wanna Miss a Thing" (Hey, I'm rating all my songs remember...), I realized that I really wish I actually knew how to sing.

I don't know if it's part of this curse of having this 13 year old girl's voice, or if it's more related to my lack of musical talent, but I couldn't sing to save my life. I tried Karaoke once and people started listening to Creed just to get me out of their heads. If I tried out for American Idol, I'd be like that ugly girl with red lipstick that they used in all of their commercials. I think I could actually make Simon quit because he would have lost all faith in humanity if I went in there and acted like I thought I could really sing.

I'd love to actually learn to sing though, but I'm too embarrassed to go and take lessons. The last thing I need is a professional voice teacher laughing in my face and telling me I'm hopeless (I'm not trying to feel like K-Fed after he took his record to a label).

That's why I've considered buying that karaoke game for PS2. That way I could work on it in the comfort of my own home and try to get better. But I think that might actually be more sad than getting voice lessons. That's like trying to use the Nintendo Wii sports games to lose weight. But, hey, if we can learn to steal cars and drive over hookers from Grand Theft Auto, who's to say we can't learn how to sing?

Perhaps I should have made it one of my New Year's Resolutions to try to get better at singing, though that would have been more impossible than this attempt to not hit the snooze button all year. But I suppose if I do complete the Snooze challenge, then it will give me something to do next year. If that's the case, who wants to try out for American Idol with me?

DAY 25 (341) - "2, PLEASE"

January 25, 2007 | Stand-Up

Why are elevator rides the most awkward experiences? I live on the 8th floor of an apartment, so I have to take the elevator every day, and most days I'm lucky and get to ride it in peace and quiet (which often ends with me dancing only to have the doors open on me two floors up). But all too often I have to share that 5 foot space with one or more strangers as we wait to arrive at our destination floor.

It's always the most awkward exchange between me and these other elevator patrons. It all starts with the other person entering the elevator, and if you don't know the person there are one of three "greetings":

1) A warm-hearted "Hello" or "Good afternoon" followed by a smile. This is ok but it can be annoying if it's too friendly. You don't know me homes, why you so happy, back up outta my space.

2) Nothing. This makes the rest of the elevator ride weird, but is the most common. I have this weird thing with silence too, that's why I like elevators with music in them, even if it's terrible. It's better than hearing the person next to me sweating. (Ok, so I know you generally can't hear someone "sweating", panting maybe, but it just weirds me out).

3) A failed attempt at a greeting. The person walks in, smiles, and their mouth moves, but they don't really say a word, it's more of a "mrhem" or silence. Like you're not good enough to force them to actually use their vocal chords, but they want seem nice so they fake a greeting. Bastards.

Once you're in the elevator, you've got the exchange of hitting the buttons. And there's always this short pause where everyone in the elevator watches what floor people press, judging them to see if they have a valid reason to even be on the elevator. And I'm not sure why people do this, because they never say anything. I know I watch what floor you're going to, and if you hit "2" or "3", I immediately call you a lard ass ... in my head. I never say it to their face, but you can be certain Inner Drew is pissed.

I especially hate these people that get in the elevator, and are going to a low floor, but they're too lazy to even hit the button. They look at you, "2, please." Like the "please" makes up for them being lazy. Please? Please allow me to punch you in the face you lazy lard ass. (Again, all in my head).

Of course if I'm the one that's being lazy and taking the elevator to only go 1 or 2 floors, and I can tell the people behind me are pissed, I just walk out of the elevator with a limp. Not to make the people in the elevator feel bad, just because I like practicing my gangsta walk ("West Sayiiiide").

The worst part of the experience is the ride itself. You just stand there. You do one of these things where you just kinda rock on your heels. I've found that in this 30 seconds of awkwardness, I often check my watch.... six or seven times. Like "Hmm, what time is it? 5:33" "Ok, how bout now? Still 5:33" "And now? Yep 5:33".

It eventually gets to your floor, and in too much eager antication you work your way to the front of the elevator, only to have timed your exit wrong and just stand there like an idiot almost hitting your head on the still closed doors. The doors then open, but, it's not over yet, because you have to determine if their should be an exiting goodbye. Do you need to wish them a good evening? Do you walk off in silence? Do you give them the same fake mouthing of words (that they won't see) and only mutter "mrhem?"

It's really almost worth taking the stairs just to avoid ... haha, yeah right. I'd take in an elevator even if I lived on the first floor, if it somehow meant I'd walk less.

On a side note, is it insulting to just wish someone an evening or morning, without it being good? "See ya Jim, have an evening?" Some people do this out laziness I think, but it's not necessarily insulting, they're just identifying the time. If you're heading out of the office, Bob might just say "Evening." He's not really wishing me one, good or bad, just stating "Hey, it's the evening right now."

DAY 26 (340) - IMPROV'E YOUR WEEKEND

January 26, 2007 | Info

So it's Friday, which means it's time to kick off another busy weekend of comedy (and I wouldn't have it any other way).

Tonight, **Smarty Pants** will be traveling up to Miami Oxford (home of racists cops, popped collars, and DP Dough – as Jim so lovingly referred to as Cardboard Calzones).

We will be helping to host Miami's ImprovFest, where groups from Miami, University of Dayton, North Carolina State, and The Ohio State

University will be competing in a friendly improv ComedySportz competition. I know a little bit about each of the groups, but I heard the group from OSU, called "**The 8th Floor**" is phenomenal and was co-founded by one incredibly sexy man.

After the Fest (which starts at 7pm at Peabody Hall, tickets \$3), we will be heading over to some other hall named after a rich old guy and seeing **Second City** perform, so it should be a hilarious night.

Tomorrow morning we start out with a Improv Workshop led by **Dave Powell**, who has been teaching us some amazing things on Thursday Nights. Smarty Pants will then head up to Dayton to perform a family-friendly improv show at the **Dayton Funny Bone** (show starts at 3pm. tickets \$10).

After that show, a few of us will head over to Advanced Systems to perform at a corporate dinner, before heading to University of Dayton for Day 2 of the ImprovFest (same dealio as before, just in Dayton now – home of ... (I got nothing)).

Once the ImprovFest wraps up and we have an improv champion (I'm leaning towards that crazy OSU group), Smarty Pants will then host an improv jam with some members from the college groups.

Once that's all said and done, it'll be time to head back to Cincinnati for Keenan and Jim's Party Bus. Though this won't be improv related, it's sure to be hilarious (those crazy kids and their alcohol).

But what this all really means is that tomorrow might be the first day that I don't get a chance to blog. Now I'm not going to wuss out and claim tomorrow as an exception and not pay up; I have a feeling I might be giving out my first \$10 on Sunday morning.

DAY 27 (339) - HILARIOUS WEEKEND

January 27, 2007 | Review - Performance

January has been an incredible month. After an **amazing weekend** last week including our send-off show, we followed it up with another 2-day spectacular gala of comedy.

I will give the full review tomorrow, but I just have to say that I don't know if I've ever laughed in a 48-hour span as much as I did this weekend. Not only were the actual improv and sketch shows amazing, but just hanging out with a group of improvisers was a blast.

As usual, the people around us assumed we were drunk, which means we were having a blast. Luckily we didn't get kicked out of any places this time, but Moran and Nate definitely pushed the limits (the people of BW3's found it odd for Moran to start doing a strip show).

I am definitely planning on sleeping in tomorrow. After seriously considering hitting the snooze button this morning, I could use a day where I have that I need to wake up and do.

And as a friendly reminder, I did give myself a **grace period** in which to blog in a day, and I'm a few hours short of the 5am cutoff (nights like these are exactly why I made the clause).

DAY 28 (338) - THE WEEKEND IN REVIEW (PT. 2)

January 28, 2007 | Review - Performance

The comedy weekend started off when I went to see the **ShadowBox Cabaret Lunchbox Show** on Friday. I had never seen the ShadowBox show, but a guy at work at some free tickets, so I figured I'd check it out.

What's interesting is that the ShadowBox embraces Rated R humor, they certainly aren't catering to any children. The show itself is a mixture of sketch comedy and rock n' roll music. The comedy is pretty solid, the actors really get into their characters and they had some pretty funny premises. The rock n' roll music was also pretty good, though I didn't recognize any of the songs. I'd like to see their evening show to really see how good they are, but if you have 2 hours or so for lunch, it's something worth seeing (though the food is mediocre at best).

After returning to work for a few hours, I headed up to Miami University to join the rest of the **Smarty Pants** cast to help with Miami's ImprovFest. North Carolina State was unable to make it, but Miami, UD and OSU came out and performed some hilarious improv. All of the groups did very well, with **The 8th Floor** "winning" (I put that in quotes because it's not really about winning, it's about making the audience laugh – which all of the groups did) thanks to some of the best "World's Worst" scenes I've seen.

We wrapped up that show around 10pm, grabbed some food, and then went to see the **Second City** show at 11pm (they were at Miami for

the night). They were great as usual, with some excellent skits (sorry ShadowBox, it's hard to compare to Second City).

After that show the laughs didn't stop as some of us went to Megan's house and hung out till about 4am. Moran, Nate and I then decided it would be a good idea to drive back to Cincinnati, so by the time we got back and Moran and Nate finally shut up, I didn't get to sleep till after 6am.

I slept in till about 11am, and then we all started to get ready for our trip up to Dayton. The **Funny Bone** show went great, we had over 100 people (ranging from little kids to grandparents) come out for the first Smarty Pants/Dayton Funny Bone Family-Friendly Show. During intermission, Lisa (the amazing person that we are working with at the Funny Bone) told us she was enjoying the show, thought it was a success, and was ready to do it again. That's an incredible compliment considering we had another half of a show to go. So look for us to be back at the Dayton Funny Bone sometime in February.

The Funny Bone show finished around 4:30pm. Some of the Smarty Pants group went to UD to set up for the night's ImprovFest, while Matt, Nate and I headed out to Beavercreek for a corporate banquet dinner. We had a little bit of time to kill before the show, so we went to the Fairfield Commons mall where we ran into some people that were at the Funny Bone show that said they really enjoyed it. (Note: Nate is an awful person because he watched a small child walk right into a sign, and rather than warn her about it he just chanted "Walk into that sign, walk into that sign" and then busted out laughing when she did.)

We arrived at the banquet dinner at 6:45pm. As we walked in in our jeans and Smarty Pants t-shirts, we noticed everyone else was in shirt and tie or elegant dress. We sat down to eat (they encouraged that we did) and then provided their entertainment as they finished dessert. The show itself was alright, I think I struggle the most with corporate shows because it's hard to know where the line is and as Nate put it, older adults aren't necessarily looking for "jokes", they want to be impressed. We had some very funny moments but the show went a little longer than it probably should have.

We left the corporate show and headed straight to UD to catch the end of the ImprovFest. Our timing was pretty good, as we came in on the last game of the Championship, with UD "winning" after an amazing gesture by one of the Miami's players (he willingly lost points by cursing so the home team would win). After a brief break, Smarty Pants, in addition to representatives from each of the college improv groups, performed some long form improv comedy... and it was INCREDIBLE. Every scene that was performed was hilarious, with everyone on stage getting into the act. There were so many great moments that the show could've ended 8 or 9 times. My favorite moment was when Nate got the entire audience to help him make a beat so we could have a dance off, and Kyle came out of the audience with his guitar creating some great dance music (amazing).

The show wrapped up after 11pm, and then a bunch of us went out to BW3's to celebrate the hilarious (and successful) weekend. Moran performed a strip show on a chair, and I have to give props to Kevin as well. Moran, Nate and I then retruned to Cincinnati, and ended up hanging out with Matt and Laura as they came back to our place after celebrating Jim and Keenan's birthday by bar hopping. As usual, it was a ridiculously funny time, and was a great end to a great weekend.

All in all the weekend was not only wildly funny, but it was very successful. If laughter really is the best medicine, then I should be healthy for a very long time, based on just this weekend's dose. The fact that this came the week after a great comedy weekend baffles me that we can even be allowed to have this much fun, but it just confirms my belief that 2007 is going to be a great year for comedy.

DAY 29 (337) - PUNS ARE FUN

January 29, 2007 | Stand-Up

For the most part, I am trying to stray away from puns, but I think every now and then it's important to come up with some, just to sprinkle throughout my set. They add variety and sometimes even evoke laughter (like the Motorola Razor). So here are some original one-liners for your to laugh (groan) at:

Did you hear about the two twin Cyclops brothers who argued all the time? I guess they never saw eye to eye (ba don cha).

I wouldn't say that I'm an optimist, but I believe that negatives aren't always bad... Like if you multiply them (ba don cha).

For the longest time I dated a girl who worked at the Renaissance Festival. I used to call her my fair lady (ba don cha).

I recently spent 40 minutes on the toilet. I finally finished, but boy was I pooped (ba don cha).

Did you hear about the vampire who couldn't sleep? He was up the whole day coffin (ba don cha).

(Yes the drum noise was necessary for every one of them).

DAY 30 (336) - MIDGET CLOWNS

January 30, 2007 | *Stand-Up*

You know what's scary? Rattle snakes.
 You know what's scarier than that? Hilary Clinton is running for President.
 You know what's scariest of all? Midget clowns.

That's right, I don't think there is anything more frightening than a midget that is dressed as a clown. And I know this seems like an irrational fear, like melanophobia (being of afraid of the color black – not to be confused with being afraid of black people, that's racism), but it's not.

You see, when I was growing up, my "wonderful" "brother" decided that we should always watch horror films. Which two did we watch time and time again? **Children of the Corn** and **It** (both by Stephen King). As we all know, *Children of the Corn* is a horror movie about children that go crazy and kill their parents, and *It* is about a clown that kills children.

I've since learned that I don't find children all that scary (they are easily seduced, I mean distracted, by candy). But what's the same size as a child, and frightening? That's right, midgets. Maybe it's because I'm not familiar with midgets (I don't know any), or maybe it's because a certain brother always warned me about a place called Midgetville, either way they freak me out.

And then there are clowns. They always have that damn smile on their face and those freakishly large shoes. They are either over-compensating for something, or they keep their blades of death in them. (Name that comic strip: A clown is being held hostage by the mob and a mobster says "The first thing I'm gonna do is wipe that smile off your face." Hint: it's the great comic strip of all time.)

So you combine the two, and you have 3 feet tall "super children" with big shoes (normal size 13's), a bright red nose, and one of those trick flowers (What's in it? Water? Liquid DEATH? You just don't know). Now you've created something that will have me crying faster than Britney Spears' children after they find out who their father is. The only thing that might be scarier than a midget clown is a midget clown holding a pregnancy test where you might be the father. (Shudder).

DAY 31 (335) - JANUARY IN REVIEW

January 31, 2007 | *Info*

Well, an entire month has passed in 2007, so it's time to check my progress on this year's **resolutions**:

- 1) Finish the "365 Days of Drewy Goodness Challenge" paying out less than \$300. I am happy to report that I have not missed any days of blogging, and have not had to pay anyone. However, since I budgeted for messing up once in January, I feel it's only right to reward those that have helped me through it. My brother Dave has been the most active commenter since the start, so I've decided to give him \$1 for every comment he has made this month, which comes to a **whopping \$12**. Not bad for just typing a few words. (NOTE: I may or may not do this in the upcoming months).
 - 2) Limit the number of times I write 2006 for the date. Unfortunately a couple of days ago I wrote 2006 not once, but twice. I didn't even notice my mistake until the next day. That means I have to go 11 more months without writing 2006 a single time.
 - 3) Have 30 minutes of professional material, 20 of which is 100% clean. Well thanks to a few open mics, I'd say I have gained about 1 minute of material, 30 seconds of which is 100% clean, bringing the grand total up to 13 minutes (4 min 30 seconds clean)... I have a long way to go.
 - 4) Create an interactive website. Haven't even started.
 - 5) Learn a song on guitar. I don't think I've even touched my guitar in 2007.
 - 6) Perform in front 5,000 people total, 500 at one time. In the month of January, I performed for approximately 650 people, with the most being 140 at once (at the Dayton ImprovFest).
 - 7) Actually tape a skit. No progress here.
 - 8) Finish making the various "Best Of" DVDs. I'm nearly done with the Best Of Season 1, but have hit a roadblock in trying to create a cool animation for the 8th Floor Productions logo. Anyone know Adobe After Effects?
 - 9) Get 1 ratings at P&G. I think I am making progress. I am wrapping up some work on a big symposium we had and have gotten positive feedback on my work for that, and will soon start in a new role that has greater responsibility.
 - 10) Rate all of the songs in my iTunes. I'm doing well here, I have rated 1819 of my 4385 songs so far, well on my way.
- BONUS) Not hit the snooze button once. I have managed to not hit the snooze at all, but I feel like I may have cheated some here. I haven't hit "snooze", but I have awoken and just reset my alarm till about 20-30 minutes later. I am now declaring that if I am going to change my alarm after having set it, it must be for at least one hour past the original time.

Well that covers about everything. I am proud to say that I also achieved one of my life goals this past month, in addition to my 2007 resolutions. I (plus Moran and Nate) received – no, earned – a standing ovation at our Send-Off Show. Thank you to everyone that came out and supported us and helped me accomplish that goal.

So I'd say January was a pretty productive month. I still have some things that I have yet to start, but I am also making great progress in a few other areas. What about you? How have you fared on your New Year's Resolutions?

DAY 32 (334) - WORLD WAR II = SONIC THE HEDGEHOG

February 1, 2007 | Stand-Up

I've spent the majority of this past week down at the Northern Kentucky Convention Center for an internal P&G symposium. Today I had the opportunity to walk around and see some of the other booths, and talked to some guys who deal with Innovation-by-Analogy. We got to talking and we discussed the idea that as humans, we often learn by comparing the new thing we are learning to something we already know, and that this can be applied to solve "new" problems.

For example, how did you learn addition and subtraction? Kids relate the abstract concept of numbers to physical objects that they have or want. "If you have 4 apples, and I take two of them, what do you have?" (FYI, the correct answer is not "Who cares, no one likes apples anyway" or "A dead teacher for stealing my damn apples.") And that's how I did so well in school, I never stopped learning by analogy. I just related all the material in my courses to things I enjoyed.

World War II is really just the story of **Sonic the Hedgehog**. Dr. Robotnik (aka Hitler and the Germans) are out for world domination and believe that all animals (Jewish People) should be imprisoned and put to work (or killed). Now Tails (the British) wants to stop Dr. Robotnik, but for the most part is powerless without his ally Sonic (the US). After a long struggle, which is made much easier with the use of Super Sonic (the atomic bomb), Sonic and Tails prevail and defeat Dr. Robotnik.

Weighted Fair Queueing, a computer science algorithm for routing data flow, is similar to having a bunch of girls available for booty calls. If you had Fair Queueing (but didn't weight it), then that's like caring about looks, and you therefore go back to each girl in equal amount of intervals. Now, if you are superficial and you have a preference to these booty calls based on luck or experiences, you would have weighted queue fairing, because you would most likely go through all of the calls at one point, but you would go back to the better ones more often.

The story of Ray Charles? Exactly like that movie **Ray**.

I rest my case. So you see, the trick to learning new things is by comparing it to something you already know. The best part is that you can use this to your advantage when you are justifying things. We had an Xbox 360 in our booth at the symposium because I was able to convince my management that just how Madden 2007 simulates real-life football and the upcoming Super Bowl, we model real life simulations of P&G products.

Now I just have to convince my boss that learning a new programming language is like learning a new spoken language, and therefore I need to go on a cruise to Cozumel Mexico to learn Spanish.

DAY 33 (333) - ADDITION DEFICE- HEY WHAT'S THAT OVER THERE?

February 2, 2007 | Stand-Up

I had dinner with the fam tonight. We enjoyed a delightful meal the Hitching Post, famous for their fried chicken (I thought it was good but it wasn't mind blowing by any stretch). And as usual, we had some great conversation.

It's always interesting talking to Dave, as he claims to have ADHD – I think he just doesn't pay the hell attention. I remember one time growing up when our TV was messed up and just kept switching between the major networks every 15 seconds. Dave sat and watch it for 3 hours, he was like "Finally! A tv show I can actually follow."

Because he's so easily distracted, he can sometimes be hard to follow. Like tonight we were talking, and this is what he said.

"Have you heard that one song by **M&Ms** are delicious, those mini little choco-**lets** go to the mall so I can buy the new season of twenty-**for** years I thought peacocks were green vegetables with **dictionaries** can be hard to read cover to **cover** your mouth when you chew, you look like a cow and it's dis-**gusting** winds can reach over 100 miles per hour in a tor-**NATO** needs to do a better job securing peace in developing coun-**trees** transfer carbon dioxide into oxy-**Jennifer** Love Hewitt was terrible in I Know What You Did Last Summer Summer Summer **Tiime** goes by, so slowly, and time can do **so much** for Bush having a good plan in I-**racked** up so many credit card bills over Christmas, it's ridicu-**lust** is one of the 7 deadly **since** I moved out, Mom has spent so much time **Cleaning Out my Closet?** It's one of his best I think."

He's always so full of trivia, pop culture references, and political information, it's really weird...

10:52 PM – 2 Comments – 1 Kudos – Add Comment – Edit – Remove



Dayton Daily News

FYI, I was mentioned in an online article in the *Dayton Daily News*. You need an account to view the story, but I've copied it here if you don't feel like registering.

EVERYONE'S A COMEDIAN

YOU THINK YOU'RE PRETTY FUNNY, BUCKO? THESE ASPIRING COMICS DO, AND THEY'RE OUT TO PROVE IT ON OPEN-MIC NIGHT

BY DAVE LARSEN
STAFF WRITER

Friday, February 02, 2007

Knock 'em dead, or die trying.

That's the challenge each week for would-be stand-ups at Dayton-area comedy clubs.

Open-mic nights at the Funny Bone and Wiley's draw aspiring comedians from all walks of life, as well as professional comics honing their craft.

"You get some real touring pros that just want an opportunity to try new material out in a nonpressure, nonpaid situation," said Rob Haney, owner of Wiley's Comedy Niteclub. "Then you get people who everybody at work has told them they're funny, and sometimes it can be a startling revelation to them how different it is when the light's in their eyes."

The Funny Bone's Future Legends of Comedy showcase features an average of 12 comics. Each performs a five-minute set of PG-rated material, followed by a professional headliner who closes the show.

Wiley's open-mic night features six performers who do five-minute sets with no restrictions, followed by a full professional show.

The only payment the comics receive is laughter and applause — on a good night, at least.

"You hurt for them when they don't do well," said Lisa Grigsby, manager of the Funny Bone Comedy Club at The Greene.

But people who are funny and persevere might end up like Greg "Flute Man" Warren, a national touring comic and a favorite on radio's Bob & Tom Show. Warren, who worked at Procter & Gamble in Cincinnati, was a weekly performer on open-mic nights at the late, great Joker's Comedy Cafe.

"The whole staff could quote him, but that's what it took for him to get good enough to finally leave that job and get out on the road and work it," Grigsby said.

GO! asked some of the Dayton area's Future Legends of Comedy to share some of their experiences, as well as a sample of their stand-up material.

Contact this reporter at [\(937\) 225-2419">937\) 225-2419](tel:937-225-2419) or dlarsen@DaytonDailyNews.com.

Ryan Singer

Singer is the organizer and frequent host of the Future Legends of Comedy showcase. Singer, 30, has been doing stand-up for five years. For the most part, the Centerville resident makes his living at it. "When I don't have comedy work, I have a restaurant job where I wait tables," he said.

Practical advice: "Don't talk about how bright the lights are. If you take the mic out of the mic stand, don't let the mic stand sit at the front of the stage the whole time, because then the audience is just looking at the mic stand while you're walking behind it."

Comedy is hard: "Joker's (Comedy Cafe) taught me how to be completely comfortable in complete silence on stage. That club was tough. Those crowds in there sometimes were not big fans of Ryan Singer. And I'll be forever indebted to that place because now I could be on stage for 10 minutes in complete silence and not be fazed by it."

Take my keys — please: "You've seen the new commercial: 'Buzzed driving is drunk driving.' I thought we all knew that buzzed driving was designated driving."

Joanne Viskup

Viskup, a married mother of two who lives in Tipp City, has been doing stand-up since August. After seeing comedian Kathy Griffin in April at the Schuster Center, Viskup's friends goaded her into trying an open-mic night at Joker's. "I'm pretty addicted to it now," Viskup, 39, said.

Her first time: "Just to talk into the darkness and have laughter come back at you, it's amazing. ... These strangers in the audience — you don't know them, they don't know you, you don't know what kind of day they had — and then somehow to connect with them that way. It was exciting. It's a rush."

Support group: "Every week that I can, I come out. My husband's home holding down the fort, taking my daughter to ballet and picking up my son from his activities. Lisa (Grigsby) wants to develop local talent, and I want to be part of that. And it's a really good, supportive group here. ... We're all learning from each other. Instead of competition, it feels more like we're just cheering each other on."

On her size JJ bra: "It's less of a piece of lingerie and more of an infrastructure. The tag says: 'Made by the Army Corps of Engineers.'"

Jack Wilson

Wilson, the former mayor of Fairborn, has been doing stand-up for six months. Wilson, 47, started by attending Comedy School at the Funny Bone on the Levee in Newport, Ky. "When you're giving speeches you have notes," he said. "But actually getting on stage — every eye is on you and you have to keep the audience captivated. Even five minutes seems like a long time."

His first time: "It was scary. After I got the first laugh, that eases the tension a lot."

His honor: "Me being the ex-mayor of Fairborn, that's kind of a novelty. But I'm just trying to pay my dues on this circuit like all these other guys and girls. ... Everybody needs a good laugh, and that's what I'm looking to do here."

The more the merrier: "One thing I've found out so far is the bigger the crowd the easier it is to get laughter — the more energy that the audience brings. So you like the bigger crowds. That's what you hope for."

Ladies man: "There's a place you can touch a woman that will make her scream every time — the elevator."

Keith Bender

Bender, a married father of two who works at the Veterans Affairs clinic in Columbus, has been doing stand-up for five years. In 2005, he won the Funniest Person in Columbus competition. Bender, 37, is an animated performer, doing visual gags and funny voices. "I don't like to just stand there behind the microphone pole," he said.

Who's on first: "When you're the host, you have to open the show. You're the first comedian, so you're actually warming up the crowd. ... It's a little tougher."

Trying new material: "I wanted to do something different. But when you're on stage, it's like jokes are in your head: 'Ooh, say me! Say me! Say me!' 'No, you said him last time! No! No!' So it's crazy."

Practice makes perfect: "I messed up a couple of jokes, but it's like on-the-job training. You mess up, and you learn from it. That's why I record myself every time I do it."

Erik Snell

Snell, a Wright State University student who lives in Fairborn, has been doing stand-up for about six years. Snell, 30, typically performs at showcase nights throughout Cincinnati's tri-state area. "Anything within a two-hour radius where I don't have to pay for hotel costs, because it's a burden — it's out of pocket, so to speak," he said.

Just do it: *"A garage band could practice in a garage all day, every day, and they could get good at playing music. But a comic actually needs a stage. You could be funny to your friends ... but to go out here and present it to a group of people and try to make a whole group laugh at something is real important, and the only way to do that is on stage."*

Steady your nerves: *"If you didn't care about it, you wouldn't have those butterflies. Sometimes to calm the butterflies, you've got to do a beer and a shot or something to try to take the edge off. I definitely get nervous — definitely a Miller Lite and a Jack Daniels."*

Just wondering: *"If you're a deaf paranoid schizophrenic, do you still hear voices?"*

Linda Gambino

Gambino, a professional voice-over actress from Cincinnati, has been doing stand-up for one year. "I was served divorce papers in December (2005), and I thought, well, I needed a change and took a class at the Funny Bone on the Levee in Newport," she said. Gambino, 41, won the 2006 Funniest Person in Cincinnati contest at the Go Bananas Comedy Club.

Turning pro: *"I'm just now starting to get booked on the weekends. It takes a while to really develop enough material and have stage presence and be comfortable enough to get up there and do it."*

Da bomb: *"When you bomb, it's the worst thing ever. But if you really want to do it, you just keep doing it, and you suck it up and you just plow through it."*

She's just like her mother: *"It's true. I'm bitter, I'm angry and I only sleep with my dad on special occasions."*

Drew Tarvin

Tarvin, who works at Procter & Gamble in Cincinnati, has been doing stand-up for one year. "I'm still young enough that I can balance both and I don't have a family commitment, so I'm going to see how both go," he said. Tarvin, 22, also is a member of Dayton's Smarty Pants Theater Company, an improvisational comedy troupe.

Flying solo: *"Improv is great because you have a group atmosphere, you perform with other people. It's difficult because you're making it up on the spot, but it's always new and fun. Stand-up is a one-man show, so it's like you're up there and you control everything. So you can't necessarily rely on someone to help bail you out, but you have the advantage of being able to prepare yourself beforehand. For whatever reason, I still get a lot more nervous doing stand-up than I do improv."*

On the Motorola Razr: *"I ended up getting one, but I didn't see what the big deal was because it didn't shave worth a darn."*

SOURCE: <http://www.daytondailynews.com/e/content/oh/story/entertainment/2007/02/01/ddn020207goopenmic.html>

DAY 34 (332) - JUST CALL ME DRUPAC

February 3, 2007 | Stand-Up

As I was on my way home tonight, I was jamming to some Nas (*Hip Hop is Dead*), and I realized that comedians could learn a lot from rap music.

Take for instance, guest appearances on songs. Comedians could do the same thing. I'd be in the middle of a joke, and then BAM, Dave Chappelle comes in on the punch line.

Drew: So I got the new Motorola Razr, and I have to say I wasn't impressed.

Dave: Yeah, that mutha \$*%#@ doesn't shave worth a damn!

And we could all have our own hype men that come up on stage with us. An entourage that never really does anything but scream and hype up the crowd. They could just sit at the back of the stage and laugh at my jokes, saying "Yeah!" or "What?" every now and

then.

Finally, lets not forget the amazing power of the remix. We could remix our own jokes, use the same premise a couple of times, but have different punchlines.

I tried dating a deaf girl once ... but she never listened to me.
 (eri – eri) <– the sound of a record scratching (remix)
 I tried dating a deaf girl once ... but she said where she came from sex on the first date was unheard of.
 (eri – eri)
 I tried dating a deaf girl once ... when I asked, "Hey, baby, what's your sign?" She responded with [AO Sign Language]
 I also hope that after I die, I can put out another 8 comedy albums. Hey, just call me Drupac.

DAY 35 (331) - SUPER BOWL COMMERCIALS

February 4, 2007 | *Stand-Up*

As I sit and watch the half-time show of the Super Bowl, I have to wonder how some of these advertising agency stay in business. Is it just me, or have all of the commercials been lacking this year?

(A quick side note – I'm not one of those people who just watch the Super Bowl for the commercials, I actually watch the game and understand what's going on. Besides, if I wanted to just watch the commercials, I could do it on any number of the web sites.)

I've learned from working at P&G that you should never just present a problem, but also be prepared to offer up a solution. So let's see how I could match up to these ad agencies on the more terrible commercials.

1) Doritos

First, I understand that there was a contest regarding these commercials, and that they aren't created by an ad agency, but rather by great folks like you and me. Still, they haven't been very good.

My Doritos commercial would take place in a comedy club, where there's a guy sitting in the front row eating some Doritos and sitting with his mom and girlfriend. The comedian starts making fun of the guy's girlfriend, and then his mother, but the guy remains unresponsive, munching on his Doritos. Finally, searching for a laugh, the comedian says, "What flavor of Doritos do you have when they aren't yours?... Nacho ("Not yo") Cheesier." The guy in the audience stands up and punches the comedian in the face, and then sits back down enjoying his chips.

2) Sierra Mist

You would think that by employing a funny comedian (Jim Gaffigan) and a sometimes funny cast (of MadTV), that you could make some good commercials. Well, you'd be wrong.

My Sierra Mist commercial would take place in a night club, *Promise* banging out the speakers. Then you'd see a nerdy guy working his way through the crowd, and it would come upon a table that's lit up. Sitting at the table would be none other than Ciara, who is seductively looking at the nerd. Once the guy is standing in front of her table, Ciara asks, "Do you want some of this? Because you can have it." The nerd replies, "I'd do anything for Ciara... Mist" and he reaches on the table and grabs a 20 oz. Sierra Mist.

3) Chevy

Chevrolet has paid out some dough this year, and has had multiple car commercials. It's a shame that all that money has been mostly a waste.

My Chevy commercial would take place in a court room. It would start with a guy in a suit stating facts about Chevrolet (how many cars they've sold, customer satisfaction, whatever stats would be appropriate for the company). Then it would pan to the other side of the court room where Chevy Chase is standing there who starts spouting out facts about himself (number of movies he's been in etc). He ends his speech by saying, "And that, your honor, is why it should be pronounced Chevy (as in Chevy Chase)." The Chevrolet guy then stands up, "Objection, it should be Chevy (as in Shevy)." Chevy Chase and the Chevrolet guy then go back and forth: "Chevy," "Shevy," "Chevy," "Shevy" etc. The commercial ends with the judge shouting "Order in the courtroom." Everyone grows silent, and then Chevy Chase mutters "Chevy."

And there you have it, my take on three commercials that could've been much better. Now I'm not saying these commercials are perfect, or would be the best of this year, but I just thought of these, by myself, in just a few minutes.

(I will say that the commercials so far in this second half have been better than that of the first half, so it hasn't been all bad – thanks Career Builder.)

DAY 36 (330) - HAIR ADVENTURES

February 5, 2007 | Stand-Up

What does my hair do when I go to sleep? My head just lays (lies?) there on my pillow, and I go to bed with perfectly normal hair. I wake up, and it looks like it went out and got completely wasted. It goes every which way, one side matted down, fat girl hair mixed in with it.

My hair has more fun than I do, it just sits there while I work all day, and then when it's beddy bye time, it says buh-bye and goes out and parties... And that's the problem – I always have young hair. Whenever you get a hair cut you're getting rid of the old hair that just wants to stay in and knit itself into a braid or something. You get it cut and then only the "we're still young enough to party every night" hair remains.

I'm gonna show it though, let's see how much fun Mr. Hair has when I shave it all off. Then it will be newborn hair where it just sits there and does nothing. And then I'll just cut it all off again before it gets to teenage hair when it's really a pain in the ass. That's right, because no hair is going to have more fun than me. Your nights of getting obliterated off of Evercl-hair are over!

DAY 37 (329) - THERE'S SNOW PLACE LIKE... SITTING IN TRAFFIC.

February 6, 2007 | Stand-Up

What is wrong with people in Cincinnati? We had a predicted 3-4 inches in the afternoon today, and EVERYBODY panicked. They shut down the city (as in the government building closed and they *strongly* encouraged businesses to do the same) at 2pm when we had barely received 2 inches. You woulda thought Hilary Clinton had won presidency, it was mayhem in the streets (and I'm not saying that Hilary Clinton is necessarily a bad presidential candidate, I'm just saying this is a conservative city, and ok – maybe I am saying she would make a bad presidential candidate).

I left work at 12:45pm (not because I was worried about the snow but because I had already planned to go home on my lunch break and work the rest of the day from there in the comfort of my boxers), and it took me two hours to get home. Why? Because people were going 20 miles an hour on the highway because it was snowing.

Now I already have my complaints with Cincinnati drivers (the left lane is for passing and going at least 10 miles over the speed limit – I think it's a law. If you are going at or below the speed limit, stay the %*#@ over to the right side of the highway), but snow apparently turns the incompetent drivers of this city into old Chinese midget ladies (and that's not racist/sexist/midgetist, I'm just saying if you were an elderly "little female" of Asian descent, you would most likely be a bad driver).

DAY 38 (328) - GIVE BACK CINCINNATI

February 7, 2007 | Info

I attended an info session tonight for Give Back Cincinnati Service Travel, an organization designed to take Young Professionals in Cincinnati to either a domestic or international location that is in need of volunteers.

This year they are going to New Orleans and the Dominican Republic, and helping to build houses with Habitat for Humanity. The session tonight was pretty nice, they talked about the past trips and what can be expected on this years – and it seems like a very cool experience (many said life-altering).

So, if you are interested in volunteering, AND want to travel somewhere, consider this as an option. Check out the website for more information.

And I know what you're wondering: "Are you going to do it, Drew?" Well, I haven't decided yet. I can't do the New Orleans trip as it falls on the same week as my cousin's wedding in Mexico, but I could make the DR if I wanted. The problem is that I only have 3 weeks of vacation this year, and I am hoping to use some days to be able travel to do comedy.

Besides, my "sun allergy" would probably act up in DR, and I'm not too sure what this "manual labor" they are talking about is. Is that when you have to read all the way through a software handbook...?

DAY 39 (327) - "I GOT MY EARS LOWERED"

February 8, 2007 | Stand-Up

(I have to apologize for the title of this blog entry. I can't stand all of the "cute," "funny," responses people give when they've gotten their hair cut.)

I made my (approximately) monthly trip to the barber (ok Great Clips) today, and I realized a few things.

If you are a perfectionist, how bout you not be a hair stylist, ok? The lady I had today took 55 minutes to cut my hair. She cut every single strand of hair, individually. When she went to take off my side burns, she walked trimmed each side about 15 times. She'd trim the left one, then walk to the other side and trim the right, and then back to the left, and then to the right.

I also decided that I could never be a barber. I don't think I could talk about the weather to someone new every 30 minutes. And the whole acting like you care about what they're talking about. I would be the one barber that would cut your hair in complete silence. And if you kept up with that annoying "conversation" stuff, I'd just start messing up your hair.

Because that's the other reason I couldn't be a barber. Because it would so be worth the \$13 I would lose to purposely mess up some douchebags hair.

And what's the proper amount to tip a barber person lady? Do you still stick to the 15-20%? Or will the tip that "if I don't really respond to your first 30 questions, you should probably stop asking them," suffice?

DAY 40 (326) - SHOOT ME IN THE HEAD (HEADSHOT! - BA DON CHA)

February 9, 2007 | Stand-Up

I'm on my way up to Columbus tonight to audition for a short film project, and to of course see The 8th Floor perform.

It's weird because I always get the most nervous when I go in for an audition. I don't know if it's because I haven't done that many, or because it ultimately decides my involvement in a project, or what.

I can get in front of hundreds of people having no idea what I'm going to say, and be fine. Or I can get on stage in front of complete strangers by myself and do ok. But put me in a room with 3-6 people staring at me, judging me, and I get more nervous than Barry Bonds during a drug screen.

The worst part is that I decided I wanted to get headshots done to look more professional, and that's always a weird experience. Because of a lack of time (and laziness), I attempted to do the headshots myself, and that's incredibly vain. I took about 200 different headshots of myself, and then had to go back and pick one to use.

And the fun part is that headshots are so close up, you get to see every detail of your own face. That's just what I need, 300 dpi of proof that I don't know how to smile. Some of you may find that weird, but it's true. The only smile I have for the camera is "I'm a huge tool with a cheesy smile" smile, so I tend to try to avoid that.

In the end, I opted to go with **this one**. It's not bad, I didn't even attempt to smile. We'll see how it does this weekend.

DAY 41 (325) - 39 HOURZZZZZZZ.....

February 10, 2007 | Info

I am so incredibly tired right now.

As you know from **yesterday's post**, I went up to Columbus last night for an audition for a short film. I drove up there from work and went straight to the audition (which went well) and then headed over to Drexel to see The 8th Floor perform.

Now the plan was to stay for the first show, and then head back to the 'Nati so I could get a reasonable amount of sleep before heading to Dayton for an Actor's Workshop. Well Nate and the rest of the 8th Floor decided to be bastards and rub in the fact that I wasn't going to be going to Waffle House (as is the tradition), nor would I be playing 6v6 Halo with them afterwards.

Me being the mature and adult person that I am, gave into their peer pressure. I decided to stay for the second show, go to Waffle House, and then play Halo with the group. The thing you've got to understand about the way we play Halo is that it takes forever just to play one

game. Needless to say, we didn't finish playing until 7am.

What's fun is that the Actor's Workshop in Dayton was scheduled from 9am to 5pm. So I left straight from Nate's house and drove to Dayton to barely make it in time for the start of the workshop (which was great by the way, more on that to come in a later post).

The class went past the scheduled time, and by the time I was back in Cincinnati it was 7pm. Well my brother was in town as it's somebody's birthday tomorrow, so he wanted to go to dinner (which was not exactly the first thing on my mind having now been up for 36 hours at this point). But, he came all the way up from Morehead, so I obliged.

After dinner, I came home, wrote this, and am now retiring to bed. Yes it's kind of boring for a Saturday night to be going to bed around 10pm, but I can't think of anything I'd rather be doing at this point.

So goodnight everybody, and as I sleep, you can all ponder about the 200+ miles I drove while (some studies seem to indicate) "under the influence" of no sleep (more to come on this as well).

DAY 42 (324) - THANKS

February 11, 2007 | Info

Thank you everyone for the birthday wishes!

I think one of the coolest things about having a birthday is all the people that wish you a happy birthday. Not from a conceited stand point, it just makes for a good excuse to reconnect people you haven't necessarily talked to in a while.

So thank you everyone for the wishes, and hopefully it serves as a spring board to stay connected.

There isn't anything really that special about turning 23, other than that's Michael Jordan's number – so maybe that will mean it's going to be an amazing year, or I'll at least be good at basketball. I dunno, we'll see.

DAY 43 (323) - MEMORY LEAK

February 12, 2007 | Stand-Up

As I **said before**, I attended a great workshop on Saturday that was presented by **Mark Archer**, an independent film producer/writer/director who is based out of Fort Wayne, IN (his next big movie is **Paper Dolls**).

Well in that post, I mentioned that I would go more in depth about the workshop itself. The funny thing is that I seemed to have left my notepad with those notes on it somewhere in the city of Dayton.

Now I could talk about all of the things that I remember specifically from the workshop, but I'm not going to. Two reasons: 1) I am going to stay positive and hope that I find that notepad somehow and 2) It is a perfect time to talk about losing things.

For some reason, I've been in the habit of losing or "misplacing" things, and I'm not sure why. I misplaced my class ring for awhile, then my voice recorder, and now that notepad (which incidentally also had some stand-up on it – maybe I'll see it being performed on TV someday). I think that's why they call it "losing your mind" because you slowly lose things that you mind missing.

So the trick is, how do I get my memory to be as good as an ... what's that big grey animal that's best known for their memory? I wish it was as easy as it is for a computer. You run low on memory, just go buy more. Of course you have to decide if it's more RAM that you need (short-term memory/ability to do functions) or Hard Drive space (long-term memory). I'd venture to say that I need more RAM, as I have no problem remembering that I left my notepad somewhere, I just didn't remember to grab it at the time I was leaving.

Now if I could only figure out a way to upgrade from this floppy disk...

DAY 44 (322) - LET THE POUNDING BEING (... HEADACHES THAT IS)

February 13, 2007 | *Stand-Up*

I don't know why, but I haven't really felt good all day. As I sit here typing I am suffering through a mild headache that isn't excruciating so much as it is annoying.

Now if you've been around me a lot, you probably already know that I have this weird thing about taking medicine when I'm sick. Call it stubbornness, or some irrational belief that I think taking medicine makes me less of a man, or whatever, but I just don't like doing it.

I suppose it's a matter of pride. I believe that I shouldn't have to use a drug to get better (I have a similar stance on alcohol and recreational drugs – I can have fun without them). So I rarely take Advil, and just use the time tested remedies for headaches such as drinking more water or going to bed.

Of course when you've been drinking water all day, and can't go to bed because you haven't blogged yet, then you run into a problem. And this is where my stubbornness literally becomes painful.

I've never really understood headaches, like what they actually were. Have I learned too much today and the pain is a signal? Did my brain grow, or my head get smaller? I've always kind of hoped that a headache was a sign that I was "gifted" and one day I'd wake up with a superhero power, like flying, telekenesis or the ability to understand why people think Grey's Anatomy is a good show.

And I know what you're thinking, but I don't consider the ability to turn almost anything into a pun a super hero power, more of my gift to share with the world. Now it's time to make like a headache medicine and "Aleve."

DAY 45 (321) - MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARING POST

February 14, 2007 | *Info*

[MySpace magically deleted this one. It was about the absurdity of Valentine's Day – trust me, it was funny. I guess the one positive is that it forced me to finally make my own web site.]

DAY 46 (320) - DAMN YOU MYSPACE

February 15, 2007 | *Info*

If you'll recall from an **earlier post**, I had a blog entry mysteriously disappear from the time I posted it to the time I woke up the next morning. Apparently this has happened again, as Day 45 is nowhere to be found. (Props to Chris for being the first to realize it wasn't up [via email]. Even though it wasn't my fault, I'll still pay you the \$10 at our next NHC event.)

Whereas last time I had happened to leave my browser open and was able to traverse back to the blog entry and save it, this time I was not so fortunate. Now I would normally leave the option open that maybe I'm just crazy and dreamt that I wrote in my blog (which would certainly be weird but feasible), but I checked the last thing on my "Office Clipboard" and it was Day 44 (322), which was the title to the previous day's (now 2 days ago) entry. Which means, I copied that to the subject line of the Day 45's entry so that I could easily change the numbers.

As they say, "Fool me once, shame on you. Fool me twice, shame on me." So, I am now going to move on to my own website. I will still maintain my MySpace, but it will just be for the networking, not the blogging. That means this weekend will be packed with the fun of creating a new website for the world to see. Until it is up and ready to go, entries will continue to come up here.

Now it's time to go look for web hosting...

DAY 47 (319) - A NEW HOME

February 16, 2007 | *Info*

Welcome to the new home of the 365 Days of Drewy Goodness Challenge. Thanks for making the switch with me. If you're curious as to why I'm on a new site, there are many reasons, but mainly because **MySpace was messing up**, and I had been planning to do something like this for **awhile**.

I've been spending some time today to try to get things set up. Obviously the site is still very bare bones right now, but I'm hoping to change that over the next couple of weeks. You can take a look at the home page if you'd like, but there isn't much there yet, BUT the most important aspect is working though (this blog).

So thanks again for visiting, and don't forget your housewarming gift.

(If you're wondering, yes I did spend the time to copy and paste all of my entries over from MySpace. I like to have a history of what was going on, and be able to link back to the various posts. Unfortunately I wasn't able to copy over the comments, sorry.)

DAY 48 (318) - ME, INC.

February 18, 2007 | Info Stand-Up

It's been a long (but very productive) day, especially for a Saturday.

I woke up around 9:30am (don't ask me why – stupid body decided it was time to get up) and almost immediately got on my computer. I spent a large part of the morning working on the new site, though you wouldn't be able to tell unless I told you. That's mostly because I focused on getting the "Subscribe" form working correctly, only to decide I don't want to have anything on the site until I feel it's "up to snuff."

(Side note: I really don't know what the hell that means – it's amazing how many phrases people use without actually knowing their meaning/origin. What is snuff? I suppose it's good if it you measure other things against it. But what if it's not? What if snuff is really something bad, like the black spit caused by chewing tobacco. I wouldn't really want my site to be up to that...)

Once it hit about Noon:30 or so, I switched gears and started working on "The 8th Floor Presents: Best of Season 1" DVD. I've been working on it on and off since early this summer, and I'm proud to say I am about 99%. The only reason it's really taken this long to do is that this is my first major DVD production, so I've had to learn Adobe Premiere, After Effects, and Encore just to get it done. But I'm very happy with how it's come out so far, I just have to run it by some of the other group members for I move into mass production. (If you're interested in a copy, let me know.)

I took a break to eat and work out around 3pm, and then got to work on the DVD some more. After another break around 10pm (for dinner and to watch some of the NBA All Star Skills Challenge) I switched back to working on the web site. I got the start page how I want it, and put up a placeholder for the home page.

And now I'm blogging about the whole thing. I know what you're thinking: "What an incredible way to spend your Saturday." Nothing like working 12+ hours on a computer on the weekend. But hey, it was snowing all day, and sometimes you gotta do what you gotta do to build "Brand You" aka "Me, Inc." aka drewtarvin.com.

Note: "Brand You" is a great book by **Tom Peters** about building brand equity for yourself as an individual. It's related more to the corporate world and I'd recommend it to anyone planning on working in Corporate America in the next 20 years.

DAY 49 (317) - YES, I DO BELIEVE I'VE FOUND SOMETHING HERE...

February 19, 2007 | Random Thoughts

Every now and then you have a day that re-affirms that all of the hard work you are doing is worth it. Today was one of those days.

It all started with a meeting with **Dave Powell**, one of the other members of **Smarty Pants**. He recently returned from studying improv at Secondy City Detroit, and we've been working together to see what kind of opportunities there might be here in the Nasty 'Nati.

After spending two hours discussing the various possibilities, we then headed to Smarty Pants practice. We've been very fortunate because Dave has been running our practices, sharing a lot of what he has learned throughout his improv career. And even though there were only three of us players there, it was a great practices. One of those practices that lets you know what you've been practicing is paying off – and one that makes the facilitator fall out of seat laughing (thanks to Kevin Branick).

Once we wrapped our 2 1/2 hour practice we headed to Brazenhead for dinner, as one of our members (**John Woodruff**) is leaving for Japan in a couple of weeks (for modeling of all things). We were there for almost 3 hours, talking about improv, acting, etc. – each of us realizing how incredible it is that we even have the opportunity to perform.

We then came here for a bit, and just watched TV and talked about acting/movies/etc. They left just a short while ago, bringing the total time I spent with Smarty Pants group members, talking about some facet of improv/acting to 11 hours for the day.

And when you think about it, 11 hours out of a single day is a long time. And what's funny is that I would do it again tomorrow in a heartbeat. I don't know about you, but there are very few things I would want to do for 10+ hours a day, multiple days in a row. How many people have something they can say that about? Yes, I do believe I've found something here...

DAY 50 (316) - PRESIDENT'S DAY

February 20, 2007 | Stand-Up

Ahh, good ol' President's Day. I just love the festivities and celebration behind this great day to honor our past presidents. Oh... wait, there aren't really any festivities associated with today. There's no fictional characters to help trick kids into getting excited for today, no songs about what the "holiday" means, nothing.

But it makes sense, there are a number of things stacked against today being a highly celebrated day. The first, is that it's not a set day. It changes every year. There's nothing special about the 19th of February, it's just that it happens to be the third Monday of the month. Very few holidays reach great stardom by having a shifting date. If you think about it, Easter is really the only one, and it's only successful because of the chocolate bunnies. You make President's Day about absurd amounts of chocolate and a furry animal, and you'd have a lot more success. (Oh, and the fact that 1/3 of the world's population is Christian might help the whole Easter thing... maybe...)

The second difficulty for President's Day is that no one knows what the hell it celebrates. A quick peak at wikipedia and you soon realize that it means a couple of different things to different people. Our own state governments can't agree on it's purpose. (The commonly accepted answer is that it is to celebrate the birthdays of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln.) How are we supposed to have a huge extravaganza of a celebration if we don't know exactly what we're supposed to be celebrating? I mean every knows the real meaning of Christmas right? It's to get presents and be happy and try to get better things than you give...

And finally, the biggest problem with President's Day is that we've had too many crappy presidents to want to celebrate a day to them. Certainly we've had some great ones, and ones that were alright. But then we've had our share of "Dubya's" along the way. How can we celebrate a holiday we can't fully respect?

DAY 51 (315) - THE DREW SHADY LP

February 21, 2007 | Stand-Up

While I was rating some of my songs today (as I'm trying to do), I realized that there are a fair number of song titles that get repeated a lot – but not just by musicians. For example, in 1989, Biz Markie did a song called "Just a Friend" (also Mario in 2000). Alonzo Bodden does a bit called "Just a Friend" on his *Seemed Like a Good Idea at the Time* comedy album from 2001.

And that got me thinking, what if I did an entire set based on the track titles of an entire album? Well I've decided to try. I don't really have any bits about music already (not that the set will have to be about music), so it doesn't really matter what album I choose to model the set after. So a quick look through my music collection, and I think an interesting (and challenging) one would be Eminem's *Slim Shady LP*. It's got diversity as far as titles goes, and it should be interesting to try to keep a rap album (from Eminem no less) relatively clean. Note: I thought about doing one of 2Pac's albums, but I can't due to language restrictions as to what I'm allowed to say.

So over the course of the next X days (I say X because some days I'll write more than one "track"), I'll be writing a joke/story/observation inspired by the titles from Eminem's first LP (most of the jokes – if not all – will have no relation to what the *song* is actually about, I'm just using the titles. Also, at first glance a few of my existing bits may work well for some of the titles, in which case I'll just use those). For those of you that aren't familiar with the album, the songs are:

1. Public Service Annoucement
2. My Name Is
3. Guilty Conscience
4. Brain Damage
5. Paul
6. If I Had
7. '97 Bonnie & Clyde
8. Bitch
9. Role Model
10. Lounge
11. My Fault

12. Ken Kaniff
13. Come on Everybody
14. Rock Bottom
15. Just Don't Give a %*#&
16. Soap
17. As the World Turns
18. I'm Shady
19. Bad Meets Evil
20. Still Don't Give a %*#&

So tomorrow will be the first track – something regarding “Public Service Announcement.” This should be fun.

DAY 52 (314) - PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT

/ Stand-Up

Track 1: Public Service Announcement (why do I have a track listed?)

I don't know if you guys were aware of this, but it turns out that the driver's seat of a car on the highway is actually NOT a telephone booth... or a make-up chair, or a breakfast nook to eat breakfast and read the paper. It's in fact the prime spot to actually control a motor vehicle safely, and alertly to a destination.

I know that this seems weird, and to the contrary considering the number of people who use the driver's seat as such, but I swear it's true, I read about it in a book once. Let's be honest though, most people don't know how to drive when they have no distractions, how is multi-tasking going to help?

I was on the highway the other day and I saw a lady drive by me talking on her cell phone, putting on her make-up and trying to write something down. She already has the whole gender thing working against her, does she really need any extra challenges while driving?

Maybe some people think they are already good enough at driving. I mean statistics would say otherwise (40,000 fatal accidents / year), but then again, what do “stats” know? They're all “staty” and full of “numbers” based on “history.” I'm sure brain surgery isn't all that challenging either, so I'd be fine with my neural surgeon chatting on his phone or checking his Black Berry while performing on me...

Ladies and gentleman, this is my Public Service Announcement to you. I don't want to get all “preachy” on you, but this is all I ask: If you're going to talk on your cell phone or do 800 other things while driving, please just do it in the middle or right lane of traffic, AND STAY THE HELL OUT OF THE LEFT LANE. That lane is reserved for us drivers who would rather take our risks speeding than fix our lipstick. Thank you.

DAY 53 (313) - MY NAME IS

February 22, 2007 / Stand-Up

Track 2: My Name Is (why do I have a track listed?)

My name is actually Andrew Tarvin, but I like to go by Drew because you get a lot better nicknames with it, like people have called me Drewbear, Drudacris, Drucifer, and Winnie the Drew. My ex-girlfriend always called me Drewsito, which roughly translates into “Little Drew” in Spanish. (I'm hoping she was just referring to the fact that I'm skinny...)

It doesn't really bother me if you call me Andrew, just not Andy. I have no problem with the name for other people, but I can't stand it when people call me Andy. I think it stems back to a childhood experience. All the kids used to make fun of me using the name Andy:

“Andy is a loser.” “Andy (-> ‘and he’) smells.” “And he thinks C is object-oriented.” I hated those kids in Computer Science class.

NOTE: That last insult was incredibly nerdy. If you didn't get it, congratulations you are less of a dork than I. If you did, you should feel ashamed.

DAY 54 (312) - GUILTY CONSCIENCE

February 24, 2007 | *Stand-Up*

Track 3: Guilty Conscience (why do I have a track listed?)

Do you ever start to feel guilty about something that you don't even do, just think about? Like you think about making a big purchase at a store or something, and you get close to buying it, and then you put it back. But then you just beat yourself up – "How could I possibly have thought I could have afforded that Russian Bride... what was I thinking?"

Or every now and then, I kinda, sorta, sometimes think that in a way, maybe it might be funny if someone were to kick a mentally challenged person all so I could respond, "Hey don't you know you're not supposed to kick someone while they're down... syndromed." And then my conscience comes in and tells me how wrong that is... such a terrible pun.

DAY 55 (311) - BRAIN DAMAGE

February 25, 2007 | *Stand-Up*

Track 4: Brain Damage (why do I have a track listed?)

Every now and then, I think it would be fun to pretend like I had brain damage. Just start doing random things in public places and have a friend there to explain to people my "condition."

Because that would give you the freedom to do pretty much anything you want. Who's going to get mad at someone that's suffered head trauma? What's someone going to do? Call the police and say some guy who suffered brain damage keeps grabbing my chest, so please arrest him to add to the fact that he's already messed up? I don't think so.

I'd make loud yelping noises right as people walked by. Have you ever screamed something right after someone passes you? They *always* jump, turn and look at you pissed off, and then try to keep on walking like nothing happened, try to stay cool. And there's no point, you might as well acknowledge that you jumped. There's no looking cool after you've been startled like a 7 year old girl seeing a picture of Nicole Ritchie (all I'm saying is that she's scary).

And that's the type of fun you can have by just telling a small, white lie. And it's just a lie about brain damage, it's not like I'm Janet Reno pretending to be a woman or anything.

DAY 56 (310) - PAUL

| *Stand-Up*

Track 5: Paul (why do I have a track listed?)

I knew this guy in college named Paul, the biggest badass I've ever met. He was one of those guys that was really into UFC, and was in some amateur fight club thing. Whenever he would go out to a bar, he would always challenge girls to punch him in the face... I guess that's one way to get them to "hit" on you.

What was weird was that we were pretty good friends, and I never knew his last name. He may have told me once, but I forgot, and was always too afraid to ask him. I don't think Paul would have ever hit me directly, but he could easily use me as a type of bat against anyone else he wanted to hit.

The one negative about having Paul as a friend was that it gave me an unwarranted cockiness. I figured that I could get away with saying anything I wanted to anyone, because he could always back me up. And nothing pisses frat boys off more than a skinny, 13 year-old sounding kid talking trash about their popped collars.

The problem was that I got so used to Paul being there to back me up, that I started talking trash everywhere I went. Then one day I went to a party and Paul stayed home. Of course I insulted the wrong guy, and without support from my UFC friend, I ended up spending the night crammed in a guitar case. You'd think after a night in there I'd come out toned, but I just spent the rest of the week high strunged...

DAY 57 (309) - IF I HAD

February 26, 2007 | *Stand-Up*

Track 6: If I Had (why do I have a track listed?)

I've been watching Heroes recently, and I started thinking about what super power I would want to have if I could choose any.

At first I thought, duh, I would want to be able to heal myself. It'd be so hard to die, you could lift weights for hours on end, and I wouldn't be afraid to go ice skating (I don't know how, but I think I manage to hurt myself every time I've gone). But then I realized I wouldn't be able to ever get a tattoo, or any piercings. And how would cutting your hair and fingernails work? Would they always regenerate extra quick? Would I become extra hairy like Robin Williams (hey, it happened to Wolverine).

So then I thought I'd want to be able to hear people's thoughts. You would be amazing at poker, and would never lose at that game at King's Island where you guess people's age or weight. But I got to thinking – hearing other people's thoughts would drive me crazy. I already think most people talk way too much and never shut up, imagine if you could hear their thoughts. I'd have to move to Michigan just to have some silence.

Finally, I decided, if I had a super power, I'd want to be able to turn invisible. Because then I could easily stalk people like Clay Aiken ("If I were invisible, I'd watch you in your room..." – Moran and Lindsey were the first to point out how freaky that song is). Plus I already know that if I were to have a child with an albino, our kid would come out clear anyway, so I figure I'm already half way there.

DAY 58 (308) - '97 BONNIE & CLYDE

February 27, 2007 | *Stand-Up*

Track 7: '97 Bonnie & Clyde (why do I have a track listed?)

The Evolution of a Joke

Before I get started with the actual joke, I thought I'd share the process by which I came to the joke (which incidentally I still do not know what it's going to be as I write this). Now I know that this may destroy some of the "magic," but I thought it might be interesting considering the rather unique approach I am taking.

As you are aware, I am creating a set list based on the titles to Eminem's *Slim Shady LP*. As a result, I have to come up with some type of joke based on a song title. Normally, it would be the other way around – you would come up with a joke, and then give it a title, but, oh no, not in this blog.

Today's track is "'97 Bonnie & Clyde." Considering I don't really know much about the duo, I first have to research them via **Wikipedia**.

Now that I know they were a bank-robbing couple, and how they were, in a way, idolized, I know that my joke has to do something with a guy-girl couple committing crime.

The "'97" part of the title is rather tricky, and really only lends itself to a joke that will be similar to the concept of Eminem's song, a (at the time) modern version of Bonnie & Clyde. The year 1997 would put me at 13 years of age (23 – 10). And if I was 18 when I graduated high school, that would mean I was in the 8th grade in 1997 (18 – 13 = 5, 12th Grade – 5 = 8th Grade).

Alright, so now I know my story/joke has to do something with me and some girl being a crime-duo in the 8th grade. First, we'll start off with an introduction to my story:

I know what you're all thinking... "I bet you were a badass when you were a kid, weren't you?" Of course I was. How could I not be, weighing all of 89 lbs, sounding like Daisy Duck.

Ok, so that sets the tone to tell a sarcastic tale of me being a badass. Now to bring in the phrase:

Me and this girl, Sarah, used to be the baddest mo-fos in all of 8th grade. We were the modern day Bonnie & Clyde of the west... side of our junior high school.

And now I'm at a crossroads, because I have so many directions I could go. I could make up some ridiculous stories of actual crimes we

"committed." But I think what I'll do is go the opposite way, and create "cute" crimes based on puns. I mean, who doesn't enjoy a good pun?

We used to steal all kinds of stuff. I was good at it too. Hell, in one game I stole second AND third... And Sarah, man was she ever the kleptomaniac. She'd "steal glances" at me every day in study hall.

The two of us were the biggest drug dealers in our surrounding area. She was into selling weed...(s). Dandelion bracelets – she had that on lock. Me, I sold the harder drugs, like Angel Dust. But only at the beginning of December, because that's when I'd have to clean the Christmas decorations.

We were also heavily armed at all times. Me because I wore a watch, and at 89 lbs that's a lot to lift, and Sarah because she was chubby and had the whole arm fat thing going on.

The problem with some of the puns above is that they are a little obscure, which puts me at risk of the audience not getting them. But hey, I like my jokes to be "intelligent." Now let's wrap it up and bring back in the title name one more time.

Yep, Sarah and I did just about every crime you could think of. Assault & Battery – I've been known to throw some Duracells. Driving Under the Influence – I only rode a bike when Sarah told me to. By the end of 8th grade we were even Serial (cereal) killers. There wasn't a box of Trix or Lucky Charms that could survive me and Sarah, (though I have to admit it was mostly "Flabby Arms" doing the eating).

That's right, you could've called us the '97 Bonnie & Clyde.

And there you have it, a stream-of-conscious evolution of a story/joke/blog entry. Is it the greatest story in the world? No. But there are definitely some things I can use ("Heavily Armed" would go perfect with my "Treekiller" story).

DAY 59 (307) - BITCH

February 28, 2007 | Stand-Up

Track 8: Bitch (why do I have a track listed?)

I am currently a single guy, and I've speculated on many reason why, but I think the most apparent is that I just don't get women.

My last relationship ended because of simple misunderstanding. My girlfriend thought we were having a serious conversation ... and I thought we were having a competition. "Drew, you left the toilet seat up again, why do you have to be such an ass?" So I figure if she calls me a donkey, I can do even better and call her a female dog. She of course left all angry, so I thought I won. I was wrong.

Now I was in the doghouse for calling her a bitch, and if I had just been as quiet as a mouse we could've been screwing like rabbits... Instead, she left me for a man hung like a horse, and I was stubborn as an ox and tried to fight the guy but froze like a deer in headlights when his fist came at me like a bat out of hell, and I just found out that she gave me crabs... Now I gotta go home, and choke the chicken.

DAY 60 (306) - FEBRUARY IN REVIEW

March 1, 2007 | Info

I'm going to take a break from the *Drew Shady LP* to review my progress on my resolutions during the month of February.

- 1. Finish the 365 Days of Drewy Goodness Challenge paying out less than \$300.** Well in January I paid Dave Tarvin \$12 for leaving the most comments that month. In February, I paid (or should say – still have to pay) Chris Naykki \$10 for being the first to point out that I missed a post – even though I really didn't and MySpace just messed up. That brings by total to \$22 for the first two months, so I'm still on track.
- 2. Limit the number of times I write 2006 for the date.** Luckily I haven't had any more snafues (sp?), so I'm good here.
- 3. Have 30 minutes of professional material, 20 of which is 100% clean.** Ahh, this one. Recently I've been focusing more on bringing Smarty Pants to Cincinnati, and also on acting, so stand-up has started to fall behind. I'd have to say, while I have quite a lot more material written, none of it has been tested on stage yet, so I haven't made progress on this one.
- 4. Create an interactive website.** Well thanks to the aforementioned problem with MySpace, I am now at <http://www.drewtarvin.com>. I still haven't set up anything but the blog, but hey, it's a start.
- 5. Learn a song on guitar.** I'm happy to say that I've at least touched by guitar in February. I tried out some chords and attempted to improv some lyrics, but I definitely need some practice.

6. **Perform in front of 5,000 people total, 500 at one time.** Let's see, if I hit around 650 people in the month of January, and add February's total, that means (carry the 1, multiply by pi) I've now performed in front of 670 people. That's right, I only did one show in February, for 20 people. Looks like I'm going to need a big March to make up for that one.
7. **Actually tape a skit.** While I haven't actually taped a skit, I have gotten agreements from a number of people that they're going to help me with one. I have an idea in mind, now we just have to execute.
8. **Finish making the various "Best Of" DVDs.** Well when I said I was nearly done with Best of Season 1 in January, I meant that I was really nearly done now. The only thing that remains is to get feedback from people and make minor changes, everything else is done (animated intros, menu, DVD case, etc.)
9. **Get 1 Ratings at P&G.** I recently passed my 6 month anniversary of working at P&G and decided to use that as an excuse to talk to some people about how I was doing. It was encouraging to find out that people think I'm doing well and that there is a possibility that I can get 1 ratings this year. I have also transitioned roles and am currently doing what is normally an assignment for someone one level above me.
10. **Rate all of the songs in my iTunes.** I only have 1364 songs remaining. This one is no problem.

BONUS: **Not hit the snooze button once.** I'm still surviving here, though there have definitely been some tough mornings. I've found that if I go straight from my bed to the shower (as opposed to doing *anything* else first), I wake up faster. I hope that one day I don't struggle as much as I do now, maybe when I'm famous and can wake up at Noon.

Well, another month down, only 10 more to go. February has gone by pretty fast, and I don't mean just because it's the shortest month of the year (by a whopping two days). I've made some good progress in a lot of areas, and have fallen behind in some. But I'm still happy with what I accomplished in February, plus I turned 23, which counts for something... maybe?

How are you doing on your resolutions? Still going strong?

DAY 61 (305) - ROLE MODEL

March 2, 2007 | Stand-Up

Track 9: Role Model (why do I have a track listed?)

I think it's important that everyone have a role model. I know how much my role models have helped me to model my various roles... And to me, there is no greater role model than the Pillsbury Doughboy.

You see, the Pillsbury Doughboy is the definition of a role model, he is, in fact, a "roll" model. (Ya get it? You see... He's made of dough... and he's Pillsbury's mascot...) And not only does he fit the pun, he's also has some admirable qualities:

- When you poke him, he doesn't file a sexual harassment suit. Instead he appreciates the gesture and responds accordingly. That shows he has commitment to his company and plays well with others.
- He has no problem being a part of company that is in the business of selling his brethren to be cooked and eaten by the masses. That shows he is willing to make sacrifices for the good of all humankind.
- He's rich. He is actually made of "dough." That shows that he's successful, and that he's ok with having material things. Sure money can't buy happiness, but at least it makes being sad more fun.

So there you have it, everyone should have a role model. And if you don't have one currently, who better than Mr. Doughboy?

DAY 62 (304) - LOUNGE

March 4, 2007 | Stand-Up

Track 10: Lounge (why do I have a track listed?)

I was sitting in a lobby the other day, waiting for a meeting to start, and I saw that they called it "Waiting Lounge" (we won't even get into the fact that there was no way the quality of the room could be justified as a lounge). And for some reason, I couldn't stop reading the word "lounge." And, you know how when you read a word enough times it starts to look really weird and question how to spell it? By the time the meeting started, my brain had convinced me that they had misspelled the word and they were missing a 'w.'

It's weird what repetition will do to every day things. Just like the spelling thing, if you say a word enough times it starts to sound weird too. "Lounge"... "Lounge"... "Lounge"... "Lounge"... "Lounge"... "Lounge"... "Lounge"... Well, I think you get my point. (I don't really have a joke for that, but I just can't get that damn word of my mind.)

DAY 63 (303) - MY FAULT

/ Stand-Up

Track 11: My Fault (why do I have a track listed?)

I was at a bar the other day, and this guy drunkenly falls into a girl and knocks her red wine all over her white dress. She of course gets pissed and starts screaming at him, and his response is ... "My fault."

My fault? My fault? Of course it was your fault. No one was doubting that it was your fault, no one was going to blame the girl for standing there. I think that phrase is so funny, because it replaces "I'm sorry," and it takes away any apology from the statement. It says, "Yeah I did something that was probably uncool and that I should maybe feel bad for, but I don't. So I'll just agree that I was at fault for it, but not apologize because I don't care."

Now I'm not saying that you always have to feel bad for some things, I'm just saying that "my fault" is reserved for small mishaps. You accidentally step on someone's shoe, "my fault." But to spill wine on a woman's dress? Are you going to exclaim "my fault" after you run over someone's dog, or accidentally punch their child in the face? I'm waiting for Bush to just hold a press conference, walk up to the podium, and say, "my fault."

DAY 64 (302) - KEN KANIFF

March 5, 2007 | Stand-Up

Track 12: Ken Kaniff (why do I have a track listed?) (NOTE: The hardest track to create a joke about).

When I was in high school, I used to "work" at Meijer. I was a cashier by pay, but was a cart-pusher at every opportunity I could get (as were Matt, Lance, Nate, Brad, Evan, Kevin, & Sean – yes, all of these people from one high school worked at the same Meijer at some point). A lot of people don't understand why we would all want to do physical labor like push carts as opposed to enjoy the climate controlled building and scan groceries. And the answer is simple: we didn't really push all that many carts.

You see, at Meijer, so long as there were carts for people to take, they didn't really care what the rest of the lot looked like. So we would spend 15 minutes grabbing a bunch of carts, and then do nothing for 45 minutes, push for 15, rest for 45, back and forth for the duration of our shifts. And when you're getting paid to do nothing, you start to find ways to entertain yourself. We used to do all kinds of fun things like: watch *Jeopardy!* or *Dunstin Checks In*, make up games like "Kick the Rock" (involved kicking a rock around the outside of the building, clever I know), and every now and then, run errands like get food or wash our cars.

But the thing that I thought was most valuable about working at Meijer was learning that any of the phones you see in the store can be used to access the PA system. All you had to do was enter the right code in (#40 maybe? I don't remember anymore). So you could walk into any Meijer, pick up a phone, and make any announcement you wanted. Naturally, when you learn that, you have to take advantage of it in every Meijer that you walk into.

For awhile, whenever some of us would go into a Meijer, we'd have some fun over the PA. There's nothing like seeing the mad dash of people running to the Electronics section when you announce that there are GameCubes on sale for half price (this was done at the height of GameCube's popularity). Or the confused looks on people's faces when you acted out an entire relationship fight over the PA as "employees."

Me (as Steve): "Attention Meijer customers, there is no waiting on line 15. Also, Stephanie, you can go to hell."

Nate (as Stephanie): "Attention Meijer customers, there is a sale on cucumbers today, buy 1 get 1 free. Ladies, if any of you are thinking about dating Steve, consider picking some up, as you will probably need them."

Me: "Attention Meijer customers, Stephanie is a whore..."

But I think the greatest use of a PA system in a store comes from someone we'll just refer to as "Nasty Nate." You see "Nasty Nate" decided it would be fun to re-enact the "Ken Kaniff" skit from *The Slim Shady LP* by Eminem. If you've never heard the skit, it's basically the sound of a guy getting felated by two other guys – very graphic. "Nasty Nate" did this over an intercom in a store... priceless. There is no greater sight than seeing a concerned parent gasp in horror as she hears this, and her 7 year old daughter saying, "Mommy, that sounds like you and Daddy last night."

DAY 65 (301) - COME ON EVERYBODY

March 6, 2007 | Stand-Up

Track 13: Come on Everybody (why do I have a track listed?)

I went on vacation not too long ago, and I decided that I don't think there is anything more annoying than that one morning person that seems to be on every trip I've ever been on. You know the one I'm talking about, the one that decides that you have to do something every minute of your vacation that you "can't do at home." And for some reason, they take it upon themselves to be the trip's "leader," to try to dictate everything that the group does.

It'll be 8 o'clock in the morning and they start waking folks up. "Come on everybody, you don't want to miss the best part of the day, and there's free complimentary breakfast!" First of all, there is no free complimentary breakfast. You're paying for it one way or the other (most likely through overcharging you on the room). It's like those people that consider the food on a cruise as "free." You paid \$1200 dollars for that cruise, that food wasn't free. Second, yes I do want to miss it. I want to enjoy this luscious hotel pillow I'm sleeping on and completely miss the first half of the day.

Now if only the "leadership" ended there... it doesn't. "Come on everybody, you don't want to eat lunch at McDonald's, you can do that anywhere. Instead, let's go to that hole in the wall place over there that is unique to this geographic area that will end up giving us food poisoning." "Come on everybody, you don't want to go shopping at Wal-Mart, you can do that anywhere. Instead, let's go to that mom and pop store where everything they have is circa 1995 because they don't get much business." "Come on everybody, you don't want to go to the bathroom in a restroom, you can do that anywhere. Instead, let's go on the beach..."

You see it's called a vacation – that means you are to vacate from any responsibilities and not have to worry about that kind of stuff. Just let me do what I want to do, I don't care if I could do it "anywhere else." I don't want to get food poisoning from a niche restaurant. I don't want to drink a pop from 1995 that's flatter than the girls in gymnastics. And I especially don't want to poop in the sand – I'm not a cat.

DAY 66 (300) - ROCK BOTTOM

March 7, 2007 | Stand-Up

Track 14: Rock Bottom (why do I have a track listed?)

There comes a time in every man's life when they reach rock bottom with regard to women. I think I need to really start dating again seriously, as I worry that I hit that day today.

I went to get my mail at my apartment complex, and ran into this girl in the lobby, we'll call her "Sarah." Sarah and I chat for a few minutes and I start to get the idea that she's really kind of in to me (who could blame her, I *was* wearing my vibrant blue shirt that brings out my beautiful blue eyes and sporting the always stylish P&G badge). We say our goodbyes (a sullen but flirty "Hopefully I'll see you again soon" from yours truly) as she gets off the elevator on the 3rd floor (close, but not quite worthy of yelling at).

So I get to the apartment and tell my roommate of my recent conversation with the "cutie" on 3, and he's going along with it, but then stops:

K: "Wait, did you say Sarah on floor 3?"

D: "Yeah, white girl, longish black hair?"

K: "And you said she was cute?"

D: "Yeah, I thought so."

K: "Dude, if it's the same Sarah I'm thinking of, then you might be going all Ray Charles and should go to the optometrist."

D: "No way... Really?"

Note: My roommate likes to use celebrity names as synonyms. Ray Charles = blind, Paris Hilton/Britney Spears = slutty, Tom Cruise = crazy.

Now at this point, I'm slightly worried. But Sarah's a common name, and despite the fact that we live with mostly zombies (aka people in their 70's), there could theoretically be two Sarah's on the same floor.

Fast forward to a couple of hours ago, and I'm running on the treadmill in our "workout room" (which consists of 2 treadmills and an elliptical machine – whoopdee friggin do). Guess who comes walking in. That's right, the Kool-Aid man ("Oh yeah")... But no, none other than Sarah.

And I'll be damned if my roommate wasn't right. This girl was not attractive. If she were the south end of a magnet, the north end wouldn't even go near her. She was ugly ("Kelly Osbourne" if you will). I don't want to be too over the top, but this girl was so ugly, she made me believe in evolution, because she was the missing link.

That brings me back to my first point – I've hit rock bottom in single-dom. I've been single for so long (2, going on 3 "decades"), that I have "deprivation goggles" or something.

Hopefully I can do something about this soon, before it's too late. I don't want to wake up one day and be lying next to one of the links in the evolutionary chain (Sarah – so easy, even a caveman can do her. And has.)

DAY 67 (299) - JUST DON'T GIVE A %*#&

March 8, 2007 | Stand-Up

Track 15: Just Don't Give a %*#& (why do I have a track listed?)

Well, I think I may know why I've reached **Rock Bottom** with the females... It's because I'm too honest. Sure, women say they want an honest man, but they don't really mean that. What they mean is they want someone that won't cheat on them, but WILL lie about other things (and "honestly," I'm sure it doesn't hurt to have loads of money).

There are the classic examples of women setting us men up to be dishonest ("Does this dress make me look fat?" "Would you still love me if I lost my leg in a freak snowboarding accident?" "If you could have a threesome with me and my mom, would you want to?") – they don't want to know our real answers. But they also don't want honesty just in general.

I was talking to this girl and she was going on and on about how if people really cared about the environment that they'd stop eating meat because it's causing global warming. And she asked me what I thought, and I replied, "I don't really care" (first mistake). Then she continued, "How can you not care. This is going to affect the lives of our children, and our children's children." "Honestly, I just don't give a %*#&" (second mistake). I continued, "not so much about global warning. I mean in general, I just don't give a %*#& about what you're saying right now. All I've heard for the last 15 minutes is 'Blah blah blah. I'm a dumb broad that won't stop talking'" (third mistake).

Yeah, I think I might know why I'm single.

DAY 68 (298) - SOAP

March 9, 2007 | Stand-Up

Track 16: Soap (why do I have a track listed?)

How lazy are we going to get? Who said to themselves, "You know, I would wash my hands more, but it's just so much work. I'd wash my hands more if there was some way to have the soap pre-lathered." Don't get me wrong, I love foam soap, but honestly, people are too lazy to do this [ACT OUT rubbing hands together]?

Though I guess I should be happy that maybe it's encouraging more people to wash their hands. I read somewhere that only 50% of people wash their hands with soap after using the restroom, 50%! That means half of you are dirty bastards that just go up and rinse your hands off, or don't even make your way to the sink.

Which I wouldn't really care, if it didn't affect me. But those same people that don't wash their hands touch the handle to the door in the bathroom, and then any number of things outside of the restroom. And for the 50% of that do wash our hands, we just have to hope that the people we are shaking hands with are as hygienic as us.

I wonder if people in Japan wash their hands less than we do. Maybe that's why they bow to each other instead of shaking hands. They may be on to something here...

DAY 69 (297) - AS THE WORLD TURNS

March 11, 2007 | Stand-Up

Track 17: As the World Turns (why do I have a track listed?)

Not many people know this, but P&G actually started soap operas. And they've become a huge success, and I have no idea why. Have you actually watched these shows?

I was sick a little while ago, so I was at home on a weekday during the day. And rather than sleep or do something productive, I layed on the couch to watch TV, and the only thing on was soap operas. I have to admit, I was curious to see if the shows were any good considering they've been around forever.

So I'm chilling on the couch and turn on "As the World Turns." Now I started watching this in the middle of an episode, but I don't think that seeing it from the beginning would've helped much. The scene I saw was absolutely incredible.

A woman was in an office, yelling at a man, most likely her husband. Apparently, this man cheated on her with her sister – not really that far-fetched. Then, the woman's sister comes in and confesses that she is pregnant, but doesn't know if the man is the father, or his brother. At this point, the original woman gets incredibly pissed, right as the man's brother enters the office. Then it is revealed that the woman was actually sleeping with her husband's brother.

What? Did they steal their story-line from an episode of Jerry Springer? Someone was watching Springer, saw some episode like this, and decided, "Yeah, this would be a great story if we just add bad actors, moderately attractive females that are injected with gallons of botox, and incredibly cheesy dialogue that is worse than a woman's hygiene commercial."

"As the World Turns?" More like "As the World Turns... into a Ridiculously Place for Terrible Television..."

DAY 70 (296) - I'M SHADY

/ Stand-Up

Track 18: I'm Shady (why do I have a track listed?)

I got insulted the other day, and I'm still kind of hurt by it. I was talking to a girl, and she called me "shady." And my first thought was, "Who says 'shady' anymore?" But once I got past the old school reference, I pondered if the insult had any merit.

She claims that I am a "shady" person because I flirted with an older woman just to get free food at O' Charley's. Now I don't even know if I would consider what I did "flirting." I merely told our nice waitress that I thought she looked like a younger Bea Arthur and smelled of Lilacs (she actually smelled like mothballs, but who wants to be told that?). And who's to say I didn't actually like the woman? Maybe I like women in the AARP... Ok, so I was flirting with her to get free food.

But is that "shady?" Women use flirting to get what they want all the time. Bartenders? They flirt to improve their tip. And must I mention the whole profession of stripper (sorry – "professional" "dancer")? And let's not even talk about nuns – those naughty seductresses for the Lord.

So I don't know that I would say that I'm "shady." Besides, it's not like I got a lot of free food. I just flirted with her and got some free rolls.

NOTE – it has now come to my attention that you always get free rolls at O'Charleys. I feel so... used. Damn that waitress, she's so "shady."

DAY 71 (295) - BAD MEETS EVIL

March 12, 2007 / Stand-Up

Track 19: Bad Meets Evil (why do I have a track listed?)

What's the opposite of good? Is it bad? Or is it evil? The answer is ... it's both? Wouldn't that piss you off, if you were a word and some other word was infringing on your antonym-y goodness (or badness, or evilness)?

I imagine words probably fight about that kind of stuff all the time. 'Bad' probably insults 'Evil' all the time: "Ooh 'Evil' only has 14 definitions on dictionary.com, what a bitch." But of course 'Evil' ain't no bitch, so he responds in kind: "Are you talking? People don't even know how to use 'Bad' right and use it improperly as an adverb."

B: "Oh yeah, well too bad I'm so amazing that Michael Jackson wrote a song about me."

E: "That's nothing, I was a doctor in Austin Powers."

B: "That's why I'm used in the dictionary to define you!"

E: "I'm used in the dictionary to define you! Plus I have my own Axis."

B: "Well, I'm the opposite of 'Good' when it comes to news."

E: "I'm the opposite of 'Good' when it comes to the battle between Heaven and Hell."

B: "Whatever. Let's settle this like real words."

E: "Just name a time and a place, and I'll be there!"

B: "After a preposition, on a dangling participle."

E: "After being beaten seriously, I'm going to make you wish you were never defined!"

B: "I'm glad you're familiar with the place..."

So 'Bad' meets 'Evil,' and they of course have a battle to see who is the definitive opposite of 'Good.'

"Laaaaaadddddiiiiieesssss annnnnnnnnndddd Gentlemannnnnnnnnnnnnnnn. Let's get ready to definnnnnnnnnneeeeeeeeeee. Bad starts the fight by throwing an 'ly' at 'Evil.' 'Evil' counters with an article. 'Bad' unleashes a pun: "Badder Up!" and hits 'Evil' with a metaphorical bat. 'Evil' stumbles to the ground. 'Bad' goes to deliver the final blow, but wait, 'Evil' hits him with an allusion to 'Evil' from the Bible, and the two are down, lying fragmented on the page. And out of nowhere, 'Ungood' swoops in and takes the crown! Where did 'Ungood' come from? It's not even defined in the dictionary, but the prefix has teamed up with 'Good' to become the definitive opposite of 'Good.' We have a winner!"

So there you have it. The opposite of good is, in fact, ungood. Go ahead, ask your English teacher, they all know of this battle.

DAY 72 (294) - STILL DON'T GIVE A %*#&

March 13, 2007 | Stand-Up

Track 20: Still Don't Give a %*#& (why do I have a track listed?)

I was working at a temporary cube today (I was downtown where I don't have a real desk and was forced to work in small stations set up for travelling workers), and was surrounded by other people who normally work from home – all of which were women.

One of them was a relatively new hire and was smoking hot. She was the **anti-Sarah**. She made you believe in God because only a supreme being could make something so astoundingly beautiful. Being the charming man I am, I decided to engage her in some casual conversation.

Before long she was telling me this heart-felt story about her poor little puppy that was sick, and how she was so torn up that she had to come into the office today. And while she was continuing on, talking about the dogs cute little nose, and adorable pink booties she wears on her paws, and you can't forget the bow tied in her hair just like Toto, I realized something. I still don't give a %*#&.

The fact that this woman was gorgeous didn't deter me from wanting to cut my ears off to avoid listening to her drone on and on about her "precious little Snuggles." And you ladies can't even get mad about that, because it proves that I'm not superficial. I think pretty women can be just as annoying as ugly ones (you can just tolerate the pretty ones a little longer).

I think my only solution is to start dating mute girls. That way I never have to listen to them go on about non-sensical topics like vegetarianism, dogs, or "that time of the month." So if there are any mute girls that are interested, call me sometime ;).

Please no deaf girls though: been there, tried that.

DAY 73 (293) - DREW SHADY LP REVIEW

March 14, 2007 | Stand-Up

Well, 20 tracks later, I've wrapped up my first "album." Hopefully you've enjoyed the *Drew Shady LP*, I know I've enjoyed writing it. It provides quite the unique experience to write knowing the title of the piece first, then filling in the content, as opposed to the other way around. Here's a recap of my personal favorites or "greatest hits":

- Track 3 – Guilty Conscience
 - "Hey don't you know you're not supposed to kick someone while they're down... syndromed."
- Track 7 – '97 Bonnie & Clyde
 - The two of us were the biggest drug dealers in our surrounding area. She was into selling weed...(s). Dandelion bracelets – she had that on lock. Me, I sold the harder drugs, like Angel Dust. But only at the beginning of December, because that's when I'd have to clean the Christmas decorations.
- Track 11 – My Fault
 - My fault? My fault? Of course it was your fault. No one was doubting that it was your fault, no one was going to blame the girl for standing there.
- Track 14 – Rock Bottom
 - This girl was not attractive. If she were the south end of a magnet, the north end wouldn't even go near her. She was ugly ("Kelly Osbourne" if you will). I don't want to be too over the top, but this girl was so ugly, she made me believe in evolution, because she was the

missing link.

- Track 19 – Bad Meets Evil

- ‘Evil’ stumbles to the ground. ‘Bad’ goes to deliver the final blow, but wait, ‘Evil’ hits him with an allusion to ‘Evil’ from the Bible, and the two are down, lying fragmented on the page.

DAY 74 (292) - A “CRAPPY” B-DAY GIFT

March 15, 2007 | *Stand-Up*

It's my brother's birthday tomorrow, and I really have no idea what to get him. So as a small gift (don't worry, I'll get him something else too), I've decided I'll finally work on a bit that he thinks is one of the funniest things I've ever said (the first time I told him he ended up laughing so hard that he threw up a little bit. We'll see if I can recreate any of that comedic magic).

A quick note: this material is a little more crass than I normally do. I do think there are some clever aspects to what I'm talking about, and that you'll agree that I'm not being blue just to be blue. (Smaller, quicker note: "blue" is a term used in comedy for material that is "off-color.")

I was going to the bathroom at work the other day, and as I went into a stall, I found one of those stress balls (you know, one of those squishy things you're supposed to squeeze to help you relax) sitting on top of the toilet paper roll. I think that's a bit extreme. If you need a stress ball to help you through a trip to the john, I think you may need some more fiber in your diet.

But that got me thinking about how many different ways there are to go #2. Maybe everything I knew about that aspect of my life was wrong. So I decided to ask around, and realized that there are indeed so many options when it comes to dropping a load.

First, you've got how the toilet paper is used. Do you fold, or do you crumble? I've always been a crumbler, as I've never seen the point in taking the extra time to fold something you're going to dirty up. Second, you've got the positioning of the legs. Shoulder with apart? Put together? Do you do the "Kelly Crossover" (A move that has you take one leg out of your pants and cross it over the other)? Third, there's the whole relationship to the toilet seat. Do you sit on it? Lean back? Try to hover over the seat without actually touching it?

And then, of course, you have the actual wiping itself. Do you stand to do it? Lean to one side? Just go through the middle? And is it front-to-back motion, or back-to-front (honestly I don't even know how the latter would make sense)? And which hand do you use?

A few years ago when I hurt my left (dominate) hand really bad, I found the most difficult thing to do with my right hand was not eating, not even writing, but wiping. Have you ever tried wiping with your non-dominant hand? That shit's hard (ba don cha). Seriously, it his highly inefficient. And some of you may be wondering what the hell I'm talking about, but trust me. Try it next time you've got to go "drop kids off at the pool."

All of these choices, and it's no wonder someone needed a stress ball to help them get through it.

Happy Birthday Bro!

DAY 75 (291) - A “CRAPPY” B-DAY GIFT - PART II

March 17, 2007 | *Stand-Up*

And now Part II of my brother's gift (check out Part I).

I never know what to say when I'm in a bathroom and someone knocks on the door. "Someone's in here?" "Hello?" "Come on in?" That's why I like the larger public restrooms, especially the ones that hang up newspapers to read while you tinkle like a little star.

I just hate when you pick the wrong urinal. "What the hell is this? Home & Garden?" And then you look at the urinal next to you and it's the sport section. So you lean over a little bit to read about the Reds in Spring Training, accidentally bumping into the guy actually standing at that urinal. And on a side note – why do they call those things in the urinals "cakes" if you aren't supposed to eat them?

I'm like most guys – if it weren't for having to "say hello to Mr. Hankey," I'd never read. I never read in my bed, or cozied up on a couch. But if I'm "making Baby Ruth's," give me a novel or something. I hate it when you start reading an interesting story, and you have to delay the "drop" till you can find a good stopping point. You could easily finish up, wipe, flush, and wash your hands, and then finish reading in a comfortable chair or something, but instead you just try to delay the inevitable. Then of course your legs fall asleep from sitting so long. You finally finish the chapter (and your business) and try to stand up, just to fall on the ground like a new born calf.

But all guys enjoy reading while they excrete wastes from their body. That's why there's so much graffiti in public bathrooms. People are so used to reading something while they "pay tribute to the porcelain gods," that when they have nothing to read, they write something on the wall, just so they can read it.

And really those humorous scriptures are the only good thing about gas station bathrooms. Other than that, they are just about the most disgusting thing imaginable (the one place where most people try the "hover" method). I swear, I don't know why we allow these places to get away with this crap.

Whew... that was a lot of bathroom material, I'm pooped...

DAY 76 (290) - DESSERT PONG

/ Stand-Up

Ahh, St. Patrick's Day is finally here. Finally, it is time to celebrate... It's time to celebrate (um)... It's time to celebrate, I don't know what the hell it's time to celebrate.

Oh of course, it's time to celebrate the patron saint of Ireland, none other than Saint Patrick (thanks Wikipedia). I guess this dude was pretty popular in Ireland and got a holiday that celebrates his life on the day of his death (seems kind of weird to me, almost as if they're celebrating the fact that he's gone). And because the Irish love the color green, and they love their beer, how better to celebrate than green beer?

Let's see, a holiday centered around partying and drinking beer... I can't imagine why it's so popular in the US, even to non-Irish and non-Christians. It's obvious that most people that "celebrate" the holiday don't really care about its origins, it just serves as a great excuse to consume large quantities of alcohol.

And I've never really understood that about drinking. People come up with all sorts of reasons to drink – just think of all the drinking games. Do people do that with other drugs? Do people play Flip Joint (flip cup with weed), Assheroin (Asshole with heroin) or sniff a line of coke every time Tony Montana does in *Scarface*?

Don't get me wrong though, I'm not saying there's anything wrong with drinking games. In fact, I think most drinking games are fun (though I don't get to play them often. It's hard to convince people it's fair for me to play just drinking water.) I just think we shouldn't limit the fun to drinking.

Who wouldn't have fun playing Dessert Pong (for various delicious treats), or Quarters (for Doritos), or Kings (for a bucket of Chicken). But I guess the last thing we really need in this country is games that help people get fatter. Though the same could be said for drinking I suppose. I imagine there are more fat people than alcoholics though, because kids can be obese as well. (I guess kids could be alcoholics, but that would take serious commitment at an early age.)

DAY 77 (289) - IT'S A PUNDERFUL DAY

March 18, 2007 / Stand-Up

Lindsey told me that it had been far too long since I had done some **pun jokes**, so I challenged her to give me words to make puns about and this is a small snippet of what we came up with (note – if you don't like these, it's all her fault).

(Word – Pun)

cable – What you call a cripple with no HBO? Discabled.

taxes – I'm so stressed out about dealing with the IRS, it's always so taxing.

token – I gave my girlfriend a bunch of coins from Chuck E. Cheese for her birthday, just as a small token of my appreciation.

wool – What prehistoric animal shrank whenever it rained? The wool-y mammoth.

carpet – What motto do flooring specialists live by? Carpet diem.

Feel free to leave other words that you want to see turned into puns, since I know you are all dying to read more...

DAY 78 (288) - THE SLIGHTLY DRAFTY CITY

March 19, 2007 / Info

Tomorrow marks a milestone for me at P&G: it will be the first time I travel outside of Ohio with the company. It's not anywhere too exotic, not like England, Brazil or China (all places other new hires I know have recently traveled), but hopefully it's the first of many business trips to various locales. But it is within US, up to the Windy City!

As many of you know, I've been wanting to go to Chicago for awhile now, so imagine my delight when I heard I would be going up there for business both in March and April. What everyone failed to mention to me was that while they said "Chicago," they really meant an hour south of the city. Add in the fact that I won't have a car while up there, our days will most likely go until at least 6pm, and that there is no L train where I'll be, and you can understand why I was also disappointed.

How are you gonna say "We're going to Chicago," when I'm not even going to be able to see the city skyline? It's like people from Dayton who "rep" Cincinnati. You're not from Cincinnati, you have your own city, be proud of that. Ok, if I were from Dayton I would probably say I'm from Cincinnati too, but at least distinguish for people that you're an hour away from the actual city. Hell, even if they'd told me the Greater Chicago area I would've understood that I wasn't going to actually be in the city.

Now I bring that up not just to rant about not being able to see Second City, but because I'm not sure if I will have Internet access while I'm up there in my hotel. If I do, then you'll continue to see posts from me. If I don't, then I will just do my blog in Word, and then post it as soon as I return on Thursday evening. (Note that missing a post while up there will not violate my challenge, **as noted in the rules**).

But of course it is now time to pack, as I haven't even started yet, and we're leaving at 7am tomorrow morning. Hopefully I'll be able to catch you from the "Slightly Drafty City that's an hour away from the Windy City."

DAY 79 (287) - WELCOME TO NAPERVILLE

March 20, 2007 | Info Stand-Up

We made the trip up to **the Slightly Drafty City** this morning, and of course it didn't go as well as planned. We get about two hours away from our destination of sunny Naperville, Illinois, and of course the highway is closed. So we then have to take back roads and detours and all of these confusing directions just get to the office to do work. And the guys in the car were not too happy.

Me, I wasn't too mad, but then again I slept for about 3 of the 6 hours it took. And yes, I'm one of those people. You know, the ones on the trip that fall asleep right when they get in the car, wake up 14 hours later right when you arrive, ready to go. But it can be tough on us sleeping folks, we arrive at our destination well rested, and have to wait for all you "drivers and good friends who stayed awake to keep everyone else wake" to get some sleep and catch up.

So then we arrive at our business partner's office and go straight into 4 hours of meetings (luckily I was well rested). After meeting a bunch of people and learning a lot about what it is I'm actually working on, we headed over to our hotel. After the 45 minute drive to our "really close" hotel, we checked in, and then grabbed some dinner.

And now I'm here, wasting time before going to bed, only to get up and spend 9 hours in meetings. Don't worry, I've already done all the necessary checking when in a hotel room. I've: checked the Bible for money, checked under the bed for monsters, and any other checks that may be necessary (Adam and David know what I mean...).

DAY 80 (286) - MMM, CHICKEN

March 21, 2007 | Random Thoughts

I apparently have the pickiest eating habits of just about anyone most people have ever known (at least that's what I'm told). Many of you are already aware of my habits, but let's detail a few of them and I can explain why I am the way I am:

- I don't eat seafood. Seafood is just disgusting, I think most notably its smell (insert inappropriate joke about women here). The texture is terrible as well, all seafoody and what not. They say fish is brain food, and I think that's because it takes will power to be able to eat the stuff.
- I generally avoid sauces (insert inappropriate joke about men here). This includes your normal condiments like ketchup (reserved only for really bad fries), and things like salad dressing, barbecue, etc, etc. For example, I eat salad topped with just salt. Salad dressing is just liquid disgusting waiting to overrun your lettuce with awful taste. (Interesting side note, I just now realized how close "awful" is to "aweful" which would theoretically mean full of awe, which is a positive thing, whereas dropping the 'e' makes it a negative thing.)
- I don't drink alcohol, pop (soda for you weird people), iced tea or coffee.
 - Alcohol – I've never liked the taste and also feel that I don't need it to relax and have fun (which oddly enough is a manifestation of having too much pride/confidence in my own self – but, hey, at least you always have a DD).
 - Pop – I stopped drinking this because I read somewhere that it stunts muscle growth – note that this hasn't helped me *at all*. But pop is interesting in that once you stop drinking it for awhile, it actually takes commitment to start again, and I have a strong fear of commitment.

- Iced tea – I used to love iced tea when I was growing up, but being the youngest, I was always the one that had to make it. So I decided, out of laziness, if I didn't drink any of it, then I wouldn't have to make it. It worked, but it also caused my brothers to force me to do other things (DO NOT insert any type of weird joke here), but ever since, I haven't really liked it.
- Coffee – I've never liked the smell or taste of coffee, it's always reminded me of licking dirt, which then reminds me of being forced to lick the carpet (literally, not figuratively) by a girl in high school, which is never a fond memory. Plus, this also goes back to the whole pride thing in thinking that I don't need coffee to be able to stay awake.

With all of that stuff that I don't like, what is it that I *do* eat?

- Chicken. By far the greatest food on the planet, especially when it's from Chick-Fil-A. Chicken is the only food that I have yet to really find a way for it to be cooked (raw doesn't count) that would discourage me from eating it (aside from mucking it up with sauces).
- Potatoes. By far the greatest "vegetable" (I put vegetable in quotes because it is clearly a gift from the gods. Potatoes are the *anti-Sarah*, whereas seafood is the *Sarah*).
- X-Factor Gatorade & Hi-C Orange Lava Burst. Delicious beverages that will forever quench my thirsts. And I swear my taste for them has nothing to do with my obsession with the color orange...

So there you have it. When you think about it like that, I'm not really that insane when it comes to my selection of food intake, am I? Right...

DAY 81 (285) - ORANGE YOU GLAD YOU KNOW ME

March 22, 2007 | Stand-Up

I mentioned **yesterday** my obsession with the color orange. Now I would say "obsession" is a bit too strong a word, but that's just me. You can decide for yourself if there is anything obsessive about it:

- In general, I love all shades of orange.
- One of my favorite fruits is an orange. (To be fair, apples and grapes are the only other fruits really considered to be favorites.)
- The greatest flavor of Hi-C, Starburst, Skittles and generally any other artificially flavored food is orange
- There are no real words that rhyme with orange.
- My bathroom is orange (at least all the towels and what not are).
- I always pick the orange game pieces whenever playing a board game.
- My favorite 8th Floor shirt is orange.
- A girl wearing orange is generally more attractive to me than when they wear other colors.
- It's true that I have once said, "It's a good thing my pee isn't orange because otherwise I might be tempted to drink it."

See, what's so obsessive about any of that? Oh, and of course I love orange because of the great puns I can make, like the title of this post.

DAY 82 (284) - IT'S A PUNDERFUL DAY - PART II

March 24, 2007 | Stand-Up

It's been a pretty long day, and I just got back from Columbus, so needless to say I'm tired. I'll talk more about why I was in C-bus today tomorrow (that's not confusing...), as I can't seem to think to well right now.

So for tonight, I figure I'll work on more puns based on words left my a **commenter**. Thanks for the additional challenge, gorgeous... I mean "the punny one."

Drew – I have a friend, whose name happens to be the same as mine, who is an artist. One day he decided to paint a picture of me, and I decided to sketch him painting me. Effectively: Drew drew Drew drawing Drew.

movie – How do cows like to spend their free time? By going to the mooovies (so obviously bad). (EDIT: Changed the word "goes" to "cows" so that the joke actually makes sense. I must have been really tired that night. Thanks Pat.)

tissue – A white blood cell traveled from organ to organ, searching for a virus. Finally, he found the virus in the bladder, and made an announcement that the heart was searching for someone. The virus asked, "Who" and the white blood cell responded, "Actually, tissue (tis you) he is looking for."

stupid – What do you call a terrible joke about dumb soup? Stewpid.

DAY 83 (283) - PERFECT COMEDIC TIMING

March 25, 2007 | Review - Performance

As I said yesterday, I was in Columbus on Friday to help the 8th Floor out with their Friday Night show. Though I am now an alumni of the group and not technically supposed to perform, they were in dire need of help since it is Spring Break at OSU and only 2 current members could do it. So, Moran, Nate and I took the stage again, but this time as guests of the 8th Floor.

The show went great. I'm glad we went up to help because 25ish people showed up, many of them newbies who had never seen an 8th Floor Show. We had a few slow moments, but overall did well... and, we all experienced what every comedian hopes for in their careers.

The game was Rap Battle, where Moran and yours truly freestyle battled over some instrumentals (yes I am pretty bad at freestyling, but I did take Moran in the second round). After the game ended, and Nate was trying to determine the winner, Moran and I kept on going with the rhymes, talking over Nate:

D: "I'm a lyrical genius!"

M: "And I am a king-us."

D: "Why don't you go to Venus?"

M: "Why don't you lick my pe-"

It was on that word that Nate (who has been talking this entire time trying to determine a winner), grabs the mic out of Moran's hand, and puts it in his pocket, cutting him off before he can finish the word. We then stand there, for 3 minutes, as the audience laughed... and laughed... and laughed (honestly, it was 180 seconds of straight laughter, while we just stood there).

Now I know this doesn't sound all that amazing just reading about it (unfortunately it was a definite "had to be there" moment), but for those 25 people that experienced it, they knew exactly what it was: the perfect comedic timing.

And now, as Nate said, we must have more of those moments.

DAY 84 (282) - GONE WITH THE WIND [REVIEW]

/ Other

I finally decided to watch **Gone with the Wind** after months of "meaning to" and receiving the movie as a suggestion in an improv show for the umpteenth time. Before I go into my review though, here's a joke for those of who have seen it:

What's Scarlett O'Hara's favorite dessert? Tara-misu

Gone with the Wind

#4 on the AFI's list of the Top 100 Movies of all time, **Gone with the Wind** has long been regarded as one of the greatest stories of all time. After finally seeing it, 68 years after it's original release date, I can see why (sort of). The story is indeed an epic (238 minutes long), but I don't think the ending was as strong as it could have been. Regardless, it is still a pretty amazing movie considering when it was released.

The strongest aspects of the movie were the acting by the two leads (thank you Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable), and the writing – both for the plot that unfolds, and the dialogue ("Frankly my dear, I don't give a damn" and 2 others in the top 100). The cinematography is solid, with some shots that I'm sure were ahead of their time in 1939, and the music so fitting for this classic.

Where the movie stumbles, and why I agree that it should be behind such greats as **Citizen Kane** and **Casablanca**, is its length. I'm sure that when the movie was released (in which Martin Luther King Sr. and Jr. attended – thanks IMDB), the experience of the movie was incredible. But now, watching the movie on DVD, that experience is lost, and the lengthy musical introduction, intermission, and ending just draw out an already long movie. Despite being 4 hours long, it is only at the very end of the movie that you start to think, "Wrap it up, B."

To me, its shortcomings are minor and the movie is definitely very good – I'm just being picky and comparing it to the two movies mentioned above. In the end, I'd recommend this to anyone who fancies themselves as a movie buff. And even if you aren't, it's still a great example of storytelling and what movies should be like, just be ready to sit for the long haul.

Acting: 9
Directing: 9
Writing: 9

Entertainment: 9

Overall: 9

DAY 85 (281) - SHUT UP, STUPID GRASS!

March 26, 2007 / Stand-Up

I'm not sure why, but I've had a headache almost all day. I'm not a doctor, but if I had to guess why, I'd say it's because I learned too much today and my brain is expanding inside my skull. That, or I accidentally swallowed a fly, it flew up into my head, and layed eggs there.

Despite my head pounding all day, I've refused to take any drugs. I know it makes no sense, but I don't like to rely on medication unless I absolutely need it. It goes back to this pride thing I have, and that real men don't need medicine... (try telling that to someone about to go into surgery). Really there's no logical reason that I don't take Advil or Tylenol, but then again if I made all of my decisions based on logic, I'd never have children. (If you think about it, they are a bad ROI. Some studies say it can cost as much as \$1 million dollars to raise a child in these times. Unless they're making millions of dollars by the time they turn 25, it's really not worth it, because let's be honest, life is over after 50 anyway.... Just kidding mom.)

My medicine for a headache is to first try to ignore it. Which is, of course, impossible because the only thing you think about when you have a headache is that you have a headache. That, and the fact that EVERYONE in the entire world's sole purpose seems to be to try to annoy you at that exact moment in time. Seriously, stop with all that "breathing." And I'll be damned if that stupid grass isn't growing loud on purpose...

My second medication is to just go to sleep. That solves a lot of things (fever, cold, deprivation goggles...). So that's what I'm going to do now. Holla.

Oh, and FYI – I added a new feature to the blog! Now when you leave a comment, you can subscribe to have an email sent to you any time a new comment is added to that same post. It's a quick and easy way to see what my response is to your comment (and yes, I do respond to every comment).

DAY 86 (280) - CHOCOLATE MILK CHILDHOOD

March 27, 2007 / Stand-Up

As I sit here enjoying my glass of chocolate milk (the "homemade" kind of mixing Hershey's syrup and white milk), I can't help but think back to the days of yore.

I miss some aspects of my childhood and wish that I could relive some of those great memories. Wouldn't it be great if we could take the fun things from growing up and apply them as grown ups? In fact, I think I should be able to, considering I haven't gone through puberty yet (damn you voice!).

For instance, let's go back to us guys being mean to the girls that we actually like (the origination of "hitting on a girl" – actually hitting her). Screw this "chivalry" and these "games." Can't we just be mean and have you still like us?

And I would love to be able to be honest like children and still be considered cute. But no, we have to be concerned with people's feelings. (Seriously, you look fat in the dress, stop asking us questions you know the answers to.)

Let's not forget our diets either. What's wrong with eating cold pizza for breakfast, having 7 hot dogs for lunch, and spoiling our dinner with chocolate chip cookies? We're back to being kids, what's "nutrition" anyway?

Also, we shouldn't get "paychecks" or "salaries" – we should get "allowance" (this is just a semantics change). Why? You could spend your allowance on anything you wanted. "Pay checks" and "salaries" imply that they are meant to pay bills, to feed your children, and other silly "necessities."

Though I don't want everything to return from my childhood. I could go without being bullied by those damn high school girls, and I'd like to not have to wear any of those God-awful sweaters again. (Side note: where does the phrase "God-awful" come from? Is it a proclamation to God to point out how awful something is? Or is it suggesting that something is as awful as God, and if so, is that a bad thing? I don't get it.)

Unfortunately I don't think the days of our youth will ever return to us. At least I've got my chocolate milk.

DAY 87 (279) - USIANS UNITE

March 28, 2007 | *Stand-Up*

I want to start this post by first saying that I absolutely love this country and feel very fortunate to be able to live here in the United States... but we are some arrogant bastards. (And I think bastards is correct, because I'd say Great Britain is our "mother" country, but we don't really have a father country, unless you count every other country in the world).

You can't deny that we "Americans" are arrogant. For starters, we assume the word "American" to refer to citizens of the United States. For those of you who weren't aware, the "Americas" consists of 2 continents (North and South) and over 10 countries, yet we assume the term to refer to just us United States of Americans. Though I can understand why – we don't really have a good short-form name like the other countries in Greater America (Mexicans, Brazilians, Canada-sucksians). Perhaps we could be USians?

Our arrogance doesn't stop there either. For example:

- Our various "world" championships that barely include other countries in this continent, let alone around the world (e.g. the World Series).
- "American English" – not only does this return to my first point above, but it speaks to the fact that we've taken "proper" English spoken around the world, and changed words for fun. Can anyone please present a compelling argument as to why we changed "football" to "soccer" and then changed "football" to mean a sport that has very little to do with feet, and absolutely nothing to do with a ball (a football is not a ball, it's a weird tetrahedron or something like that). Included in this is our changes in spelling of English words for no reason (realize vs. realise – why?).
- The Anti-Metric System (who knows what it's called, English or Imperial System?). Screw the fact that 90% of the world thinks in meters, give us feet dammit! Though, some might say it's only a "meter" of time before we switch over...

And like I said at the beginning of this post, I love living in the United States. I'm just saying maybe we USians ("yoo – ess – e – ans", or "yoo – shuns" for short) can all do our part to reduce some of our arrogance. (Seriously, football = kicking around a spherical ball dammit!)

DAY 88 (278) - PICTURE PERFECT (... RIIIIIGHT)

March 29, 2007 | *Info Stand-Up*

I spent a good portion of tonight working on the **About Me** section of the blog. I realized that some people may find their way to this blog, and have no idea who I am. So take a look if you want to find out more about me or this blog.

As part of the above section, I decided I needed a picture that would capture the essence of the blog (you can find it on the page). I don't know about you, but there is nothing more humbling than trying to take a quality picture of yourself. I must have taken over 100 pictures trying to find one I liked (thank God for digital cameras, that would've required more film than an Asian tour group – **that** was for you Clara). And like they say, a picture is worth a thousand words... all of them pointing out your flaws.

The problem is that I'm not very photogenic. Some people might call that "ugliness," but I just like to say I'm bad at taking pictures. My biggest roadblock to a good picture is that I don't know how to smile – I guess I missed that day in kindergarten where they taught you. I know the mechanics of smiling (raise the corners of your mouth and show your teeth), but I haven't found a way to do it without looking like a douchebag.

The other problem with my pictures is that they highlight the fact that I don't have great skin – complexion or otherwise. Unfortunately I've yet to reach that whole "puberty" thing, so I still get pimples. Though, I've realized I only seem to get them around my mouth. Which is great, because then it just looks like mouth herpes (and yes, I'm sure they're just pimples).

But despite all that, I'm still cocky enough to take headshots and post them for people to see, so ha! Take that, self.

You ever do that? Argue with yourself? I do it all the time when I go to bed. I lay down to go to sleep, and then gradually my body starts to whisper "Drew, you have to go to the bathroom." "Shut up, body. I went 10 minutes ago." Then a few more minutes go by, "Drew, come on, you know you have to go."

D: "No, no I don't. I refuse to accept that I have to pee already."

B: "Oh come on Drew, would I lie to you?"

D: "Yes, body, you would. Or did you forget about that time at Taco Bell when you told me that I'd have no problem with 2 burritos, a nacho supreme, a mexican pizza and a couple of packets of hot sauce. I believe you'll recall happened later that night."

B: "Oh come on, that was one time. How was I supposed to know that the digestive system would react that way? Trust me."

D: "You know what, if you have to pee so bad, then just go. That's right, just pee on yourself."

B: "You don't really mean that."

D: "Yes, I do. Be like Nike, just do it."

B:

D: "Dammit, fine, I'll go."

And of course I'll get up, go all the way to the bathroom, and ... nothing. "Damn you, body... dammmmmnnnnn yoooooooouu!"

DAY 89 (277) - LAWRENCE OF ARABIA [REVIEW]

March 30, 2007 | Other

I recently watched **Gone with the Wind**, knocking off #4 on the AFI's Top 100 Films, and so it was time to move to #5 – **Lawrence of Arabia**.

A quick joke for those of you that have seen it:

Why doesn't Lawrence watch Scrubs? Turk.

Lawrence of Arabia

Lawrence of Arabia has been heralded as a masterpiece ever since its release in 1963. As I watched it now in 2007, I can see why.

The movie is yet another epic, this one at 227 minutes, and tells the story of a British soldier leading Arabic tribes during World War I. The story is quite enthralling, and the actual writing is highly intellectual, but the dialogue falls isn't on par compared to other greats like **Casablanca**.

The sound (not just the music) is quite masterful and, combined with the stunning cinematography and deliberate extended scenes, make it feel like you are really there in the desert with Peter O'Toole (as Lawrence). This is something that is rare these days, as the world of special effects and CG have stolen the art away from capturing our imagination.

Perhaps the greatest aspect of the movie actually doesn't even occur while watching it – it comes after. Because the character of Lawrence is so compelling, you find yourself thinking about his motivations and situations after the movie is over. Why did he long for the desert? What was his motivation for what he did? How did he cope with the struggle in his own mind? What's impressive is that this entire story centers around one man (a la **Citizen Kane**), and still takes you on that journey.

Where the movie falls short (or not short), just like **Gone with the Wind**, is in its length. And I understand the long scenes regarding the desert – I'm referring more to some unnecessary scenes, and letting scenes go on too long. I also find that the last scene is lackluster (maybe that's just by today's standards). I would've liked to have seen a return to the opening scene to tie it all together (though if I really think about it, I would actually start the movie at the church, skipping the whole motorcycle scene). One suggestion – after watching the movie, go back and watch the first two scenes to really understand the greatness of this movie.

All in all, this is another great piece of cinematic history. Though it's not as good as its predecessors on the Top 100 list, it is worthy of a view, if only to experience the journey of Lawrence of Arabia.

Acting: 9
Directing: 8
Writing: 9
Entertainment: 8
Overall: 8.5

DAY 90 (276) - DART BOARD ADVERTISING

March 31, 2007 | Stand-Up

I just finished watching the Ohio State-Georgetown game (GO BUCKS!), and was subjected to another set of terrible commercials for two hours. Sports are really the only thing that I watch live anymore (thank you DVR, you're so incredible), and every time I can't believe how these advertising agencies stay in business.

I can't imagine how the meeting must go when we these atrocities get approved. Are people just sitting in a room, throwing darts at

random words?

"Ok, looks like the dart has landed on 'cartoon' and 'basketball.' Clearly, we'll just draw a cartoon of people playing basketball."

"Um, sir, we're creating an ad for an insurance company."

"The board never lies, NEVER LIES!"

What really gets me is how much money these people have to be spending. In the 2 hours I spent watching the game, I saw at least 7 Chevrolet commercials (luckily they were different commercials, but all for Chevy). And none of them were as good as the **one** I suggested for them.

As for the game, it wasn't the prettiest one we've played, but a win is a win. Ever since I seemingly jinxed them in football (and confirmed that I **control the universe**), I've been careful about how I watch the game (either sitting in my recliner, half reclined, legs on the left side, OR sitting on the left most cushion of the coach, eating Skyline Chili Dip). So far so good, so you already know where you'll find me during the Final game.

(I know this is a short post, but hey, it's Saturday Night... .. "and I ain't got nobody, I got some money cause I just got paid. How I was I had someone to talk to, because I'm just trying to get ..." – ahem, sorry, couldn't help it.)

DAY 91 (275) - SOME BODY YOU ARE

April 1, 2007 | Stand-Up

I recently talked about getting into arguments with my body, but now I'm really pissed at it (and not because of the whole bathroom thing).

I played soccer for the first time in forever and did OK during the game. But a few hours after playing, my knee started hurting when I walked. And then my bones started popping whenever I moved. And now my lower back is a little sore.

So kind body, please tell me: HOW CAN I HAVE OLD-MAN SYMPTOMS IF I HAVEN'T COMPLETELY GONE THROUGH PUBERTY YET? I don't understand. I'm ok with looking (and have partially accepted sounding) like a 12-year old, if I can get away with things a 12-year old gets away with. But that's just cruel if I have to look and sound like a 12 year old, but have the endurance and bone strength of a 62 year old. Yeah, some body you are!

(Wait – maybe... maybe my body is just getting me back for saying mean things about it...)

Ok, I'm sorry body, I didn't mean to say those things (though it was your fingers that typed it...) Ok, ok, you're right, I won't bring that up. But can't we just go back to the way things were, where you could play soccer 14 hours a day and suffer no consequence? Wouldn't it be better if we just didn't have to worry about things like aches and pains? You know you want it that way, so just come on.

(Let's hope this works.)

Note: I'm currently pretty tired (a mix of a late night last night and the whole running around in the sun thing), so I really am not sure what I'm talking about.

DAY 92 (274) - MARCH IN REVIEW

April 2, 2007 | Info

March in Review

1. **Finish the 365 Days of Drewy Goodness Challenge paying out less than \$300.** I've made it yet another month without paying missing a day, so I suppose this is easier than I thought. I wonder if I could add Podcasts to the challenge? I'll have to post 1 or 2 this month and see how it goes.
2. **Limit the number of times I write 2006 for the date.** 2006 is history in mind.
3. **Have 30 minutes of professional material, 20 of which is 100% clean.** As I said in my review of February, I've focused more on improv that stand-up. Every day that I post is another potential for material, so it's just a matter of trying this stuff on stage to see if it works. I'll do that eventually...
4. **Create an interactive website.** I've started doing research on web design using CSS and HTML, but still haven't put anything together.
5. **Learn a song on guitar.** Hmm... forgot about this one. I see my guitar every day, if only it would learn to play itself (though I suppose that's just really a radio at that point).

6. **Perform in front of 5,000 people total, 500 at one time.** I made a little more progress here. Adding to my total of 670 from the first two months, I'm now at 875. Of course if I keep at the current pace, I'll only hit 3500, so let's hope for a productive 9 more months.
7. **Actually tape a skit.** Right... so I still have those agreements, and Nate and I wrote a few skits. Now it's a matter of actually recording them.
8. **Finish making the various "Best Of" DVDs.** I swear, only a few minor changes to the "Best of Season 1." I've incorporated some of the changes suggested by some of the 8th Floor members, but am still trying to figure an issue with the DVD menu.
9. **Get 1 Ratings at P&G.** I've been pretty swamped with the new role, but everything is going good so far.
10. **Rate all of the songs in my iTunes.** Down to less than 600. This might be done by next month.

BONUS: **Not hit the snooze button once.** I absolutely hate this one. Jim pointed me to an alarm clock that might be able to help me here, but so far I haven't needed it (we'll keep our fingers crossed).

After going through that list, I have to wonder: what have I been doing for the month of March? I've only marginally improved the number of people I've performed for, haven't taped a skit or touched my guitar, haven't done a lick of stand-up, and am nowhere closer on my website or "Best Of" DVDs. Hopefully April is my catch up month (though the first thing I need to do is my taxes – whoops).

Hopefully you are doing better than I (that is if you remember everything you resolutely).

DAY 93 (273) - "WE" LOSE AGAIN...

April 3, 2007 | Stand-Up

Well, another National Championship Game for the Buckeyes... and another loss to the Gators. Unlike the last loss, however, I'm not mad about this one. We played our gameplan, Oden layed the smack down harder than a kid throwing a box of Kellogg's brand cereal down (think about it...) – our shots just didn't fall (Florida's seemed to be raining in from everywhere though).

Whereas our Football performance was less than stellar and can be partly blamed on our gameplan, our Basketball performance just suffered from a few shooters having off nights (and by few, I mean everyone but Oden).

(Not-so-brief-side-note: Isn't it amazing how just because I attended the school in the past (not even this year), that it's "we?" "We played our gameplan." "We?" What did I do to contribute to the "we?" I've never even seen any of the current players in real life, let alone done much to actually help them with their gameplan. But I suppose by attending OSU, I paid tuition that supported the school that supported the athletic department which supports the basketball team. So then how do people who have never been to Ohio State become part of the Ohio State's Men's Basketball's (or any team for that matter) "we?" (Side note-within-a-side-note: I used three possessive words in a row, that's pretty impressive.))

Regardless, I'm still proud of our team for getting to both championships, playing with class, and leaving it on the field. We'll be seeing players from both sports playing at the next level next year, and how many other schools can say they saw two great seasons in both major college sports (obviously besides Florida – bastards).

But on the real, I can't even be mad at Florida. Both games they came out and played very well. The starting five for the Gators play so well as a team, it's makes you wonder how they lost at all this season (though had Ohio State hit even 1/3 of the 3 pointers they attempted, the Bucks would be champions).

Now come on Oden, you know you want an NCAA Championship – just one more year...

DAY 94 (272) - WHO WOULD'VE THOUGHT

April 4, 2007 | Random Thoughts Stand-Up

I never really realized how often we are surrounded by noise/music/tv/conversation/etc. until I recently started driving my morning commute in silence. Sure there are the small sounds of the engine, and cars passing by, but for the most part it's eerily quiet (perhaps because it's so different than the norm of the radio blaring some overly played Nelly song or another terrible McDonald's commercial).

I did this on accident one day when I forgot my iPod in my room (and was too lazy to go back and get it), and could find nothing but garbage on the radio (when did Rumpke take over the air ways – oh, burn!). But I found the silence to be quite relaxing, and it really allowed me to think.

I've been doing it ever since, and it's weird how the 30-minute trip just flies by. I don't have a problem that I try to work out, I don't necessarily plan my day, or try to make great insights on a topic – I just think. And it amazes me how little time we take to do that. The only other time that is even close to that experience is when going to bed, and your state of mind at the very beginning of the day is very

different at the end (I'm usually arguing with my body by then).

What is it that I think about? That's a good question. Nothing ("Wait, it's a sitcom about nothing?" "Yep"), and in a way, everything. It's fun because it exposes how weird my thoughts can be. (I recently spent my trip wondering why birds migrate every year when they could just stay in the warm weather the whole time. And also what birds think when they hit a window, and what it would be like if we humans randomly ran into clear objects that we didn't understand. And then considered talking to a mime about it, wondering what would they say? Which got me wondering, how ironic would it be if Jack Bauer interrogated a mime, or better yet a mute person? "Tell me where the bomb is" "..." And if a mute were to sing karaoke, would he pick an instrumental/classical song, and is a deaf person's favorite song is "Silent Night"?).

And then I spend the remainder of the trip, amazed at our thought processes, and how I logically got from birds migrating south, to what type of song a deaf person would listen to. It's amazing how much time you can spend thinking about thinking... who would've thought...

DAY 95 (271) - MCCHRISTIANITY

April 5, 2007 | Random Thoughts Stand-Up

(EDIT: I changed the title because for some reason it was really bothering me that I hadn't picked the obvious one.)

I generally try to stay away from talking about religion because it's so controversial, but I recently read a great "blogologue" between an **atheist and a Christian** (thanks to **Ben Casnocha**, from who I found the link) that has prompted me to talk about it (that, and tomorrow is Good Friday – "Good Friday... Sit... Stay!").

The first thing I have to say is thank you to all of the Christians for creating days in which I don't have to work. Sure we've tried to politically correcticize some of our holidays (schools have "Winter Break" which just happens to revolve around a little thing I like to call "Christmas"), but we all really know what it's about.

Now I also want to make it clear that I am not trying to criticize anyone's belief, nor do I try to pretend that I know everything (admittedly, I know very little). And if you are at all easily offended by someone challenging some stereotypical practicing of religion, you may want to stop here.

I think the biggest thing that I don't understand is how people (in my experience they happen to be Christian, but could be true for any religion) can pick and choose what it is they believe about their religion. The Bible, according to Christians, is the word of God, which is to suggest that its ideas are infallible (though humans wrote it, so the possibility of errors exist, but then makes you wonder if God chose the right people to write it). So then how can you say, "Ok, I'll believe the whole Jesus thing, but that part about Sunday being the day of rest, or saying the Lord's name in vain, eh not so much."

Sure mistakes in the past (ahem, slavery) are often chalked up to "misinterpretations," there are plenty of other examples of where there clearly is a pick and choose. I didn't realize religion was like Burger King and you can "Have it your way."

"Hi, welcome to McChristianity, what would you like?"

"Hmm, I think I'll take having a savior who died for my sins, with a side of holidays, and an eternal afterlife to drink."

"Ok, would you like a strict following of the Ten Commandments or condemning all other religions to Hell with that?"

"No, I think I'm good."

"Ok, your total comes to: visits to church at Easter and Christmas, and telling people you are Christian despite many of your actions suggesting otherwise."

"Great, thank you."

So what's the other option? It would appear that, with religion, you technically have to take it or leave it. There's no custom option. A good friend of mine is a strong believer in Christianity, and believes homosexuality is a sin. And he hates that he has to believe that, but he does have to. According to the Bible, homosexuality is wrong. He can't choose to not accept that part of the Bible, because then the whole thing is null and void.

Now, wouldn't it just throw a monkey wrench in the whole Bible thing if science were to prove that being gay was inscribed in our DNA, that some of us were "born" gay. How could you then justify homosexuality as a sin, if our creator made us that way?

Again, I'm not pretending to know what's right and what's wrong, or that I have even found what it is that I believe in. I'm just a comedian who points out his observations.

DAY 96 (270) - ADOLF CHRISTIANS

April 7, 2007 | Random Thoughts

I talked about the hypocrisy of **McChristians** yesterday, but I would gladly take them over the “**Most Hated Family in America**” (thanks to my brother for the link). And before I get started into how ridiculous that family, and their church (Westboro Baptist Church), is, I would like to say that I don’t think everything about religion is bad. I certainly respect that there have been many great deeds done in this world in the name of religion (though there are a large number of bad things as well).

To me, religion is a way for people to find answers to questions that we as humans are unable to answer, and it also provides people with a meaning in life. When it helps people to get through the difficult times, and encourages them to leave the world in a better place, than it’s great.

When religion turns you into the ridiculously ignorant, homophobic, self-serving people (like those documented in the above link) then it’s not so good. Because something far worse than a McChristian is someone who handpicks passages from their religious scriptures and uses them to justify ignorance, hatred, and prejudice (let’s call them Adolf Christians, after the similarly dispicable Hitler).

Now if you read yesterday’s post, you may have noticed that I was mocking people who didn’t follow the Bible closely enough, and now insulting people that followed it too close today. It might seem that those two stances are conflicting (that I can’t question both), but the validity lies in the reasoning – McChristians ignore parts of the Bible for their own convenience, Adolf Christians ignore parts (the parts about compassion, etc) to “justify” their ignorance and hatred.

I suppose everything will come to fruition on each of our judgement days – we’ll know for sure when we die. If there is no God, then we’ll be none the wiser as we’re “pushing up daisies.” If there is a God that isn’t so much worried about what specific religion you followed, but that you were a “good” person, than it will be hilarious to see the faces of the Adolf Christians when they arrive at the gates of Heaven, only to be greeted by God (or whomever).

Hi, welcome believers of the Westboro Baptist Church. Unfortunately, we’ve got some bad news. You see, you were completely wrong. In fact, it’s almost laughable how wrong you were, and I say “almost” because it’s hard to laugh when you realize how ignorant you really were. So while we’re here in Heaven enjoying walks on the beach, rousing games of polo, and jello, you’ll be spending eternity in Hell where you will experience pain infinitely times worse than the pain you caused others through your hateful words and actions.

And if God happens to somehow be the God that the Adolf Christians are suggesting, than you know what? I’d rather spend eternity in Hell than to be as moronic as them.

DAY 97 (269) - THE LION KING

/ Random Thoughts

I saw **The Lion King** tonight (the Broadway play, not the movie), and it was incredible. A quick joke for those of you who’ve seen it, which should probably be everyone:

Simba took his dad’s death pretty hard, he was Scarred for life.

I had high hopes for the play, considering how great the story is, and I was not disappointed. The music, singing, lighting, props – all of it made for a great event. And that’s exactly what it was, an event. People made a night out of going to the show. They dressed up, presumably had dinner beforehand (we did, at the Cheesecake Factory. Does anyone go there and not get filled up? Their portions are bigger than Barry Bonds’ ego).

And what’s weird to think about as an aspiring stand-up comedian/improviser/performer, is that people may some day do that for me or a group that I am a part of (I’m not down-playing any of the great shows that I’ve been lucky enough to have so far, but they’ve been just that: shows. I’m talking about an *event*.) But what really gets me is that a single person (someone like Bill Cosby), with only a microphone, chair/stool, and a beverage, will draw people out just like **The Lion King** (which has a cast/crew well over 100). 1 Person – talking (no music, or dancing or anything but talking).

Ever since I’ve started performing, I see all performances in a new light. I think about the actors on stage performing, or the artists singing away, and what it must feel like. And where I used to just see the whole presentation before, I now see the individual parts coming together to make one collective show, and it’s fascinating. The feeling you have when you get off stage having just moved a group of strangers (whether it’s to laughter, cheers, or tears), is impossible to explain. Many comedians, far more experienced than I, have suggested the experience is so great, that it becomes addicting like crack... and I am starting to agree with them.

Now, I just need my next fix...

DAY 98 (268) - FREEMYCAMPUS AND PUKING

April 8, 2007 | Info Stand-Up

Thanks go to Pat, who sent me an interesting link today – freemycampus.com. It's a site where students can post random stories that they've written, and have people comment on them – basically another "blog" type site geared towards college students. I added one of my own stories from my blog ([My Fault](#)), you can read the [freemycampus site](#). If you head to the site and make a profile, make sure you hit me up with some "Freeks" – the point system on the site.

And I apologize for the short post, but today hasn't been quite my day. I went to breakfast with the family (we went to Golden Corral, the dining equivalent to the flea market), and afterwards I got this really bad headache. I rushed home just so I could go to sleep (and yes I did **take some Advil**, that's how bad it was). As soon as I walk in the door to my apartment, I end up "ralphing" into the kitchen garbage can (and where did that slang come from? "To ralph" equals "to vomit"? How?).

And I absolutely hate puking, it's so painful (and that's what I've never understood about getting trashed to the point that you puke, why would you put yourself through that pain?). The only good thing about throwing up is that it's a heck of an ab workout.

Anyway, it's a short post tonight because I'm trying to get to bed early so hopefully I can wake up feeling 100% tomorrow. Good night.

DAY 99 (267) - TRADE IN YOUR BREAKFAST...

April 9, 2007 | Stand-Up

I've recently been searching for the perfect breakfast meal to enjoy on the weekdays, and have unfortunately had little success. (Side note: why is "breakfast" the only meal that actually makes sense as a word? You are "breaking your fast" you had while sleeping. What is "lunch" or "dinner"? Seems to me they should be more appropriately named "excusetoleaveworkforhoursatime" and "timetoatchicken")

I started out with Pop Tarts. This was my main breakfast food for the last 10 years, and has lasted me through both high school and college – mainly because what else gives you chocolate and s'more flavors? I decided I needed to venture from this food for a couple of reasons:

1. It's not the most adult choice for breakfast. This isn't a big point, but still.
2. There's not much nutritional value to it.
3. I'm confused by all of the flavors out there. Have you seen the Pop Tarts aisle lately? They have a gazillion different brands, most of which seem more like a dessert than a breakfast. They have everything from 'Hot Chocolate' to 'Strawberry Milkshake.' What's next? Fruit Cake?
4. Most importantly – I don't have a toaster at work.

Next, I tried the Dannon Fruzion Smoothies. They were actually quite delicious, but I had to stop drinking them because that damn song would be stuck in my head all day long. "Trade in your breakfast for a Dannon Fruzion Smoothie!... Yeah!" I don't remember if the "Yeah!" was in the commercial, but it was always in my head.

Finally I tried Slim-Fast (something I experimented with in college <- sounds dirty, but I assure you, it is not). I chose the chocolate variety as I distinctly remember the vanilla flavor tasting like hot garbage. And this was all well and fine, until I discovered my body apparently rejects Slim-Fast in the morning. Unfortunately I found out the hard way when I was in a half-day training in the morning – let's just say it was not pleasant (for me, or the other people in the room).

So if you have any suggestions, please let me know. And none of this "eggs and bacon" or "cereal" stuff that requires work to make and consume. I already have **a hard enough time waking up** in the morning, there's no way I'd wake up earlier just to be able to have the supposed "most important meal of the day." What do those people know anyway, they're just "doctors."

DAY 100 (266) - WHITE CHOCOLATE

April 10, 2007 | Stand-Up

Easter was this past weekend and that can only mean one thing – I got candy. (Oh, and I suppose it also means the **McChristians** went to church.) But more importantly – I got candy. You see, just as Christmas is about getting presents (and something happened with Jesus), Easter is about getting candy (and ... something happened with Jesus). Which is great because the other holiday about candy is 6 months away!

And ever since I met Nate, I've been addicted to the stuff (that bastard – always having Skittles and Now & Laters on the bus). I'd venture to say that I have some form of candy nearly every day. Chocolate is the most popular as of right now, which I'm not sure if that's because I really like the taste, or because I'm hoping that if I eat enough of it, people will start calling me "White Chocolate."

I think the other reason why I like candy so much is because my mom used to make these "gifts" for people's birthdays where she would tell a story using different types of candies – and that was when I started to love puns (and candy). Here's an example of such a story:

*I was out one night with my **Baby, Ruth**, and as we stared up at the stars at the **Milky Way**, she started to **Snicker**. I asked her what was so funny, and she replied "Nothing really, I was just laughing for no **Riesen**." I said, "Come on, **Snickerdoodle**, surely there was something you were all **Laffy Taffy** about. I'll pay you a **100 Grand** if you tell me." "You know you have **Zero** dollars in your wallet, you're such a **Twix**-ster?" "I know, but Friday is **PayDay**. And if you want, I'll take you to go get a **Whatchamacallit**." "You mean a **Whopper**?" she said, "You're such a **Life Saver**. Though you know if we go to Burger King, I'll have to do like 1,000 **Crunches**." "Oh honey, you know I love your **(Tootsie) Rolls**, they really make your **Milk Duds** bigger."*

(Wow, that really went downhill there at the end.)

DAY 101 - 100 AND COUNTING

April 11, 2007 | Random Thoughts

Wow, so I didn't even realize it until the end of my post yesterday (when I write most of my titles) that I had reached day 100! That's a lot of days of writing, and theoretically there's something good in those 100 posts. If we were to say that each post is about a minute of material, and apply the comedy rule of 9 (that 9 out of 10 things you write will suck), I should have at least 10 minutes worth of decent material. That's pretty good for not having stepped on stage in forever. (And of course I realize that's a very coarse estimate given the fluctuation in the focus of the various posts, I mean I did take a course in Statistics.)

All in all, I'm very happy with the results of blogging. I've gotten some great comments from people, I've explored small great concepts, and people actually read it. I'm hoping the next 100 days are even better, with better posts, more reader comments, a change to the site layout, addition of a few cool plug-ins, some multimedia posts, a "Hall of Fame" for quality posts, and of course loads more puns.

So thank you everyone for reading and leaving comments. I'll end the post with a joke inspired by the fact that today's number reminds me of binary:

Why don't most people understand binary? It's a bit confusing.

DAY 102 (264) - ALL BY MY CELLF

April 12, 2007 | Stand-Up

I was going to the bathroom today when I got a text message, and because I'm impatient, I decided it was necessary to check right then. Well, when I pulled out my phone, I accidentally hit my hip, knocking my phone out of my hand. And as my phone plummeted downward, my heart stopped (and so did my "flow" – which us guys know is not a pleasant experience).

And I started thinking about how pissed (ba don cha) I will be if it actually falls in. Can any of you live without your cell phone? We're a generation that is constantly connected, through our cell phone, email, instant messaging. I'd feel all alone without my cell phone, disconnected from the world. And do you remember the days when we actually had to memorize phone numbers? Or when we had to go out of our way to stop and use a pay phone? Or when we had to find something else to distract us while driving to nearly cause accidents?

Of course being constantly connected isn't without it's disadvantages. Have you tried ignoring someone these days? You used to say "Oh I didn't get your call because I wasn't home." Now you have to make up something like "My cell batter was dead" or "My phone was on silent" or "I was walking down the street and I was about to answer your call when an eagle came out of nowhere and swooped up my phone. I had to chase the bird back to it's nest, fight it in a battle to the death, and replace my phone with a rock all Indiana Jones style, so the mother eagle wouldn't get mad."

And then there are the days where you don't get any messages. You go all day with no phone calls or text messages, you get home and no new email addresses or AIM messages, hop on Facebook and no one's written on your wall and you don't have any MySpace messages, and there aren't any new comments on your blog... It makes it kind of hard to justify that you didn't talk to anyone today because you were too hard to get a hold of.

Luckily my fears were eased and I started breathing again when my phone hit the side of the toilet and fell to the ground (still disgusting, but

not nearly as bad as it could've been). What a scary moment though.

DAY 103 (263) - OMG, DREW IS SUCH A ...

April 14, 2007 | Random Thoughts Stand-Up

I did something tonight for the first time. No, not that. Or that. I started writing a blog entry, got half-way through it, and then decided to scrap the whole thing. Normally, once I get going on something, I stick through it to the end, even if I'm not sure it was going anywhere. Partly out of laziness, and partly out forcing myself to be able to make a point about any topic, or at least try to find some funny nugget in all of it.

But tonight, I started talking about me having pusidus (another Friday night at a bar, another 0 females talked to), but who wants to hear me complain about being too much of a wuss for not having the courage to talk to random strangers in a bar, and then make some comment about how it's harder for me because I don't drink. BORING.

Instead, I'm gonna kick it like I do my rhymes – off the top of the dome. Yep, it's **another one of those stream-of-conscious posts**, let's see where it takes us.

So... how are things...? Right, anyway (seems so Eddie Izzard-ish), I'm beginning to wonder how others perceive me. Wouldn't it be cool if you could step out of your own shoes for a day, and see yourself the way the rest of the world sees you? Or, better yet, sit in on a conversation your friends have about you when you're not there. (Would you really want to?) I mean, you can watch yourself on video tape and get a small glimpse of what you might be like, but you're always going to have a biased opinion (unless you have amnesia, then it's like you're watching a different person).

What would you learn if you could do that? Would I discover that maybe I'm some huge douche rocket? Maybe people only pretend to like me. Because you always see those people who are GIANT tools, and wonder, do they not know that their toolish-ness is on a Carson Daly level (the de-facto definition of a tool)?

That's where friends/family members/loved ones are supposed to step in, and give you the 411. "Hey, um, Billy. It's time we had a talk. You see, as it turns out, you're a tool. You couldn't be more of a tool if you had a flat head (which you kinda do) and were called hammer."

But people don't share that type of honesty with each other. Why? Maybe because it's a sensitive area for some people. Or maybe, it's because if they told you every little thing, you'd constantly be working on trying to change it, and then when you did, they wouldn't have anything to make fun of you for when you're not around. Because let's be honest, we all talk about people behind their backs. Who here can say they've actually told their pal, "My dude, you smell like hot garbage covered in road kill." Or told a brother that "That girl you've been dating for 2 years is about a 'Sarah' on the ugly factor." Or just looked at someone and, in reference to their fashion choice, said "So what were you going for there?"

Hmm, if only I could hear what you bastards were saying about me right now...

DAY 104 (262) - WAR, HUH, WHAT IS IT GOOD FOR?

April 15, 2007 | Stand-Up

I woke up pretty early this morning (9:30 is early on a Saturday) because I was supposed to have a soccer game, but unfortunately the weather put a damper on that. So rather than just go back to sleep (which would happen 99% of the time), I decided to finish reading *The Art of War*.

It was nice to finally finish the book – it's been sitting on my book shelf for a good 3 years now, though I hadn't even picked it up until recently. The book has nearly 400 pages in it, yet the actual piece *The Art of War* by Sun-tzu is only 70 pages because of (mostly irrelevant) background information and notes about the translation.

While reading the book, I realized that some of the same concepts in war apply to dating. Sun-tzu's theory on war involves quite a bit of deception and unorthodox tactics, which is exactly the dating scene. You're first X dates are always hiding all of the bad stuff about you, while trying to find new ways to get someone to like you (you don't want to be just any Joe Schmoe).

And just like in war, there are quite a number of things that have to align correctly for you to be victorious, there are all sorts of things that have to go just right for a relationship to last (having matching personalities, getting along with each other's friends & family, being able to ignore or accept their small annoying quirks – like their odd obsession with Sponge Bob Square Pants).

It just goes to show that dating is like war, except this kind of war is actually good for something.

I'll end with a joke for those of you who have read *The Art of War*:

Why did Sun-tzu lose his battle with the water? Because he didn't have his Tao (towel).

DAY 105 (261) - PUN WITH P&G

/ Stand-Up

I'm tired and still haven't written my post, and you know what that means ... it's time to have some pun. Tonight's theme: P&G products.

- I went to the bathroom, but realized that there was no toilet paper. Then this guy came out of nowhere and gave me a roll – he was my night in shiny armor, my Prince **Charmin**.
- My dog died from eating bad dog food. **Iams** so sad.
- Why does that guy keep attacking those paper towels? He's a **Bounty** hunter.
- Did you say that your son just poops in his pants? Yeah, he **Luv's** it.
- Did you hear about the tsunami that cleaned everything? It was a huge **Tide**-al wave, with **Crests** so big you could see the suds **Cascade**ing from the top. By **Dawn** it was over, and people **Cheered** with **Joy**.

DAY 106 (260) - IT'S A TOUGH TIME TO THINK ABOUT COMEDY

April 16, 2007 / Random Thoughts

It's a tough day to even think about comedy, given the **tragic events** at Virginia Tech (our thoughts and prayers are with you Caitlin, and anyone else affected by the cowardly act of one, possibly two people). But it's also times like these that sometimes comedy is absolutely necessary.

Life is such a fickle and delicate thing, with so many ups and downs. Given the state of the world, and events like today, it can be tough to try to stay positive. Many people turn to religion and prayer. Others to family members and loved ones. And whatever gives us hope (whether it be religion, or love, or whatever, so long as it's positive – i.e. not rage or revenge), is an amazing thing.

And that's what I love about comedy. Laughter is universal. It doesn't matter what race, religion, sex, social class, etc etc, you are – you laugh. And laughter heals. That's what is so amazing about having the opportunity to be able to make people laugh (whether it's through stand-up, improv, blogging, skits, whatever). In way, I can maybe be a part of someone's healing process. I can somehow help make people forget (even if for just a second) about the tragedies in this world, and help them enjoy themselves.

Nate has observed that in some weird way, he has an inclination to think about funny things at a funeral. And I've had the same experience. It's not because we're insensitive, or even that we have a difficulty coping (ok, maybe it's a small coping mechanism). It's because we see a community in pain, and our reaction is to want to help them heal in a way that we know how – laughter.

I can't fathom the pain those victims went through before going wherever it is we go when we die. And I can't pretend to know what it feels like for those closely affected by today's events. But I can say, that when those families, and students, and friends, and everyone else is ready to heal, people will be there, ready to help them laugh. And I'll be one of those people, trying my damndest to do so.

DAY 107 (259) - DON IMUS: RACIST OR BAD COMEDIAN?

April 17, 2007 / Random Thoughts

Jennifer asked what my thoughts were on Don Imus, so I figured I'd spend this post talking a little bit about it (thanks for the inspiration, Jennifer).

Let's get right into it – honestly, I think this whole thing was blown out of proportion, and seems a bit ridiculous to me. A radio personality tried to be funny, said something sexist and possibly racist, and failed miserably. And as a result, lost his job? It's a good thing stand-up comedians and rappers aren't held to the same standard, we'd only have a handful of comedians and no rappers (ok none is a bit extreme,

but it'd be close).

The sad thing is that this all really comes down to money. The difference between a stand-up comic and Don Imus, is that comedians *get paid* to make those types of comments (almost seems worst...). But Imus wasn't fired because he was sexist or racist. The community was outraged, so the advertisers got scared and pulled out (P&G was one of them). Well, when the ads go, then the network has to really do something – so Imus goes. You think they would have fired him if they hadn't lost any commercial spots? There's no way.

It's actually a nice example of how the masses can influence corporations (something I think is a good thing). It's just a shame that we can't have people come together like this for something "silly" like [insert White House Scandal here (popular options: WMDs and the war in Iraq, the handling of Katrina, Anthony Gonzalez)].

Now before you get all bent out of shape, I'm not saying that I think sexism or racism is ok. But I don't know that Imus was trying to be hurtful (maybe he was), but he was trying to be funny. That's the inherent risk in comedy. Sometimes you get that great guffaw, sometimes you get crickets, and sometimes you get fired.

DAY 108 (258) - WHAT'S YOUR FLAVOR? RAP VIDEO

April 18, 2007 | Stand-Up

Pringles, a P&G brand, is holding a contest called **Jingles for Pringles**. Anyone can submit a video with a jingle around the Pringles product for the chance to win a trip to American Idol. Being a P&G employee, I'm ineligible to win that prize, but that didn't stop me from submitting a video.

To get to one of the most ridiculously bad rap songs of all time, just check out "What's Your Flavor?" by the "Pringles Man" (you can also rate the song as well). I'm proud of myself for this video, not necessarily because of how amazing it is, but because I challenged myself to submit something to this contest. And this is certainly *something*.

Let me know what you think, and if you think I have any chance at becoming an amazing rap star.

DAY 109 (257) - JAW DROPPING DENTIST

April 19, 2007 | Stand-Up

Over the past week or so, my lips and gums have seemed to get more and more sore. I went to the dentist today to find out what was causing my swollen lips (I started to look like Angelina), and it turns out that I seem to have some type of reaction to the new toothpaste I'm trying. As it turns out, "Crest Pro Health" really means "Crest turns your lips in to DSLs" (and that's not a good thing, for me anyway).

What's fun is that it's made everyday activities painful. Things such as eating and smiling are currently not all that pleasant. Not to mention it makes my smile even cheesier – you might as well call it Kraft's. And the whole increased sensitivity in my mouth made the trip to the dentist that much more pleasant.

There is one positive to all of this – I got to see my hot dentist, you might say her beauty is jaw dropping. I don't know if it's her white lab coat, or the way she handles that tiny hook thing, but she really makes my mouth water. I could just sink my teeth in her. I also have to brace myself for the way she uses that sucky dohickey, it's like she's a queen who should wear a crown. I wouldn't mind her giving me a cavity search, if you know what I mean. Every time I go in there I try flossing my ice, but she seems to always brush away my advances. I wish I could run away with her to the Panama (root) Canal, where we'd raise Canine puppies and grill out in the warm sun, chewing gum and say cute little "tongue-in-cheek" cliches. I guess you might say I've become completely enameled (enamored – no?) with her.

DAY 110 (256) - PUN AND RUN

April 20, 2007 | Stand-Up

I'm on the run today, so I don't have a chance to post much. I'm headed up to Columbus to hopefully tape some skits tonight and then watch the **8th Floor** perform in an improv fest they are hosting tomorrow (7 colleges are represented, that's pretty sweet).

If I get a chance, I'll edit this post tonight and some more content, but if not, I'll at least leave you with a joke:

What kind of computer does a female deer use? Win-does.

DAY 111 (255) - WHITE TRASH

April 22, 2007 | Stand-Up

So now that it's 3:00 in the morning, it seems about the right time to write a post. I'm so incredibly tired, but I must... keep... the streak... alive. (At this point it's much more about consecutive days of posting than it is not wanting to pay people money).

But who knows, maybe some gem will come out of a tired post – you never know. But the reason I'm just now posting is I spent a majority of my day in Columbus for the First Annual ImprovFest presented by The 8th Floor. I originally went up just to be an observer, but as it turns out I ended up being one of the judges for the event. (There will be more on this event tomorrow).

After the ImprovFest, I then drove 2 hours to Miami University for the annual white trash party hosted by Evan and Pat. As usual, it was quite ridiculous, but also a fun time. It's great to see what people's stereotypes of white trash are (from smoking/drinking pregnant women, to "urban white trash", to really bad teeth and a desire to sleep with other family members).

The award for white-trashiest definitely goes to Evan, for shaving a "3" (for Dale) in the back of his head. While some may argue that that's a foolish decision considering how long it's going to take to grow out, I say it just shows his commitment to the cause. So even though some people scoffed at that, it turns out that it could be used on a resume.

And now it is time for slumber. But first, a redneck joke:

What's a rednecks favorite Quentin Tarantino movie? The Beverly Kill Bill-ies.

DAY 112 (254) - SPRING CLEANING

/ Info

I'm going to do a little "housekeeping" tonight (as in get some FYI type things out there, not necessarily keeping houses, though I do have some from my Monopoly set).

First, I want to point a new section on my blog called **"Best of Blog."** Here you'll find some of my favorite posts from the blog, highlighting either funny comedy premises, good reviews, or just something I thought was a top quality post. Feel free to let me know if there are other posts you think should be included, and I'll add them to the list.

Second, tomorrow marks a pretty big day for me. There's not anything particularly special about April 23, but it does mark my return to stand-up comedy after a 3 month hiatus. I had put stand-up on hold to concentrate on getting more things done for Smarty Pants, and have decided it's now time to return to the scene. (A big reason for the return is that there are a few competitions coming up – more details to follow soon).

Luckily this blog has allowed me to continue writing material, and now I just have to weed through the extra words and find the stand-up quality material to work into my set. Some of the posts in the aforementioned "Best Of" will undoubtedly make to the stage, where we'll see if they are as funny as I think they are.

Tomorrow's set isn't anything special, just an open mic at Snooker's. I'll likely do all old material just to get back into the swing of things, but I'll be sure to post a review once it's done.

Finally, be on the lookout for some new features coming to the blog/website (like actually having content!). The two big ones coming soon are a way to sign up for the drew tarvin newsletter (ooh, fancy) and an events calendar that lists Smarty Pants and stand-up events.

DAY 113 (253) - SNOOKER'S OPEN MIC

April 23, 2007 | Review - Performance

As I noted yesterday, I went to an open mic tonight to return from my 3 month break of doing stand-up... and what an interesting way to come back.

First, I have to say there's no such thing as bad "stage time," and I feel fortunate for any opportunity I get to perform. With that being said, tonight was definitely one of the most difficult venues that I've done. For starters, the show started 30 minutes late (as we waited in hopes

that more people would be arriving – they did not).

Due to some conflicts, the only mic that we had was actually a PA mic (one of the ones you have to press a button to turn on, like what'd you see sitting at some type of judge's table). And the cord only reached a certain distance, so even though the venue actually had stage, you couldn't actually be standing on it, and have the mic in hand.

The audience (of which there were about 10 comics and about 6 bar patrons), was split on the left and right side of the "stage," with nothing but a walk way in the middle. And to make things even better – I got to open the show.

Now it seems to be pretty well known that going first is the hardest spot in a comedy show, because you have to warm up the crowd. By the time you reach the 3rd or 4th guy, the audience is warmed up and ready to laugh. When you're the first comic, they're still getting acclimated to the environment, and they are still sober.

But even with all of that stacked against me, I still did... oh, who am I kidding. I wanted to say I did great, but I did pretty poorly. I got a few chuckles here and there, but nothing significant, and I even stumbled through some of my set. I tried out a few new things, found out that most of them didn't work in that atmosphere (they'll get more two more chances before I decide to trash them), and even closed on a "solid closer" that didn't go over too well.

Considering everything, I still had a pretty good time, and will definitely be back to the place. Sure there's only a small audience, and the environment isn't ideal, but if you can do well there, imagine how you could do in a place that's set up perfectly for comedy. Plus all of the comedians were friendly and nice, and it's one of those places you can really come together as a group of comedians. Besides, every comedian needs to have that story about the worst place they did comedy.

DAY 114 (252) - IO YOU A POST (SO HERE IT IS)

April 25, 2007 | Info

Well I am back in the **Slightly Drafty City** for business, and just now checked into my hotel room. Whereas last time I didn't even get to see a glimpse of the city, this trip we spent the entire afternoon in the heart of Chicago.

We arrived here around 2pm Central Time and walked around Michigan Ave for a bit. We then headed to the Navy Pier where we were able to get some great shots of the city. After that, we went back into the city, grabbed a water at a bar (well the guys I'm with grabbed a beer, I stuck with the water), and then headed up to Lincoln Park (not Linkin).

Up in Lincoln Park, we ate dinner at a small Mexican restaurant, and then checked out a show at **improvOlympic** (or I guess they are now going by just iO). For those of you who don't know, iO is an improv comedy venue that has nightly shows and also teaches improv workshops. It's list of alumni is similar to that of **Second City** (many people take classes at both "schools"), and include **Chris Farley**, **Mike Meyers**, **Tina Fey** and a whole host of others.

As for the show, it was pretty entertaining and very educational. It consisted of three different sets of long form (a style of improv where the group gets one suggestion from the audience and then proceeds to act out scenes or a story for 25-45 minutes based on that one suggestion), performed by three different groups. It was great to see some long form performed, as we at **Smarty Pants** typically have stuck with short form (though we are starting to do more of the long form stuff now), and it was nice to see that I am still learning most of the same skills in Ohio as they are teaching in Chicago (thanks Dave).

Well now that it's approaching 1am Eastern Time, it's time for me to hit the hay (a reference to when people slept in barns?). I'll probably talk more about the improv experience tomorrow, but till then, goodnight.

DAY 115 (251) - STAY POSITIVE

/ Random Thoughts

Hearing my coworkers describe the improv we saw yesterday gave me an interesting perspective of how many people view improvisational theater. Being immersed in the culture and reading/watching/living the techniques of improv has slightly altered my view of the art, both for the good and the (slightly) bad.

Throughout high school (and even college, and to some extent today), I've always had this negative stereotype of thespians – hippie, "anything goes," "just feel the space, man," clique-y, all out weird people. As a result I was never really drawn to the arts, nor did I have too many friends that were heavily involved in them.

That's what was (and still is) so great about **The 8th Floor** – we were made up of a group that had very little theater experience. We were

the “normal” ones that just happened to do improv comedy and made people laugh. We didn’t wear jeans filled with holes, paint our nails different colors, wear lacy clothing for no reason – we dressed in every day clothing and had fun.

But improv has a way of changing the way you think, in a good way. One main premise in improv is that you there’s really no such thing as a wrong decision – whatever you choose to do on stage, you can turn into something. Sure there are other possibilities you could’ve taken, but you weren’t *wrong*. That overall optimism and positivity can be seen as very “hippie” – like there’s nothing wrong that happens in life ever.

I think if you can avoid the “get in touch with your true aura, man, become one with the air around and let it flow like the wind on the hills” type of quote unquote spirituality, the basics of improv can help to improve your daily life.

In my limited experience in this whole “life” thing, I’ve learned that I don’t have nearly enough time before I die to waste it on thinking about “what could’ve been” or holding grudges, or being angry at the world. Shit happens, deal with it (i.e. react to it and learn from it), and move on.

Whenever someone asks me if I’m happy with the big decisions I’ve made (“Were you happy you did IB?”, “Did you like Ohio State?”, “Did you make the right decision with P&G?”) I always reply yes. I don’t know if it’s just because I’m an incredible decision-maker, and that everything that I’ve chosen to do is that absolute best thing for me, or if I just feel that I should enjoy the situation that I’m in and grow from there.

And before you ask, of course I know I’ve made choices that could have been better, or have experienced things that have really sucked and were nearly 100% negative – but I’ve learned from those experiences. And regrets? “I’ve had a few. But then again, too few to mention.”

So why not take some notes from improv – be like the “+” side of a never-dying battery – and stay positive (ba don cha). Learn from experiences and remain generally optimistic. After all, what’s so damn wrong with just being happy?

[Side Note: I always find these types of posts interesting – when you start out, you have no idea that they are going to become some sort of positive/semi-inspirational life message. It fascinates me how our brains make connections. For example, let’s pick two random words and see how we can make a logical connection between the two. 1st Word (**Dictionary.com’s word of the day**): Prepotency – the condition of having superior power or influence. 2nd Word (the last word in **ESPN.com’s feature article**): Denver.

My connection would be:

- Prepotency -> Potency (what happens after prepotency, but before postpotency)
- Potency -> Potent (drop the cy for a t)
- Potent -> Impotent (The “opposite?” of potent)
- Impotent -> Levitra (A drug to help the impotent)
- Levitra -> NFL (Levitra was an official sponsor of the NFL – which is funny by itself)
- NFL -> John Elway (one of the great QBs of all time, and is at about the age that he needs the Levitra stuff)
- John Elways -> Denver (where he played for the Broncos)

And the thing about our brain is that the above sequence makes “sense.” Sure I didn’t use words by their strict definition, but you can still follow that path of thought.

Ok, I’m done for real, now that my side note is just about as long as the post.]

DAY 116 (250) - NYSE IS “CEDAR FAIR, LP”

April 26, 2007 | Stand-Up

I sat through a financial presentation awhile back that talked about getting your finances in order, and preparing for retirement. It seems like everyone knows about the advantage of starting when you’re young, but who actually does it? Well I decided that maybe I should give it a try, and I think I’m ready to begin investing.

Now I don’t know any of that fancy “financial” mumbo jumbo, or what really goes into picking a good stock, but I figured how hard could it be? I’ll just do what most women do in NCAA brackets, pick arbitrary items based on high-level, superficial characteristics.

So here are some possible stocks to pick or not pick, based solely on their abbreviations on Wall Street (denoted as Yes or No):

- Alliant Techsystems Inc. (ATK) – Yes. This stock is going to ATtack the market with force.
- AZZ Inc. (AZZ) – Yes. I want a piece of that AZZ.
- Boulder Growth & Income Fund, Inc. (BIF) – No. BIF wasn’t good in Back to the Future, and he’s not good now.

- Cousins Properties Inc. (CUZ) – Yes. Why? Just CUZ.
- Entergy Mississippi, Inc. (EMO) – No. I don't need a stock going all "EMO" on me and being depressed.
- M1 Macadamia Orchards, Inc (NUT), Nuveen Dividend Advantage Mutual Fund (NAD), Saxon Capitol, Inc (SAX) – No, no, and no. Anything a woman can bring down with a single kick is not a safe investment.
- Waters Corporation (WAT) – Yes. I asked Lil' John what stock I should pick, and he said, "WAT?"

So there you have it. This stock game is even easier than I thought.

(Note: If you don't get the title, just look up what the stock abbreviation for Cedar Fair LP is.)

DAY 117 (249) - JUST CALL ME WAYNE

April 28, 2007 | Stand-Up

I went to the mall today and I randomly passed by some guy and had an immediate hatred for him. At first I wasn't sure why, and then I realized he looked exactly like the head terrorist in Season 3 of 24. And despite the fact that I know that it's a just a show, and that the guy I passed wasn't even the actor who played the role, his physical appearance made me dislike him.

Why is it that we do that? We associate random strangers to who they superficially look like, and treat them as if they were that person. You see a guy that looks like Napoleon Dynamite, and you either want to run up to him and say "Gawsh" or stab him in the face (depending on whether or not you liked the movie). You see a girl that looks like Britney Spears, and you follow her to a hair salon hoping she gets her hair buzzed off or decides to show her "who-ha" (sp?) to the world. You see someone that looks like Yao Ming, and – well there's a 99% chance that it's actually him (how many 7 foot, ugly, dumb-looking, Asian people have you ever seen), so you should try to get his autograph.

So then I started to wonder, do people mistake me for someone else? Who can I blame for the weird looks I received today? (Though the looks may be more related to the fact that I was skipping through the mall quoting Airplane!: "There's a sale at Penny's!"). Regardless, I decided to try one of those **celebrity look alike tests**.

To get an accurate test, I uploaded 5 different pictures, and it turns out that my top 3 results are: Alfonso Herrera, Lee Ryan, and Bob Saget. Some of the more interesting possibilities of who I most look like include Gillian Anderson, Anna Kournikova, and Wayne Brady. While the fact that two girls showed up in the results doesn't help my confidence, the inclusion of Wayne Brady confirms 1 of 2 suspicions I've had: Wayne Brady is either white, or I am black.

DAY 118 (248) - IT'S NOT WHETHER YOU WIN OR LOSE... RIGHT...

April 29, 2007 | Stand-Up

I made my (triumphant?) return to the world of soccer today – I had 2 outdoor soccer games with a team of P&G folks. That's right, my first time playing real outdoor soccer since high school was a double header – my body loves me right now. Just stepping on the field reminds me of my high school days, when I was an incredibly competitive person. I used to constantly talk to the refs about "bad calls," and when I played indoor I would always talk trash to the older players on the other team.

In retrospect, I am probably the last person that should talk trash, ever. First, the whole voice thing does not invoke fear in other people, nor does it sound authoritative. "Aww that's cute, is Mickey Mouse trying to talk trash." Second, I don't exactly have the stature to back up what I say (especially in high school when I weighed a buck twenty-five). I'd make the mistake of talking trash at the beginning of the game, and the other team would then proceed to use me as a Raggedy Andy doll for the next hour (and thus **another reason I hate the nickname "Andy"**).

But that was back when I was incredibly competitive – and absolutely despised losing. I was a sore loser in everything, not just soccer. I once accused my mom of cheating in a game of Pictionary... Pictionary! Talk about a game not having much importance on your overall life, and I was certain she had cheated to try to win (stupid Flying Nun).

Luckily I've gotten much better (at least I think). I've realized that it isn't always about winning, but sometimes just the fun of playing and the experience is what makes it all worthwhile. Now I say sometimes, because there are certain activities that will always piss me off if I lose in: Halo, Tribond (though as I think about it, I've never actually been beaten in the game), and anything comedy related. But to be honest, losing still irks me a little (and always will). Because most losses can be traced back to being my fault (I missed a shot, I didn't get a clue, I forget part of my set in the middle of a stand-up competition and stand on stage just saying "wow" for 45 seconds...).

And there's something about failing that I'll never be happy with. But then again, if I just accepted failure and never grew from it, what kind of person would I be? (President maybe?)

DAY 119 (247) - COMPETITIVE NATURE

/ Stand-Up

The original title of [yesterday's post](#) was going to be "Competitive Nature," in reference to me being a competitive person. But when I re-read the title, I could only think of it in a literal sense, and imagined things in nature actually being competitive (and not in the "survival" type competition, but in things like sports).

Like you'd walk into the jungle and stumble upon an animal football game (similar to the Budweiser commercial where the horses play football, but with more animals):

D: Ladies and gentleman, boys and girls, animals and plants, welcome to Super Roarwl IV at the Jungle Dome. Tonight's match-up is sure to be a great one between the Jungle Fever and Desert Desserts. I'm your announcer, Dan Dolphin, and as always, with me is Robbie Robin for color commentary.

R: That's right Dan. This broadcast is brought to you by the Noah's Ark Transportation Company – the animals primary savior since Biblical times. Noah's Ark – we're saving up for a rainy day!

D: Thanks Robbie. And now to sing the kingdom's anthem, Wolf2, fresh off their desert tour "Howl to Dismantle an Atomic Bomb."

W: Oooooooooohhhoooooooooooooooooooo!

R: Oh, that was just beautiful. Wolf2 really knows how to get things going.

D: They sure do Robbie. Let's head down to the field for the cat toss. We'll hand it over to lead referee, Zach Zebra for the flip.

Z: Welcome captains. Let's have a clean game, no monkeying around. This is the cat for the toss. Heads is this side, with the ears and back. Tails is this side, with the feet and tail. Jungle Fever is the visitors, call it in the air. It's tails, Jungle Fever has elected to receive.

D: You know Robbie, ever since I've been announcing football, I have yet to see the cat land on heads. Anyway, Jungle Fever will be receiving first, so let's go ahead and introduce our starting lineups.

R: Starting at the QB position is future hall of famer Eli Eagle. He's elusive in the pocket and has an amazing vision of the field, but is injury prone and has landed on the extinct list a couple of times. Protecting Eli on the offensive line is Ben Blue Whale, who plays LT, LG, C, RG, and RT. Behind Eli, starting at RB is Barry Bronco – the definite work horse of this offense. In front of Barry at FB is Ron Ram, known for plowing through the defensive line to create holes for Barry. At TE we have Leonard Lion, and I'd be lyin' if I didn't say he's one of the mane reasons the Fever has made it this far. To round out the offense we have two of the most dynamic WR in the league, Steven A. Spider and Chad Cheetah. Spider is a little small for the position, but he has amazing hands – the ball just seems to stick to them every time it's thrown to him. Cheetah has had a few off-field troubles involving the Pigs, but has blazing speed and a mouth on him faster than his feet.

D: On the defensive side, Desert Dessert, who's name always cofuses the bejesus out of me, plays a 4-3 and is headed by captain Brian Bear at MLB. He's a ferocious leader with an aggressive personality that will sometimes get him trapped too close to the line. Interesting side note about Bear is that he also volunteers in the offseason, fighting fires with the Park Rangers. He's joined by two other key LBs, Chris Crab and Ryan Rhino. Crab has great lateral movement and always has his eye on the QB. Rhino is a blitz specialist known for driving straight through the offensive line. On the defensive line at DE is Ed Elephant and Herbie Hippo. Terry Turtle is in at the DT position. Turtle isn't the fastest player on the field, but his resilience is incredible, as is his unprecedented experience – 110 years in the league. At the other DT spot is Adam Ape, a guy well known for his guerilla style of play. At the corners, we have Larry Leech, who will be matching up against Spider, and has a tendency to stick to the WRs like glue, and Tim Tiger, who hopes to keep up with Cheetah's speed. Ron Raven starts at FS, where he'll roam the field looking to swoop in for interceptions. Finally, we have Allan Alligator, who many refer to as a cold-blooded player for his tendency to injure players.

R: Ok Dan, let's get this game underway...

I don't know, that's just what I imagine it'd be like.

DAY 120 (246) - APRIL IN REVIEW

April 30, 2007 | Info

It's that time of the month again. No, not for that. It's time to review my progress on **my resolutions**. The interesting thing about doing a monthly review is that it puts in perspective how the months are just flying by. It seems like just 28 days ago I was writing one of these...

April in Review

1. **Finish the 365 Days of Drewy Goodness Challenge paying out less than \$300.** I never would have guessed that I'd make it this far without really missing a day. I guess it's become such a habit that I don't even really think about it any more.
2. **Limit the number of times I write 2006 for the date.** Still going strong.
3. **Have 30 minutes of professional material, 20 of which is 100% clean.** Given I'll be in a few upcoming stand-up competitions, I've been trying to write more. Unfortunately none of it has really been tested, so I'm at about the same spot as last month.
4. **Create an interactive website.** I'm still behind on the website, though I do have some ideas. Now I just need to prioritize my time to actually work on it.
5. **Learn a song on guitar.** Smarty Pants has started to practice some song games in hopes of incorporating them into some of our shows, so I've at least picked up the guitar this month. As for an actual song, all I'm doing is stringing chords together right now.
6. **Perform in front of 5,000 people total, 500 at one time.** April was another slow month regarding performances, I'm only at 905 right now. May is looking to be a much busier month, so hopefully I can get back on track to 5,000.
7. **Actually tape a skit.** I'm not sure if I should count it as a skit, but I did submit something to the Jingles for Pringles contest, so I think that counts.
8. **Finish making the various "Best Of" DVDs.** I am happy to say, the "Best of Season 1" is finally done. The DVDs are burned, labels printed, and the cases filled. Now I just have to pass them out. I've started reviewing the footage from Season 2 (over 30 hours worth) and will start the editing process soon (I hope).
9. **Get 1 Ratings at P&G.** I haven't gotten too much feedback here, but I think everything is going well. So long as I can deliver the deadlines that I've set, I think I have a solid chance of achieving this one.
10. **Rate all of the songs in my iTunes.** I'm done! Well, kind of. I've finished rating all of my current songs (4473 of them), but have picked up a bunch of older CDs that I haven't added to my iTunes yet, but as soon as I do, I'll have a lot more rating to do.

BONUS: **Not hit the snooze button once.** This month wasn't all that bad. I've been reading a few more tips on how not to hit snooze ("How to Become an Early Riser"), and have been ok here. I don't think it's instinct to wake up right away yet, but I'm hoping that I can get to that point.

So another month down, and a little bit more progress made. I'm happy about the first season of DVDs being done, taping a "skit", and the rating of songs, but I'm not so happy that I haven't made much progress on performing or having more stand-up done.

But May is a new month, and maybe I can start to turn the tide.

DAY 121 (245) - A PLAY A DAY IN MAY #1

May 1, 2007 | Skits

I've talked for the last 4 months about wanting to do more skits (both writing and taping), so I've decided it's time to really get moving on with this. Intro "A Play a Day in May": for the entire month of May, my posts will be a sort of "play." I put "play" in quotes because my meaning of "play" is really a skit or black out (neither of which rhyme with Day or May).

For those of you who don't know what a black out is, don't worry I'll explain (and if you don't know what a skit is, watch SNL). A black out is a very short version of a skit – often lasting only 30-45 seconds – that is often ended on a punch line, and the lights (in a live performance) fading to black (and thus the name black out). **Second City** is well-known for these.

As you probably could have guessed, that means that some of my "plays" will be short, sometimes single joke scenes (aka black outs). Some will be longer 3, 4, 5+? minute skits. Many will be based on previous stand-up that I've thought of (and possibly posted here), and others will be random skit ideas.

The format of these "plays" will be pretty informal. Each will start with the title, location, and characters involved. Stage direction will be listed in *[italicized brackets]* and dialogue will simply be preceded by the character speaking, e.g.

Drew: *This would be me saying dialogue, ya heard (or read)?*

So without further ado, the first of 31 plays (in the 31 days of May):

Drew World Order #1

Location: Computer Office

Characters: Drew, Drudacris, Winnie the Drew, Isaac Drewton, Drucifer, Jerry Drewis

[The scene starts with Drew sitting at his computer, working on some stand-up. As he is sitting there deep in thought, the camera pans around and zooms "into" his brain, to reveal the inner workings of his thoughts.

Inside Drew's head are 3 characters, Drudacris, Winnie the Drew, and Isaac Drewton, sitting at a table.]

Drudacris: *Yo man, this is so boring. If I don't do something, I'ma start snoring.*

Winnie: *But golly Drudacris, you heard Jerry, he said it was his time to get the attention.*

Drudacris: *Man forget Jerry, we need to be thinking about Halle Berry.*

Isaac: *From what I've ascertained, Drudacris, it seems you only think about money, luxuries, and women. Often it seems you arbitrarily choose one of the three to talk about.*

Drudacris: *Isaac, you is whack. You better take that back, before you get smacked, from the Druda – attack.*

[A fourth character, Drucifer, enters the room.]

Drucifer: *Mwahahahahaha.*

Winnie: *What's so funny, Mr. Drucifer?*

Drucifer: *Hahaha. That fool, Jerry, was looking to write some jokes, so I told him he should do some puns. Hahahaha.*

Drudacris: *Why'd you do that, you know they ain't funny? No we ain't never gonna get no money.*

Isaac: *So we're back to money...*

Drucifer: *The best part is that I gave him words to make puns of: cable, taxes, token, wool and carpet. Haha, carpet!*

Winnie: *Oh, I think he's about to be done, I wanna hear.*

[The four get up from the table and gather around a door, where they can see Jerry finishing up his last joke.]

Jerry: *I was thinking about starting a flooring company. Our motto will be "Carpet diem." Thank you, goodnight!*

[Winnie starts a light giggle, then starts fulling laughing. Isaac and Drudacris soon join him. Drucifer gets upset.

The camera cuts back to Drew typing at a keyboard, writing down the line about "Carpet diem". It then cuts back to inside his head.]

Isaac: *That was quite stellar, I do believe.*

Winnie: *Hehehe. I think you just got "pun" in.*

[Drudacris storms off.]

FADE TO BLACK

DAY 122 (244) - A PLAY A DAY IN MAY #2

May 2, 2007 | Skits

Introducing Football

Location: Typical Board Room, late 1800's

Characters: Boss, Peon 1, Peon 2

[The scene takes place in a boardroom, four people are gathered around the table.]

Boss: Gentlemen, I am proud to announce that we will be introducing a new sport into the market very soon. It will become a great American sport, and will finally give us all something to do on Sunday.

Peon 1: Um sir, most people go to church on Sundays.

Boss: You moron. They go to church right now because there is nothing to do. We will give them something to enjoy on Sunday, something much more entertaining than hearing about that Jeebus guy.

Peon 2: Sir, I believe you mean Jesus. He is said to be the son of God.

Boss: Haha, Jesus? Listen to this guy. Uh, hello, where do you think they get the phrase "Heebie Jeebies from." Moron.

Peon 2: Sir... Nevermind...

Boss: Anyway, this new sport will involve two teams of 11. They will alternate playing offense and defense, with the goal of scoring points via a "touchdown." The offensive team will move an odd tetrahedron type pigskin by throwing it down the field, trying to get into an "endzone." They will get four chances to move at least 10 yards, but if they fail, than the other team gets the "ball." We're going to call it "football."

Peon 1: Um, sir, there's actually already another sport out there called "football." It involves kicking an actual ball around with your feet. The game you just described doesn't even involve kicking, and the word ball is used very loosely.

Boss: That's the beauty of it numnuts. There will be kicking involved, after you score a touchdown you can be a pansy and kick an extra point, or be a man and go for two additional points. And you kick it off to the other team when it's their turn to get the ball. But here's the best part – we're going to make fun of the only people that actually kick the ball.

Peon 2: Won't the rest of the world be mad sir? They're kind of already using the term football for their game. What do we do about that?

Boss: That's the rest of the world's problem. Did we worry about the "world" when we picked a measurement system? No. Screw the metric system, and screw their football.

Peon 1: But what about the other sport, what will we call that?

Boss: I don't know, something dumb to show those English bastards that we don't care if they made the language, we'll make up our names. Something like "soccer."

Peon 2: Sir, I don't follow, why soccer?

Boss: Because that's what I'm going to do if my daughter ever comes home and says she wants to play a sport where they kick a ball around.

FADE TO BLACK

DAY 123 (243) - A PLAY A DAY IN MAY #3

May 3, 2007 | Skits

[Honest Navigation System](#)

Location: A car

Characters: Driver, Navigation system

[The scene starts with a woman driving a car down the street.]

Navigation: Turn right in... 500 feet. (beat). Turn right in... 100 feet. Turn right now.

[The car continues straight, passing the obvious turn.]

Navigation: Recalculating route. (beat). Turn right in... 1,000 feet. Turn right in... 500 feet. Turn right in... 100 feet. Turn right now.

[The car continues straight once again.]

Navigation: Recalculating route. (beat). Turn right in... 1,000 feet. Slow down, and prepare to turn. Turn right in... 500 feet. Just a little bit further. Turn right in... 100 feet. Turn right now.

[The driver makes a left turn.]

Navigation: (Audible sigh). Recalculating route. (beat). Make U-turn in 1,000 feet. Slow down, and prepare to turn the car around, 180 degrees. Make U-turn in 500 feet. Be ready, it's coming up. Make U-turn in 100 feet. Come to near stop, and turn the wheel, either direction, and turn completely around. Make U-turn now.

[The car makes a left turn, followed by a right turn, to continue going in same direction, down the wrong side of the street.]

Navigation: (Muttered) Son of a Recalculating route. Turn Left in 1,000-... Turn Left at Panera Bread.

[The car comes to a Panera Bread, and the driver turns left.]

Navigation: Turn right into Macy's parking lot.

[The car makes a right into the Macy's parking lot.]

Navigation: Take the keys out of the ignition, get the hell of out the car, and don't come back until you have a man to take over driving.

FADE TO BLACK

DAY 124 (242) - A PLAY A DAY IN MAY #4

May 5, 2007 | Skits

Pressing Issue

Location: Office Building

Characters: Bill (an office worker), various other office employees.

[The scene starts with Bill getting up from his desk. As he stands up, you can see 4 cans of Mountain Dew sitting on his table, all of them empty.]

As Bill proceeds down the hall, he gets interrupted by a co-worker.]

Karen: Hey Bill, how are you doing today?

Bill: Oh, I'm doing well.

Karen: That's great, and how are the kids?

Bill: There, uh, great. Please excuse me, I have a pressing issue to attend to.

[Bill continues down the hallway, and gets stopped again.]

Steve: What's up buddy?

Bill: Not too much, just going about my business.

Steve: That's great. Did I tell you about the new boat I got. Oh it's sweet, you'll have to check it out sometime.

Bill: Yep, you sure did, last week we talked about it. All through lunch. Excuse me Steve, I've been having a crappy day and I'm kind of in a rush.

[Bill scurries along at a quicker pace. Right before he enters a door, another person interrupts him.]

Danielle: Hi Bill! How are you doing? Isn't it just such a nice day out today. It's like it's so nice out that I don't think we should have to work, you know? Ooh, that's a great a shirt, is it new?

Bill: Hi Danielle, I –

Danielle: I just got this shirt a few weeks ago. It was only 21.99 at Macy's. Isn't that amazing? I always try to find good bargains, you know? Every week I go to the mall just to see.

Bill: I'm sorry Danielle, I really have to –

Danielle: I just heard a joke, you want to hear it? Ok, a priest, a rabbi, and an athiest walk into a bar. No wait – they walk into a strip club. No, that can't be right, what would an athiest be doing in a strip club. Ok, a priest, a rabbi, and an athiest walk into a deli shop. And the store owner says... .. Hmm, I seem to forgotten the last part of the joke. But isn't that funny?

Bill: Danielle, zip it. If I don't get to something soon, the shit's going to hit the fan, and then I'd be pissed. Excuse me.

[Bill then blows past Danielle, into the restroom, and relieves himself. He finally lets out a sigh of content.]

FADE TO BLACK

DAY 125 (241) - A PLAY A DAY IN MAY #5

/ Skits

Just a Joke

Location: Office work party

Characters: Barry, Greg, Susan and various party patrons

[A group of party-goers is standing around, sharing stories and swapping jokes. Barry joins the group.]

Barry: Hey guys, what's up? What cha guys talking about?

Susan: Oh Greg was just telling us some of his jokes, he's a wanna be stand up comedian.

Barry: Oh cool Greg, let's hear 'em.

Greg: Ok ok. What do you call a worm that plays basketball?

Barry: I'm sorry Greg, I don't mean to interrupt, but worms can't play basketball, they don't have any arms.

Greg: ... It's just a joke Barry ...

Barry: I'm just saying it's a little hard to listen to your joke if it's so unrealistic. I mean think about it. You'd have all these 6'8" to 7'0" guys on the court, and then one worm. And when you'd go to pass the ball, the worm would never get it, or worse, get squished by the ball.

Greg: Ok.... fine. A black guy, a white guy, and an asian guy walk into a bar, and-

Barry: Let me guess, the black guy robs the place. You know Greg, that's what's wrong with this country.

Greg: I wasn't going to-

Barry: You see it's just like that that are keeping racism and prejudice alive in today's society. When will race no longer be an issue?

Greg: I was just going to say... You know what, nevermind. Ok Barry... I just recently got back from Australia, and have you ever realized how the Australians-

Barry: Sorry Greg, but you went to Australia 4 years ago, you didn't just get back.

Greg: ? I know, Barry, it's for the context of the joke.

Barry: Well I'm just saying you shouldn't lie to people. You should be more honest, if you're lying about when you went to Australia, who knows what else you're lying about. Maybe your name isn't even Greg, maybe it's like Steven or something.

Greg: Ok, you know what, I'm done. Since you're the expert Barry, why don't you tell us a joke.

Barry: Well, I'm no comedian or anything- OK. What does a cow say? ... Moo!

[Everyone is completely silent, just staring at Barry.]

Barry: Haha, you guys get it? Because that's all they can say... Moo! Haha.

FADE TO BLACK

DAY 126 (240) - A PLAY A DAY IN MAY #6

May 6, 2007 | Skits

PUNishment

Location: Court Room

Characters: Judge, jury, lawyers, defendant

[The scene begins as the judge has just hammered his gavel. The defendant is sitting in the witness chair.]

Judge: Order. Order! I will not have you making a shenanigans of this court room. The prosecution may continue.

Prosecutor: Just answer the question. Did you, or did you not, make a joke on stage about a "Motorola Razr" not shaving worth a damn.

Defendant: ... I ... I did.

[The entire courtroom gasps. A man vomits out of disgust.]

Prosecutor: No further questions your honor.

[The camera fades out and then back in. Time has passed and the judge is about to announce the verdict.]

Judge: Will the defendant please rise. How does the jury find the defendant?

Jury Representative: On the count of subjecting an audience to terrible jokes, the jury has found the defendant ... guilty!

[The courtroom erupts in applause.]

Judge: Order! Order! You have been found guilty. I hereby sentence you to 10 years of PUNishment ... by Carrot Top!

Defendant: No... no... anything but that. Please, I'm sorry, I'll never make a play on words again.

[Cut to a dark cell. The defendant is slouching in a chair, a defeated man. In front of him is Carrot Top, with a huge box of props next to him. He pulls out a dictionary.]

Carrot Top: I like to work out with a dictionary, it gives me good definition.

Defendant: Make it stop... please, make it stop...

Male Voice: Good evening Meijer shoppers. If your cashier is unwilling to check you out because she has a headache, please proceed to the U-Scan to do it yourself. Remember: Meijer, your place for higher standards and lower prices.

[The music returns. The shopper tries to continue shopping as though nothing is happening.]

After a short time passes, the music stops again.]

Female Voice: Attention Meijer guests – there is a sale on cucumbers today, they are currently buy 1 get 1 free. Ladies, if you are thinking about dating Steve, consider picking some of these up. As always, thank you for shopping your friendly Loveland Meijer.

[The music returns for just a brief second, before stopping again.]

Male Voice: Good evening Meijer shoppers. Stephanie is a whore.

[The music returns.]

FADE TO BLACK

DAY 128 (238) - A PLAY A DAY IN MAY #8

May 9, 2007 | Skits

Urine Hands

Location: Public restroom

Characters: Tom, Matt, various.

[Matt has finished using the restroom and is washing his hands at the sink. Tom finishes at the urinal, flushes, and walks over to the sink to check out his hair in the mirror. Tom then leaves the restroom.]

Matt notices the recent event, dries his hands with a paper towel, and then opens the door using the towel. He returns to the restaurant table, where he and Tom are having a double date with their girlfriends, just in time to see Tom reaching his hands into the community bowl of tortilla chips.

The group finishes dinner and the two girls leave in one car, Matt and Tom in another. As the two groups split, Tom kisses his girlfriend good bye, and pinches Matt's girlfriend on the cheeks.

Matt and Tom return to Matt's parents house. Matt introduces Tom to his parents, and Tom shakes both of their hands.

The two sit down to play Xbox 360. As Tom reaches for a controller, Matt – having observed everything Tom has touched – freaks out.]

Matt: Dude, don't even think about it.

Tom: What are you talking about, I wanna play some Madden.

Matt: Not with those hands your not.

Tom: What? What's wrong with my hands?

Matt: I saw you in the bathroom, you didn't wash your hands back at Don Pablo's. I didn't say anything as you walked out of the bathroom to return to our table to start eating the community chips with your dirty hands. I didn't say anything when you touched my girlfriend on the cheek with your urine fingers. I didn't even say anything when you shook my parents' hands with your penis palms. But to think you were going to touch my Xbox with those? You better think again!

FADE TO BLACK

DAY 129 (237) - A PLAY A DAY IN MAY #9

/ Skits

Divorce*Location: Diner**Characters: Chad, Bill**[The scene starts with Chad and Bill sitting down enjoying some coffee after a meal.]***Chad:** *My brother has been training like crazy lately. He's started running 20 miles a day, taking dietary supplements, he only drinks that Fiji water and eats exactly 957 calories a day.***Bill:** *Oh wow, is he getting ready to do a marathon?***Chad:** *Worse, he's about to get a divorce. And if she doesn't chase him down and kill him, she will at least take his house and car.*

FADE TO BLACK

Side Note: This is my first attempt at a blackout, something that's often 30 seconds or less (it's generally just the setup and then punchline). The joke is supposed to be in that all of the preparation Chad is doing turns out to be for something absurd (not that you couldn't all gather that yourselves). The problem I see with this in its current form is that the punchline is too long. I thought about leaving it at just "He's about to get a divorce" but then I wasn't sure if the audience would understand why that's supposed to be funny, or worse, they would understand, but just not find it funny.

I've found a particular challenge in sketch writing because it's so new for me. I'm used to being able to take a premise and put it in the form of "how will the audience relate to this" or "why is this weird/funny." Sketches are sometimes about that, but also often about relationships and themes. In stand-up you can just do "Why did the chicken cross the road?" and answer the question with a pun ("To pick up some chicks"). With sketches, if you ask the same question, the answer generally has to actually be the why – what underlying circumstances led up to the chicken crossing the road. Was it a lack of food on one side of the road versus the other? Was it simple curiosity? Was it because the chicken had just divorced its rooster and was running away (and who can blame the chicken, her husband was such a cock)?

Side Note Side Note: I had a great talk with Kevin recently about my normal blog entries versus these mini-plays, and he noted that what he enjoyed about my other types of posts was seeing my thought process. I like this type of analysis of a skit, and perhaps these side notes can serve to cover both bases. That way if a skit isn't particularly good, maybe the analysis of why it sucks will be funny. Anywho, expect to see some more "Side Notes" over the rest of the month, and thanks, Kevin, for the insight.

DAY 130 (236) - A PLAY A DAY IN MAY #10

May 10, 2007 | Skits

Tag sketch to "Honest Navigation System." (Thanks to Dave for the suggestion on this. (And that's Smarty Pants Dave not Brother Dave. (And Brother Dave isn't like a member of the clergy, or black, he's just actually my brother.)))

Honest Navigation System Part 2*Location: A car.**Characters: Male Driver, Female Passenger, Navigation System**[The scene starts with the couple getting into the car, and preparing to leave.]***Navigation:** *Welcome driver, please state your gender.***Driver:** *Male***Navigation:** *To confirm, please answer the following question: In baseball, when a batter records a single, double, triple and home run in the same game, he is said to have hit for the what?***Driver:** *Cycle.***Navigation:** *Male-ness confirmed. Please enter your desired destination.**[The driver puts the car in drive and starts driving. There is a brief pause.]***Navigation:** *Please enter your desired destination.***Passenger:** *Um, honey, aren't you going to enter the address?***Driver:** *What? No. I don't need that thing, I know where I'm going.***Passenger:** *Honey, you've never been to Charlene's, and it's on the other side of town. Just put the address in the thingy and we'll get there no problem.*

[The couple rides in silent for a little while. The driver makes a turn, looks around, and starts to look a little confused.]

Navigation: Please enter your desired destination.

Passenger: Darling, this doesn't look familiar. Just put in the address so we can get there. We're gonna be late because you don't know where you're going.

Driver: No, we're going to be late because you waited until 30 minutes before we were supposed to leave to hop in the shower, and then spent 15 minutes twanging up your eyelashes.

Passenger: Look, I'll just put in the address.

Driver: If that hand means anything to you, you will not touch the navigation system.

Navigation: To ensure a faster trip, please enter the desired destination.

Passenger: I don't even know why you got the dumb thing if you're never going to use it.

Driver: Listen, I am a MAN. That means I have an evolutionary instinct about directions. I DO NOT need this thing to tell me how to get there.

Passenger: I'm just saying, if we have it, we might as well use it.

Driver: If you want to use it when you're driving, be my guest. But when I'm driving, I do it my way.

Passenger: Maybe I would... if it would let me...

[The couple drive a little while longer, but are clearly lost.]

Navigation: Please enter your desired destination. Do not worry, I will not tell anybody you used me.

Passenger: Honestly babe, just use the direction-thingy. Why do you have to always do this? You can never agree with me. It's like you purposefully do these things just to mess with me, and sometimes it feels like you're driving me away. We never talk like we used, before we were married. Now all you want to do is talk about sports and do things your way, what happened to our-

Navigation: Please enter your desired destination to shut this woman up.

[The driver looks over at the passenger for a second, then leans over and starts to enter in the destination.]

FADE TO BLACK

Side Note: The intention of this skit was to make fun of the male side of using a navigation system (you got women who would never follow it correctly, and men who would never use it). Given the way that ended, it seems to be more of a shot at women, but that wasn't the intent.

I think the premise is definitely there. We've all been in those situations where someone's refused to ask for directions, even though they clearly have no idea where they're going. We've also been there when someone refused to shut up, and then somehow morphed an argument about one thing into an entire microcosm of their relationship and used that as a time to express their dissatisfaction in other areas of the relationship. But that's the beauty of the navigation system – just use it, and you can avoid both problems. (That should be a commercial or something.)

DAY 131 (235) - A PLAY A DAY IN MAY #11

May 12, 2007 | Skits

Your Sister

Location: Lunch table

Characters: Dennis, Larry

Dennis: I think I'm falling madly in love with your sister.

Larry: Really? Have you told (our) mom?

FADE TO BLACK

Side Note: This is a pretty simple joke, but I don't know the right wording to get it to make sense right away. Also, it's 3:30am and it's been a long day, so it'll have to do for now.

DAY 132 (234) - A PLAY A DAY IN MAY #12

/ Skits

"Nun" of your Business

Location: Grocery Store

Characters: Clerk, Nun

[The scene begins with the grocery clerk scanning the nun's items. He gets to the final item and has trouble scanning the item. The clerk decides to call for a price check.]

Clerk: Price check on Trojan Condoms. (pause) Out of curiosity, why do you need these?

Nun: Well young sir, it's really "nun" of your business, but if you must know, I plan on "monk"eying around later.

FADE TO BLACK

Side Note: I think that I sometimes overanalyze by own skits/jokes too much. My initial crack at this one left the joke as just the "price check" and was (supposed to be) funny because it was an observational/juxtaposition type premise. But then I thought, "What if an audience just assumed that the nun was buying them to give out in the community to promote safe sex?" So then I added the additional lines which made the premise of the skit more about puns than situational observation.

Side Note Side Note: Now of course I realize that my first concern (about passing out condoms) is actually very unlikely given that there probably aren't too many churches out there promoting pre-marital sex and morally supporting the use of birth control.

DAY 133 (233) - A PLAY A DAY IN MAY #13

May 13, 2007 / Skits

Mother's Day

Location: Bedroom

Characters: Little boy.

[The scene starts at the foot of a bed, with a little boy standing with a sheet of paper in front of him. He begins to read it.]

Little Boy: *Mommy's Day Poem.*

Mommy and Daddy loved each other,
And decided their sons, needed a brother.
They did something, but I don't know what,
My brother knows, but he's keeping his mouth shut.

For 9 months, everything she did consume,
Until one day, I burst out of her womb.
I realize now, she did quite the favor,
Sitting through 36 hours of painful labor.

She took me home, and I was a bundle of joy,
Until my brothers and I started to fight over toys.
It must be tough, to raise three kids.
Especially when they all act, so stu-pid.

I haven't always been, the most perfect child,
In fact, I'll admit, I can be kinda wild.
I've been known to do some silly things,
Like the time I tried, to use cardboard for wings.

But every single time, mommy comes through,
It seems like she knows, just what to do.
It's not always pleasnt, like when I ate a dime,
She made me sit on the toilet, and she waited the whole time.

It's things like that, I'll never understand.
That's why I'm glad mommy's a girl, and not a man.
And so, dear mommy, all I wanted to say,
Was I love you lots – Happy Mother's Day.

FADE TO BLACK

HAPPY MOTHER'S DAY!

DAY 134 (232) - A PLAY A DAY IN MAY #14

May 14, 2007 | Skits

[Meeting Thoughts](#)

Location: Meeting Room

Characters: Participant, Presenter, Various other meeting attendees

[The scene begins with a person presenting a PowerPoint presentation and droning on about sales figures.]

Participant (inner thoughts): *Oh my God, this lady is going on forever. How long can one person possibly talk about 3rd Quarter sales? By the time she's done with this presentation it will be time for another one about the 4th Quarter.*

Presenter: *And so the total sales in cosmetics were down 5%, meaning we didn't do as well as last quarter.*

Participant (inner thoughts): *Seriously, does she think we're all idiots or something here? Come on, I graduated from Carnegie Mellon, we were doing this type of crap my freshman year. She just thinks she so smart because she went to Yale, or some place dumb like that. Too bad they didn't teach her how to be concise.*

[As the presenter continues on, the participant eyes start to glaze over. Soon his eyelids start to fall and he jerks his head back upright after it slowly falls forward.]

Participant (inner thoughts): *OK, I've got to do something to keep myself awake. Alright, let's look around and see how everyone else is doing. Oh, look at Perry, he is out! Oh man, she just saw he was sleeping too, she's got to be pissed. Haha, poor fool. Oh crap, now she's looking at me. Just act nonchalant, nod that head. OK, she's moved on to looking at someone else.*

[A little more time passes as the presenter continues on.]

Participant (inner thoughts): *I think I might have to kill her. That might be the only way we're getting out of here alive. I could just take that lapel she's wearing and wrap it around her neck or something. Really, it'd be self-defense, she's trying to bore us to death, I swear. I'd probably be a hero, people would cheer me. They'd create a special day for me, buy me a cake that said "Thanks for taking out Bridgette!" Oh God, she's looking at me again. I think she just asked a question. Just mumble something non-intelligible.*

Participant (out loud, mumbling): *Yeah, the snifleflf, uh huh.*

Participant (inner thoughts): *Phew, I think she bought it, she's just moved on to someone else.*

[A little more time passes, the slideshow switches to yet another chart.]

Participant (inner thoughts): *Dear Lord, please let this end soon. I promise if I make it out of this alive, I'll give up using your name in vain and at least 5 of the other 10 commandments... Oh wait, she's wrapping up. Thank the Lord, it's about God-damn time.*

FADE TO BLACK

This one is mostly just taken out of my own head after sitting through a rather excruciating meeting (I won't say when or where, but I will say that murder wasn't out of the question).

DAY 135 (231) - A PLAY A DAY IN MAY #15

May 15, 2007 | Skits

[Document Shredder](#)

Location: Office

Characters: Boss, Worker

[The scene starts in an office cubicle, there is a box filled with paper on a desk.]

Boss: Take these files down the shredder and get rid of them.

[The worker grabs the box and starts heading down the hallway. He reaches a door and goes down some steps into a basement. He sets the box of miscellaneous papers next to a large number of boxes.]

Worker: Here ya go, have fun with these.

[The camera turns to reveal Shredder (from Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles) standing there, dejected, eating pages and pages of paper from one of the boxes. There is a dim light on Shredder, the rest of the basement is dark. In the background you can make out the faint outline of a toilet.]

FADE TO BLACK

If you can't tell I recently got a shredder for my apartment, and have been having the fun of shredding old receipts and bank statements. I imagine the above version of a shredder would be much cooler, though probably a tad more expensive.

The siddle thing I like about that skit is that Shredder is not restrained there, suggesting he is doing this job willingly. It makes you wonder what terrible chain of events led him from being a feared villain to just another office drone – ahh what a tearful site (and now I have to wonder do I mean full of tears, as in crying, or a lot of tearing as in ripping...).

DAY 136 (230) - A PLAY A DAY IN MAY #16

May 16, 2007 | Skits

[Alphabet Sketch](#)

Location: Bar

Characters: Jimmy, Vince

[The scene starts with a guy walking up to his friend.]

Jimmy: Eyyy, how's it going?

Vince: Not bad Jimmy, how's it be?

Jimmy: Pretty good. Didn't think I'd see Frank here.

Vince: Yeah, it always depends on when he's gonna show up.

Jimmy: Even though we know him, he still kinda creeps me out, ef ya catch my drift?

Vince: Gee, Jimmy, that doesn't seem fair.

Jimmy: Maybe it's because he uses Preparation H.

Vince: Ew, I didn't know he used that. He got the hems or somethin'?

Jimmy: Yeah, Jason told me.

Vince: Just between us, he's also got the Clap, but that didn't come from me, K?

Jimmy: That ain't right. We should elbrow drop him for not telling us, that ain't right.

Vince: Turns out he got it from Emily.

Jimmy: That girl in the bakery?

Vince: Yeah, the one that opens the store every day.

Jimmy: The one with peach color hair?

Vince: I've always stared at her when waiting on the queue, never imagined he'd get with someone like her.

Jimmy: She's arguably the cutest girl I've seen around this city.

Vince: Yeah, no escaping that.

Jimmy: Personally thought she was just a tease.

Vince: Because she's never gotten with you?

Jimmy: Probably better that way, if she's got some v disease.

Vince: Score that as one W for us then.

Jimmy: That's for sure... Great, my ex, Sarah, just walked through the door.

Vince: Why don't we get outta here, this place sucks anyway

Jimmy: Let's hope Sarah meets Frank, they go crazy for each other, and then Frank gives her the clap.

[Vince and Jimmy get up and leave.]

FADE TO BLACK

This skit was quite a doozy to make. I came up with the concept awhile ago, but never tried actually writing out the 26 lines of dialogue. I think what really tripped me up was trying not to use any of the letters anywhere else in the scene (an impossibility with "I", but I think I did pretty good with the other letters).

This probably isn't the best skit to see in writing – hopefully it will be funny when actually acted out.

DAY 137 (229) - A PLAY A DAY IN MAY #17

May 17, 2007 | Skits

Have a Good One

Location: Diner

Characters: Bill, Greg, and Barry

[The scene starts with all three guys sitting around, wrapping up a conversation.]

Barry: *Well guys, I better be heading out. My girl is going into labor, we're about to have our first born child!*

[Barry gets up to leave.]

Greg: *Have a good one, man.*

[Barry stops, and turns back around.]

Barry: *Wait, what did you say to me?*

Bill (under his breath): *Here we go.*

Greg: *I... I just said, "have a good one."*

Barry: *A good one what? Huh? What do you want me to have that's good? You saying you want me to have a good pregnancy? Just because I work at Frank's Beef and Candy shop, I need some yuppie like you to tell me to have a good one?*

Greg: *No... I was... I was just saying have a good one, like have a good day.*

Barry: *Ohhhh, so now you're telling me what to do, huh? Like I wasn't gonna try to have a good day before, but now that the all powerful Greg has commanded me to have a good day, I have to? You think just because I work at Frank's Beef and Candy Shop, and my girl and I are about to have a child, even though we aren't married, that you're better than us and control when I will and won't have a good day?*

Greg: *I'm... sorry, I didn't mean to offend you. Look I know you gotta be getting to the hospital so you don't miss the birth of your child... Good luck, man.*

Barry: *Good luck? You just want me to serve you a beating don't you? A preppy boy from a rich family is bestowing his good fortune on me by wishing me good luck. Ooooh, just because I work at Frank's Beef and Candy shop, and me and my girl about to have a pre-marital child, and she works at the Baby Gap in the mall, and there's a 50% chance that the kid ain't even mine, you think I need you to spare some of your good luck around like I'm a hobo looking for quarters?*

Bill: *Barry, Barry. What he's just trying to say is "bye."*

Barry: *Oh..., well damn, why didn't you just say that?*

FADE TO BLACK

This skit started out much more about the idea of wishing someone a "good day" and how that adds too much added pressure (which also makes me wonder if it's insulting to say to someone, "Have a day"), but it turned into some guy just being quite ridiculous.

I think that it could gone any number of ways towards the end, so I may have to revisit the conclusion of this one again some time.

DAY 138 (228) - A PLAY A DAY IN MAY #18

May 19, 2007 | Skits

Time = Money

Location: Office boardroom

Characters: Boss, various peons

[The scene starts in a boardroom with the boss speaking.]

Boss: *Ok gentlemen. We've all heard that time equals money. Well, I want to know exactly how much money it equals. Go.*

Peon 1: *Well sir, general Time must equal \$3.99/week. However, if the time is from New York, then it's \$.50/day, except Sundays – then it's \$1.50.*

Peon 2: *And sir, if you're looking for "Good Times," well then you're looking at \$30/year for up to 6 years from 1974 to 1979.*

FADE TO BLACK

I have to admit, I'm not all that happy with this skit. I really like the premise (trying to derive an exact amount from "time = money" and also using common things with the word time in them ("Time Magazine", "New York Times", "Good Times"), I just think it falls through in the execution because it doesn't really flow well and is a bit of a stretch for audiences to understand what the hell I'm talking about.

It's amazing how it being late at night can affect one's decision to leave only a mediocre skit up for the night...

DAY 139 (227) - A PLAY A DAY IN MAY #19

May 20, 2007 | Skits

Inter-office Love

Location: Factory

Character: Boss, Peon

[The scene starts in the office at a factory.]

Boss: *Johnson – get your ass in here.*

Peon: *Yes Mr. Barnett, what is it?*

Boss: *I've heard you're dating one of the fellow employees.*

Peon: *Um, that's right sir. I actually wanted to talk to you about a raise. I think that my work merits an additional 6% raise.*

Boss: *You have the nerve... to come in here... and start tellin me you need a raise? After you broke one HRs major's heart.*

Peon: *Well sir, the person I'm dating is your daughter...*

Boss: *WHAT?*

Peon: *That's right. And if you have any hopes of getting her out of the house, I'm going to need a raise.*

Boss: *How dare you ar- wait, did you say that would help me get out do*

Peon: *Sir, I'm just saying a 6% raise could go a long way. After that, youre daugther will be so consumed me she isn't around to force you to watch American Idol.*

Boss: *You're saying I could get out of seeing Simon's face every week. Raise granted.*

FADE TO BLACK

DAY 140 (226) - A PLAY A DAY IN MAY #20

/ Skits

How Drunk Were You?

Location: Breakfast Diner.

Characters: Todd, Bennie, Steve

[Everyone's sitting around a table, talking.]

Todd: *Oh man, Bennie, you must have been wasted last night. We saw you at the club, and you were with this massive beast of a woman. Steve, this girl was 250 at least. Whoo, how much did you drink, Bennie?*

Bennie: *I was DD last night... that was my girlfriend...*

DAY 141 (225) - A PLAY A DAY IN MAY #21

May 21, 2007 | Skits

Bedtime Prayer

Location: Bedroom
Characters: Small child

[The child is getting ready to go to sleep, and kneels before his bed.]

Child: Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
Four corners to my bed, four angels there aspread:
Two to foot and two to head, and four to carry me when I'm dead.
If any danger come to me, sweet Jesus Christ deliver me.
And if I die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take.

[The child pauses briefly.]

Child: Don't you think that's a bit morbid Lord? I'm only 7 years old, should I really be thinking about death? ... Oh, and can you make Steven not just such a booger head? Amen.

FADE TO BLACK

I've been thinking about this one for awhile, but it kind of feels like this might have been done before. Does anyone know of a skit or anything with this same concept?

DAY 142 (224) - A PLAY A DAY IN MAY #22

May 22, 2007 | Skits

Do You Have the Time?

Location: City street
Characters: Businessman, Hobo

[The scene starts with a businessman walking down the street, where he is stopped by the homeless man.]

Hobo: Excuse me, sir, but-

Businessman: Ew, don't talk to me you vile wretched beast of a man. No, I don't have any change for you, you parasite. How can you live with yourself, feeding of the goodwill of others, not doing anything to better your predicament but beg others to somehow fix life for you. Well life is not fair, and nothing will be handed to you, you've got to take your life into your own hands. Carpe diem as they say. But what would you know about carpe-ing anything? Nothing. Oh, you disgust me!

Hobo: I... I just wanted to know what time it was sir, I'm sorry.

Businessman: Oh... uh, it's 7:30...

Hobo: Sir, what was that you were saying about taking your life into your own hands. Carpe diem, isn't that "Seize the day?"

Businessman: Why, yes it is.

[The hobo stands up and pulls out a shiv.]

Hobo: Good, then give me all your money. And let me carpe that watch.

FADE TO BLACK

DAY 143 (223) - A PLAY A DAY IN MAY #23

May 23, 2007 | Skits

Stupidity Insurance

Location: White Room

Characters: Speaker, various "clients"

[The scene starts with a man dressed in a suit walking out in the direction of the camera.]

Speaker: Do you often find yourself saying "Hey guys, watch this." Do you often hear this after doing a particular activity: "How the hell did you manage that?" or "You did what?" If so, you may be interested in a revolutionary insurance company designed just for you.

[The scene cuts to two guys on the street. One is on the ground, his leg clearly broken.]

Actor 1: Dude, I told you you couldn't jump over my car.

Actor 2: I told you that you had to be going at least 40 miles per hour, you were barely pushing 35.

Actor 1: Don't blame me for not being able to jump. But we better get you to a hospital, that looks pretty bad.

Actor 2: No way, man. I can't afford this and there's no way my insurance company will pay for it.

Actor 1: What? You don't have AAA Stupidity Insurance? Well, that's just stupid.

Actor 2: Stupidity insurance?

Actor 1: Yeah, they insure you when you do something stupid, like trying to jump over a Cadillac.

[The scene cuts back to the speaker.]

Speaker: That's right, here at stupidity insurance, we insure you against yourself. How often do you get into a car accident? How many times do tornados really tear through your house? Not many. But how many times do you do something stupid?

[The scene cuts to an insurance claims agent talking to a guy in a front yard.]

Insurance Agent: So your saying the lawn gnome gave you a look, so you came over and started to molest it. When the neighbor came out and confronted you, you grabbed the gnome, ran into his back yard, and then for some reason proceeded to bash the gnome into your neighbor's garden of Zinnias, saying "Your such a tease." Well, that should all be covered under your Level 2 Stupidity policy.

[The scene cuts back to the speaker.]

Speaker: At AAA Stupidity Insurance, we insure you against what really happens – your own stupidity. What other policies consider "negligence" or "incompetence," we consider legitimate claims. Break your hand seeing if you can stop a fan with just one finger? Covered. Damage a kitchen sink in a fit of roid rage? Covered. Suffer from beer goggles, bring a girl home, and need to pay for that STD test? That's right, your covered. At AAA Stupidity Insurance, we even cover stupid social interactions. At an office party, and say something dumb?

[The scene cuts to an office party.]

Actor 3: I don't care if that chick in accounting is pregnant, I'd do her in a heartbeat.

Boss: The only girl in accounting is my daughter... and she's not pregnant.

Actor 3: Uh...um...

[The scene cuts to the man in a corner of office making a phone call.]

Speaker (voice over): Just call your insurance agent, explain the situation, and he will be on his way to help out.

[Cut back to man speaking to his boss again. An Insurance Agent comes and joins the conversation.]

Insurance Agent: Oh man, Steve, it turns out that hot pregnant girl doesn't work in accounting, she's in finance.

[The scene cuts back to the speaker.]

Speaker: With us, you'll never be without coverage again. AAA Stupidity Insurance, not having it would just be stupid.

[Voice over comes up, speaking really fast.]

Voice Over: Stupidity Insurance covers damage to health caused by mistaken judgement and general contests between friends, damage done unto inanimate objects and drunk people done while drunk, and socially awkward situations also known as "putting one's foot in one's mouth." A stupidity test will be taken prior to assigning coverage to assess the level of insurance required and appropriate premium level. AAA Stupidity Insurance is not liable for legitimate accidents or acts of god. In the case of death caused by stupid event, all insurance claims are null and must be taken up with your life insurance agency (you do have life insurance right?) Void where prohibited and Kentucky.

FADE TO BLACK

DAY 144 (222) - A PLAY A DAY IN MAY #24

May 24, 2007 | Skits

Cancer Cure

Location: Press conference

Characters: Various reporters, scientist

[A scientist is holding a press conference to answer questions about his recent discovery of a cure for cancer.]

Reporter: Sir, being a fellow Ohioan, I'm very proud that a fellow Buckeye was the one that lead the breakthrough for a cure. Now I have to ask, what was it that made you designate so much time to finding a cure? Was it that your mother died of breast cancer, that you were diagnosed with lung cancer, or is it because over a 1/2 million people die of cancer every year in the US alone? What was your motivation, and what do you plan on doing next?

[The scientist pulls out a cigarette and lights it.]

Scientist: Well, it really came down to all you bastards voting for a smoking ban. Now that you've got no cancer to worry about, you pansies shouldn't be bothering me about smoking wherever I damn well please. And next up, AIDS!

FADE TO BLACK

Random site note – I've now reached 144 straight days of blogging – that's just gross (ba don cha).

DAY 145 (221) - A PLAY A DAY IN MAY #25

May 25, 2007 | Skits

Make Up

Location: Kitchen

Characters: Father, young daughter

[The scene begins with a father and daughter sitting around a kitchen table. The daughter is still pre-teenage years.]

Daughter: Daddy, can I start wearing make-up?

Father: No honey, make-up is for girls who want to become tramps.

[There is a brief moment of silence.]

Daughter: Daddy, doesn't mommy wear make-up?

Father: Exactly.

FADE TO BLACK

Side note: I'll be headed up to Chicago this weekend for some relaxation and don't know if my hotel room will have internet access. If it does, everything will continue as normal. If not, I'll catch up with everything on Monday night. Have a good extended weekend!

DAY 146 (220) - A PLAY A DAY IN MAY #26

May 28, 2007 | Skits

[Cheer Liters](#)

Location: Backyard

Characters: Young Daughter, Mom

[The scene starts with the mom walking into the backyard, only to see her daughter performing cheer routines with a bottle of Cheer laundry detergent right next to her.]

Mom: Honey, what are you doing with the laundry detergent?

Daughter: Duh, mommy, we're cheerleaders (Cheer liters).

FADE TO BLACK

Side Note: Our hotel didn't have Internet access as you may have guessed, so I'm adding the rest of the posts tonight. The trip itself was a ton of fun, we hung out, got to see some improv shows, walked around the city, saw a few apartments – all in all, a great weekend.

DAY 147 (219) - A PLAY A DAY IN MAY #27

/ Skits

[Failed P&G Combinations](#)

Location: Meeting Room

Characters: Boss, various peons

[The scene starts in a boardroom. There are 3 subordinates and their boss discussing some new ideas.]

Boss: Ok, with the recent success of some of combo products like Tide with Febreze, there's a lot of pressure on us to find new ones. So, what do you guys got?

Peon 1: Alright, well the Febreze thing seems to be working really well, and people are loving the scents, so, what if we combined the scents of Febreze with one of fragrances like Hugo Boss. We could call it Hugo FeBoss.

Boss: Are you an idiot? You want us to take colognes with names like "Energise" and "Soul", and replace them with scents like "Citrus Spray" and "Vanilla Bean?" What's next?

Peon 2: Ok boss. Well Tide is our number 1 brand, so it has a lot of purchasing power behind it, and people associate it

with tough cleaning. What if we combine Tide, with Crest. It could be a super whitening agent: Crest, with Bleach Tide.

Boss: *That's dumber than the first idea. You think people want to be cleaning their mouths with the same thing that's strong enough to get grass stains and blood out of clothing? Why don't we just tell them to use Cascade as mouthwash? I sure hope you have something good.*

Peon 3: *It's funny you should mention mouthwash sir, because that's what I was thinking. What if we combine Scope with another popular brand – Charmin.*

FADE TO BLACK

DAY 148 (218) - A PLAY A DAY IN MAY #28

/ Skits

Mr. Puntato Head

Location: Various

Characters: Kid, Mr. Potato Head, Announcer

[The scene is a short commercial for a new product. As Mr. Potato Head comes into view, the announcer speaks]

Announcer: *After remaining relatively the same over the past 50 years, we are proud to announce the next version of Mr. Potato Head. The same toy kids have enjoyed for years, is getting a new face lift. Introducing... Mr. Puntato Head.*

[The camera cuts to a kid putting a nose on Mr. Potato Head.]

Announcer: *Mr. Puntato Head – he nose how to make you laugh! That's right, as you add or remove items from Mr. Puntato Head, he treats you to hilarious pun!*

[The kid pulls off one of Mr. Potato Head's legs.]

Mr. Puntato Head: *Hey... quit pulling my leg.*

[The kid is not impressed, so he adds on an arm.]

Mr. Puntato Head: *Look out... now I'm armed and dangerous.*

Announcer: *Mr. Puntato Head, the only toy that serenades your kids with a new joke each time they play with it. A toy that any child is sure to enjoy.*

[The kid adds two ears.]

Mr. Puntato Head: *Say something kid, I'm all ears.*

[The kid starts crying, obviously hating the toy. He pulls everything off and throws the toy against the wall.]

Mr. Puntato Head: *Now I'm really getting a-head.*

Announcer: *Mr. Puntato Head – he's just loads of pun(s).*

FADE TO BLACK

DAY 149 (217) - A PLAY A DAY IN MAY #29

May 29, 2007 / Skits

Sure

Location: Water cooler at work

Characters: Two co-workers

[The scene takes place as two co-workers are chit-chatting around a water cooler.]

Worker 1: Hey, did you have a good weekend?

Worker 2: Sure.

Worker 1: Spend some time with the kids?

Worker 2: Sure.

Worker 1: Are you just saying "Sure" to everything I say because you just got transferred to deodorants?

Worker 2: Sure.

[The first worker thinks for a second.]

Worker 1: Who's your favorite comedian?

Worker 2: Pauly-

Worker 1: I knew you couldn't keep it –

Worker 2: Sure.

Worker 1: I hate you.

FADE TO BLACK

Side Note: Incidentally, Pauly Shore is at the Funny Bone this Weekend (Friday-Sunday). More importantly, I will be at the Funny Bone at Newport on the Levee on Thursday 5/31 for a 5-minute set if you want to come and check it out. More information on the Funny Bone website – tickets \$10.

DAY 150 (216) - A PLAY A DAY IN MAY #30

May 30, 2007 | Skits

New Shampoo

Location: Anywhere

Characters: Guy, Girl

[The guy and girl come to center stage and begin the scene.]

Girl: There's something about this new shampoo I'm trying that just leaves me out of breath.

Guy: Is it Herbal Essences?

Girl: No, Pantene (panting).

FADE TO BLACK

DAY 151 (215) - A PLAY A DAY IN MAY #31

May 31, 2007 | Skits

Charmin

Location: Office water cooler

Characters: Two co-workers

[The two co-workers are standing around a water cooler chit-chatting.]

Co-worker 1: Did you hear we're selling off the toilet paper brand?

Co-worker 2: No, why?

Co-worker 1: *I guess business is going down the crapper.*

FADE TO BLACK

Finally, 31 days of skits is over. It was definitely an interesting challenge to say the least, and I think I understand the process much better, I just don't think that a blog is the right venue to try to work on skits.

But nonetheless, I think some good ones came out of it, and be on the lookout for the taped version of some of these in the future. Some of my favorites from the month:

- Honest Navigation System
- PUNishment
- No Waiting in Line 18
- Honest Navigation System Part 2
- Document Shredder
- Bedtime Prayer
- Stupidity Insurance
- Make Up

DAY 152 (214) - MAY IN REVIEW

June 1, 2007 | Info

Man, what a great month May was. Let's check in on my resolutions:

May in Review

1. **Finish the 365 Days of Drewy Goodness Challenge paying out less than \$300.** No problems here. This was the first month that I really missed a day, but it was because I was in Chicago with no internet access, so it's all good.
2. **Limit the number of times I write 2006 for the date.** 2006 is dead to me.
3. **Have 30 minutes of professional material, 20 of which is 100% clean.** I've written more stand-up, but I haven't gotten a chance to test it enough yet to say if it is of professional quality.
4. **Create an interactive website.** I added a calendar to the website... but that's about it. I think I just need to design something and pay someone to do the actual building of it.
5. **Learn a song on guitar.** I've picked what song I want to play first ("Hey Ya" by OutKast) because it's incredibly easy (only four chords), but I'm still struggling with the rythm, so I haven't learned it quite yet.
6. **Perform in front of 5,000 people total, 500 at one time.** May was a great month for performing. Smarty Pants did some of our Muse shows, one of which was in front of 700 kids (so there goes part 2 of the resolution). I also got back into stand-up with some open mics and competitions, knocking my total up to 2675 total for the year (an increase of 1770 in one month!).
7. **Actually tape a skit.** Still not quite what I was looking for, but we made an improvised skit on our way up to Chicago, as soon as I have a little bit more time I'll post it on YouTube and send out the link. I am a lot closer on the original intent of this one (writing a skit and then taping it), because I do have 31 skits now written.
8. **Finish making the various "Best Of" DVDs.** No real progress here.
9. **Get 1 Ratings at P&G.** I'm still in the beginning stages of my projects, but I should have the "extracurricular" taken care of by now.
10. **Rate all of the songs in my iTunes.** Like I mentioned last month, I picked up some new songs, so after hitting 0 left to be rated, I'm now back up to 3500.

BONUS: **Not hit the snooze button once.** I feel like I've been cheating here (using the loop hole of just resetting my alarm clock for more than an hour later), so I'm increasing the difficulty. The rule is now that I have to get up the first time my alarm clock rings. That's it, no loop holes.

Well, another month down, and I feel like it was a good one. I made some progress in some areas – especially the performance one. Not only did that put me back on track to meet my goal of 5,000 people by the end of the year, it lead to a great opportunity this weekend: opening for Pauly Shore. That's right, I'll be at the Newport Funny Bone this weekend as MC for Pauly Shore (thanks Rick!). This marks the first time I'll be getting paid to do stand-up (does that mean I'm a professional?), so let's hope that kicks off another great month.

DAY 153 (213) - SHORE AM HAVING FUN

June 3, 2007 | Review - Performance

Well 4 shows with **Pauly Shore** are now in the books, and it's been a great experience so far (have 1 more show tomorrow (Sunday) at 7pm). My sets have done decently well, with tonight's 10:15 crowd being the best so far.

For those of you wondering, Pauly's a pretty nice guy and a solid stand-up comedian. He takes the time to do pictures and autographs after every show, which is something I've always respected in comedians/movie stars. And he does it until the last person is gone, which can take awhile considering he draws a good number of fans – most of which are obsessed with "**Bio Dome**" or something like that.

It must be tough for someone like Pauly to still be known for something he did 10+ years ago (imagine if you had to go through that, I'd be known as "Bowl-cut Boy" or something ridiculous like that). Without fail, in every set I've seen, people have to yell out "Weasel." Granted some of that notoriety has helped opened some doors for him, but it's also typecasted him in a certain light. I think he's handled it pretty well, and uses it as a springboard into his act.

The Feature act, **Tommy Tallarino**, is also a great guy – very personable, willing to give advice, and is funny both on and off stage. He said something today that's really stuck with me as far as comedy goes – "You've got to learn your act." And that may not seem profound, but in the context of our conversation, it was like a light bulb going off in my head.

He's not talking about just memorizing what it is you want to say, he's talking about exploring the ins and outs of your on-stage persona, your material, your range as a comedian. Not only do you have to memorize your ideas, but you have learn the way that you should do it (sound fx? physical motions? long pauses?). Not only that, but you have to learn yourself. You have to find out what makes you unique, what makes you funny, and what makes you honest on stage. As Seinfeld said, "The whole object of comedy is to be yourself and the closer you get to that, the funnier you will be."

So that great insight, plus what Pauly talked to me about understanding the roles of the MC vs. the Feature vs. the Headliner (i.e. that the MC should be more of a host than a comedian), has made for an amazingly educational stand-up weekend (and of course the stage time helped). Hopefully it will pan out and help me this coming Wednesday, when I battle it out for the title of "**Funniest Person in Cincinnati**" at **Go Banana's** (show starts at 8pm, tickets are \$5).

(Picture added 6/4/07):



DAY 154 (212) - CLICK CLICK BOOM

/ Random Thoughts

It's weird to me how certain things just put you in certain moods. Sometimes it's a song you hear, or a quote you read, or, in tonight's case, a movie you see. And I don't know if it's because I'm in an interesting mood right now considering the **great comedy weekend** juxtaposed to my return to the corporate world tomorrow (where you can be certain there won't be any late night parties with Pauly Shore while mingling with models and actresses – not that that happened this weekend, it's just it's very unlikely to occur while at work this week).

But I digress – the movie I watched that put me in this mood was "**Click**" (damn you Keenan for turning it on). It wasn't really all that good of a movie, but it made me sit back and think. Part of it was because it was a movie about a man (**Adam Sandler**) learning that you can't just go through life on auto-pilot, and that you have to take the good with the bad, and part of it was that it also starred **Kate Beckinsale** who might just be the perfect woman. (Side note: pulling the grand theme of life out of a movie like "**Click**" is like pulling the artistic "meaning" behind a "painting" where someone just threw paint on a canvas (aka "abstract art") – "I think it means he's angry at the world and the chaos represents his feelings about today's crazy society." Yeah, that, or he's not much of a painter and just dropped a can of paint on accident.)

But I digress, again – the combo of the weekend and the movie have me thinking about where I'm at currently in this whole thing called "life." At 23, I've still got plenty of years ahead of me (I hope), but it's hard not to feel like I need to pick a direction some time soon. I could stay in the comfort of Cincinnati at a great company, find a wonderful woman to love, raise a family on a very comfortable income, and retire after potentially reaching the upper echelons of management at P&G. OR, I could throw all of that away to pursue comedy, live out of a car on the road, put off trying to find a wife, and potentially fail.

Now what's interesting is that for some reason I don't see failure as even a remote option at P&G. Perhaps it's the whole Gen Y hubris taking over, but for some reason I know I can succeed there (and feel like I'm off to a good start). But there's uncertainty in the whole comedy thing. There are plenty of talented people out there that just never made it and are working at some motel right now, cleaning the sheets of other wanna-be movie stars.

So what's the whole point of this stream-of-consciousness post? I don't know. Maybe I'm just trying to point out that I still have no idea what I want to do with my life (does anyone know?). Maybe it's just been so long since I've done a "**random thoughts**" post that I needed to. Maybe it's just like I've dropped a can of paint on the ground and these are the words that spilled out. All I know is that I never would have

thought that "Click" would have been the movie to make me think about this kind of stuff.

I'll end tonight with a pun inspired by life:

Did you hear about the cereal killer? He got a "Life" sentence.

DAY 155 (211) - FUN WITH METAPHORS #1

June 4, 2007 | Stand-Up

Metaphors/similes can make a good stand-up set into a great one (much like Kanye has proved with music), so tonight here are a few metaphors to potentially work into a set at a later date:

- ... so ugly she'd make Ray Charles flinch.
- ... so incredible you might as well call me the Hulk (or Edible Egg).
- ... so tired I might as well be a FireStone.
- ... as crazy as a midget playing basketball.
- ... as poor as Bush's approval ratings.
- ... as mean as an average.
- ... dumber than that last joke.
- ... angrier than a squirrel finding out the asylum was filled with the wrong kind of nuts.
- ... scarier than the thought of Rosie O'Donnell getting another show.

DAY 156 (210) - IT'S HOW YOU PLAY THE GAME

June 5, 2007 | Info

Well tomorrow I compete for the title of "Funniest Person in Cincinnati" (Go Banana's Comedy Club, 8pm) and I'm a bit nervous. Luckily I had a bunch of sets this weekend to work on material, and have what I think is a solid 5-minute set. I just hope the audience agrees.

Really, I just want to have a good set and have a lot of fun... Ok, that's partially a lie, but it's the right thing to say isn't it? "It's not whether you win or lose, it's how you play the game." Ummm, yeah, not so much. Sure it's certainly about just having fun and doing well, but it's also about winning. Are wars just about how you "play?" Well France, we admire the way you fought that war, lining up like that and being all gentlemanly, but we won, so welcome to slavery and oppression.

Now I am in no way suggesting that stand-up is like war – though there is some violence involved. You can die on stage or completely bomb, or the audience can be dead. And if you do well, then you've killed.

I guess what I'm really trying to say is that I'm really excited for tomorrow. I just hope I put on a good show, the people that come support me have a good time, and it becomes just a fun night all around.

.... and I win ;).

DAY 157 (209) - SE7EN

June 6, 2007 | Review - Performance

Ahh, 7 shows in 7 days – not too shabby. Tonight was the finals of the "Funniest Person in Cincinnati" at Go Bananas, and it was a lot of fun. And **even though I didn't win**, I did have fun. I performed my set moderately well and a lot of great friends and family came out and showed their support (thank you everyone, you guys have been amazingly supportive).

So now that my week of stand-up is over, what next? Well, us **Smarty Pants** guys have a family-friendly improv comedy show this weekend at the **Newport Funny Bone** (let me know if you're interested in a buy 1 get 1 free ticket).

Additionally, I want to actually keep up with the whole stand-up thing. Ever since I started, it seems like I've gone in spurts (perform every week or so for a month or two, and then take two to three months off). I want to actually try to perform at a minimum once a month for the rest of the year. That will help me work on new material and make sure I stay fresh like the prince of Bel Air.

And of course this blog is a big help with that. With "A Play a Day in May" behind us, I can return to making "jokes and jokes and jokes – spaghetti, spaghetti, spaghetti" (thank you, Dave Chappelle). So with that in mind, I leave you with a joke about laughing:

A group of hyenas have started a company and will begin publicly trading shares on Monday – which is quite ridiculous, they will be the laughing stocks of the entire market...

DAY 158 (208) - QUOTE UNQUOTE

June 8, 2007 | Random Thoughts

I spent some time today catching up on the Funny Indian's blog (I'm still some days behind), and came across this [amazing post of 50 of his top principles](#). Rajiv's an incredibly smart guy, and knows what he's doing both in the corporate and stand-up worlds, so I found his post insightful and inspiring (kind of like that "Wear Sunscreen" thing from a few years ago).

Scattered throughout Rajiv's post are some great quotes, some from historical figures, some from songs, some from movies. I've always wanted to be quoted for something cool (it's one of my life's 100 goals), but at my current rate, the only thing I'd be quoted on is something like "That's two decades in penis years."

I don't know what it is about certain quotes, but they always seem so inspiring. It can be the simplicity of something like "Just Do It" that makes a quote powerful, or just a clever way of saying something that gives you confidence – "I sell ice in the winter, I sell fire in Hell, I am hustla baby, I'll sell water to a well." Either way, it just makes you want to go out and accomplish something.

Maybe one of these days I'll say something incredibly profound that other people will be inspired by, and if I'm lucky it will be something punny too. Tonight is most likely not that night, and I'd like to leave you with some final words of wisdom from somebody famous, but I believe I've reached my quote-a ... (ba don cha).

DAY 159 (207) - RANDOM OBSERVATIONS #1

June 9, 2007 | Random Thoughts Stand-Up

Some random observations/thoughts:

- You never really realize how important eye contact is until you start talking to someone with a lazy eye.
- When you're in an elevator, for the sake of others, please don't munch on chips – it's loud and incredibly annoying.
- If someone gives you a compliment, just say thanks. By saying no, you are negating their opinion – which may often times be wrong, but just pretend they're right this time.
- I just now realized that if you say condiments really fast, it sounds like condom mints – that's funny.
- Paris Hilton sucks (literally and figuratively).
- If you have your prostate removed, are you left with a semi-colon?
- Best Buy often isn't the best buy.
- Guitar Hero is a bit of an ambitious name. No one is going to become a hero by playing guitar, unless of course they use it to fight crime – that's something I get amped up about.
- Does anyone else sing "Stop... in the name of love" whenever they see that red hand at a cross walk?
- It probably wasn't very fun to play "Marco Polo" with Jesus. But I bet vampires loved him.
- Just once I want commercials to be honest. "Who won the truck of the year, best new design, and roomiest cab? That's right, Nissan, Nissan, and ... well actually the last one was won by Ford, but still a heck of a run right?"

DAY 160 (206) - LITTLE RED ROOSTER

/ Stand-Up

I've recently been listening to a lot of older music (thanks Billboard Top Hits 1959 – 2000), and realized something. My mom told me I wasn't allowed to listen to rap music when growing up because of the subject matter, and she encouraged me to try some music from the 60's and 70's. I don't know if that's the best idea.

One of the Sinatra's best songs is "It Was A Very Good Year" – a song that explains that his "good years" are directly correlated to getting some of that dirty dirty. Jimmy Soul had a nice song called "If You Want to Be Happy" that suggests you should marry an ugly woman if you want to be happy (because she'll cook and clean and what not for you, whereas an attractive woman will break your heart). The best,

though, is a song called “Little Red Rooster” by Sam Cooke (and apparently The Rolling Stones and The Doors too). You get 1 guess as to what he’s referring to... and it has nothing to do with farm animals.

Ok, so maybe those aren’t as bad as some of today’s songs, but I still find it funny that my mom had no problem with me listening to that stuff. I guess it just really goes to show the importance of how you say something, not just what you say. So if you ever want to tell someone off, just do it in a nice, baby voice, and they probably won’t even notice that you’re really telling them they can stick where the sun don’t shine.

DAY 161 (205) - PERSONA SMERSONA

June 10, 2007 | Random Thoughts Stand-Up

I’ve recently been doing some thinking about my persona on-stage and have come up with a few ideas about “Stand Up Drew.”

The first big point is that there are some key differences and similarities between my on-stage and off-stage personas. If I had to identify some differences, I’d say they were:

- I’m more outgoing on stage than I am in real life – but only to some extent. To even do stand-up and improv is pretty different than how I was in high school, but I’m slowly becoming more outgoing every day. At the same time, I am still way too reserved in front of an audience and need to learn to commit more.
- My sense of humor is bluer (dirtier) in real life. I’ve tried (for the most part) to stay clean whenever doing stand-up, but my natural tendency in improv and every day situations is to go for the blue. I wish it wasn’t true, but it is. However this is one area that I don’t want to just accept and start doing bluer material, I’d rather learn to make my natural self more clever.
- In addition to blue humor, I seem to stick to puns/play-on-words to make people laugh – both on and off stage. I don’t think this is bad, but I need to learn variety (such as characters) in order to keep things fresh.

And while there are many things that “come through” about me on stage, I think there are few things that are key to my persona:

- I’m in my own head a lot. On stage (improv and stand-up), I’m self-conscious of how a set/scene is going, and what I “should” be doing. Off the stage, I think about how others perceive me and also over-analyze everything.
- I don’t retain emotions long (at least the negative ones). I rarely stay upset with someone for more than a day, and will always try to avoid burning any bridges. My brother’s knew to be mean to me in the morning, because by the time my mom got home at night, I was already past it and everything was hunky-dory (whatever the hell that means). This makes it difficult for me to carry through on a joke that relies on my emotional standpoint on a subject (such as “hating” people that say the word “so” at the end of a sentence).
- I am always trying to think logically. Back to the previous point, I believe that emotions are fleeting and shouldn’t affect you negatively. After one particularly hard break up, I was pissed at myself after a week of still being sad about it because I thought to my self – “life happens, move on, get over yourself.” If only emotions listened like that. This makes some particular jokes even funnier to me, because I really visualize certain things actually happening (like ravens with x-rays).
- I have a rather odd perception of self-pride. I don’t drink alcohol or use medication often because I have this feeling that I should be able to create the same result without outside stimulus (I’ve always thought of alcohol as “steroids for your personality” – and I wanted to be Ken Griffey Jr). But at the same time, worry about what others think, and doubt myself comedically. Which is weird because I truly believe I could do anything that I set my mind to and 100% wanted to achieve (save maybe make it in the NBA or NFL).

I’m not really sure where I wanted this post to go, and didn’t mean for it to be like a “journal” entry, but it is what it is, just as Popeye was who he was. So to bring back the funny, lets end on a joke:

A man goes to a therapist for the first time and is laying down on her coach. She tells him to “start at the beginning” and so the man does. But after every thing he says, the therapist lets out a “sigh.” After 20-30 minutes of this, the man finally gets irritated and asks “Why do you have to keep doing that after everything I say?” The therapists replies, “Didn’t you know, I’m a sigh-chiatrist.” (ba don cha – how do you like that long set up for a pun, haha).

DAY 162 (204) - LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

June 11, 2007 | Stand-Up

I tried dating my optometrist once, but it didn’t work out – we never really saw eye to eye.

I miss her sometimes though, she was quite the looker. She used to tell me I had the most beautiful eyes too – not the iris part, but the actual structure of the cornea. She said it turned her on when my pupils got big and black.

She was also quite the nerd, which was right up my alley. She made a webpage for her optometry office. She called it a “site for sore eyes.”

She had her faults though. She would never decide anything. If we were trying to think of a place to eat, it was always:

Her: "Which sounds better, Chinese or American?"

Me: "Um, American."

Her: "Ok, American or Italian?"

Me: "I guess Italian."

Her: "Ok, Italian or Mexican?"

I knew it wasn't going to last when I came home early one day and caught her finding pleasure from a plastic toy – damn those Mr. Potato Head eyes. The last straw was when she broke my glasses – I told her I couldn't see her anymore. I guess I should have realized that it wasn't never meant to be, but like they say, love is blind ... and hindsight is 20/20.

DAY 163 (203) - VANITY PLATE

June 12, 2007 | Stand-Up

My brothers got me a vanity plate for my birthday with my nickname DTARV on it. It's pretty cool, but it's added a lot of unnecessary pressure on me while driving, because I feel like I have to live up to the plate.

I can't drive too slow because I don't people to think DTARV is a pansy, and I can't drive too fast because I don't want them to think I'm an a-hole (or b-hole for that matter). And now of course I can't even do a hit and run because my plate is too easy to remember.

Having a vanity plate does have it's advantages though. Like I can always easily find my car (unfortunately so can my exes), and it's very easy for me to fill out certain paperwork. The best thing about it is that it gives me a great pickup line with the ladies (this is so very wrong): "Well now that you've been inside DTARV, it's only fair for DTARV to be inside of you."

(Side Note: this is one of those examples of **going to blue**. I got all the way to the end and realized I needed something solid to try to end on, and this is all I could come up with. I now have to ask myself if I used this because I wasn't clever enough to think of anything else, or if it really is funny and would be good to use on stage.)

DAY 164 (202) - CANCUN HERE WE COME

June 13, 2007 | Info

This time tomorrow I'll be partying it up in Cancun... That's right, the Tarvin family (and Garman, Kelley, Lea, etc. etc. families) are all leaving for vacation tomorrow morning. My cousin (a Kelley) is getting married on the beach there, so we'll be spending a week at an all-inclusive resort.

Unfortunately that means that we will have a break from the blog posts for 7 days, as I won't have any internet access while down there. But don't worry, I'll keep writing while I'm each day and will have 8 great posts for you on Thursday night (the missing 7 plus 1 for that day).

But for now, I have to return to packing. Why is it, that even though I've known I'll be going on this trip since sometime last year, that I'm just now getting everything together? Oh yeah, that's right – I'm a guy and don't really worry too much about what I'll be wearing. I just have to open my closet, pull out random things that are at least semi-clean, stuff them in a bag, and I'm good to go.

Though I know I'll still have that feeling that I've left something behind for nearly the entire trip. With luck, the only thing I'll forget to bring are my worries... (cheesy enough for you?).

But it's seriously time to pack now. Goodnight, and we'll see you in a week!

DAY 165 (201) - MEXICO VACATION DAY 1

June 21, 2007 | Info

Ahh, Day 1 of my trip to Mexico for my cousin's wedding. The start of the day wasn't anything special, as in order to start the trip, we had to actually get to Mexico. Luckily it was a direct flight into the Cancun area, so we didn't have to waste time stopping in some other city just to sit around for hours.

This was the first time I've flown since the whole introduction of the "liquids" restriction and find that it must be a very profitable business for the security personnel. One of the females we were flying with forgot to take out some of her more expensive Victoria's Secret lip gloss and lotions, and naturally they were swiped up by the security folks. They were, however, kind enough to leave the 10 cent chapstick and lipstick for her.

One of the common themes in airports these days is the lines. While we were waiting there single file, it made me think back to Kings Island and all the lines we had to wait in there. I was hoping this "ride" wasn't going to be as "exciting" as the ones at the amusement park. I always found it humorous that KI put up these "clever" signs that claimed "Line Jumping is Not a Sport." But what if it was? You'd have professional line cutters practicing anywhere they could find a queue, people wearing fancy "sports" gear. They'd probably show it on ESPN2, as it seems they'll show anything these days (cup stacking, really ESPN2? Really?)

As I've mentioned before, I have no problem sleeping in a car, or plane, so the actual trip went pretty quickly for me. After a 4 hour flight, we had to hop on a bus for a 2 ½ hour bus ride to our resort, and I was awake for maybe 30 minutes of the total riding time.



While I was awake, I did start to wonder if Lance Armstrong's zodiac sign was Cancer, or if that changed after all the chemo. Which then got me thinking about the Tropic of Cancer, and if it used to be called something like the Tropic of Bubonic Plague. With thoughts like those, it was probably better I was asleep most of the time.

Once we finally arrived out our destination, we spent some time getting things adjusted in the room (I'm one of those people that actually unpacks my stuff and puts it in the closets – which is weird, because last time I moved it took at least 2 months for me to unpack everything). We then headed out to explore what our resort had to offer.



It's truly amazing what alcohol can do to people, especially if it's free (the resort is of the all-inclusive variety). I've never seen so many of my family members that drunk before, truly an "experience." I also found out that some of my relatives really "love me," they only told me 300 times.

But it's been a long day, and a long post, so goodnight.

DAY 166 (200) - MEXICO VACATION DAY 2

/ Info

I decided last night that since I was on vacation, I wasn't going to set my alarm clock all trip, and so naturally this morning I woke up at 8am for no reason (after going to bed sometime after 2am). So after everyone else in my room (my two brothers, Adam and David) woke up, we decided to grab some breakfast and enjoy some of the luxuries of the resort.

The place is nice: there's a near picture-perfect beach, a number of different pools, some swim-up bars, beach volleyball, tennis courts, a bunch of different restaurants, and plenty of beautiful women (some of which have no problem tanning topless, cha-ching).



David, me, and two of my cousins decided to do some snorkeling and saw some amazing fish. It's one thing to see different things on the Discovery channel, and then another to actually see them up close and personal. I did realize that I don't always want to know what I'm swimming with, as some of the fish are scarier than a midget clown coming out of a cornfield (ok, maybe not that scary).



We lounged around for most of the rest of the day, and most everyone decided to try to get drunker than the night before – no easy feat. At night we went to the disco where I shook my groove thing, my groove thing, yeah, yeah. We also met some lovely ladies from Pennsylvania, who so "charmingly" nicknamed me "Harry Potter."

And I guess with the release of that damn movie coming out, I'll prolly be getting the Harry Potter thing even more – which means I need to start doing more stand-up about it. Interesting side-note, my very first stand-up set was an entire story about me looking like Harry Potter – which does have it's pros and cons. The nice thing is that plenty of older women like Harry Potter – nothing meant for children has entertained so many adults as Harry Potter, except maybe breasts, but after that. The bad thing is that it generally attracts immature ladies. This one girl I dated loved that I looked like Harry, except she was just so immature. She never could make a decision, made me pay for everything, and never drove anywhere. Granted, she was 12, but still. And don't worry for all of you who think I'm a perv, I was 21, and she was dyslexic, so I'm pretty sure it was legal.

DAY 167 (199) - MEXICO VACATION DAY 3

/ Info

What a hell of a day. We woke up early to go to "Chiki Han" – one of the many excursions they had available for purchase. We drove about 30 minutes away to do some snorkeling, bike riding, and, the best part, some ziplining through the jungle.

The ride itself wasn't bad, other than the fact that in order to get there you had to turn down this road that was surrounded by trees on both the left and the right, and was poorly graveled. While traveling down this beaten path in a van, we were pretty sure that we were being lead to our death. And that's nothing against our nice tour guides, it's just that when you are in a foreign country riding in a van in the middle of nowhere, you really have no idea what's going to happen.

Luckily everything turned out ok, and we got to do some snorkeling in a **cenote** – an underground lake/river that the Mayans believe is a connection to the underworld. After a quick bike ride, and some sitting around, we finally got to what we were waiting for – ziplining.

There were three different ziplines that we did, each one getting progressively longer and higher. For those of you not sure of what ziplining is, it's just sitting in a harness, attaching yourself to a zipline that is strung up between two points, and then riding down from point A to point B. The last zipline was quite the ways up in the air, and I was fortunate enough to be able to take some video of that experience.

It's funny because most people are somewhat afraid of heights. I've never really had any problem with them, so I had a great time. My aunt, on the other hand, was a different story. This last zipline scared the crap out of her. She went from her normal talkative self to being quieter than George W playing Jeopardy.

After the amazing experience of flying through the jungle on a zipline, we headed back to the resort and grabbed some food. We then headed to see a show being performed by some of the resort staff, a "contest" of lip-syncing. One of the girl's job was solely to stand there and look pretty, and then every now and then go and post some numbers – something like a Vanna White. I noticed, however, that she had such a difficult time just "acting natural." I don't know if you've ever tried to just "act natural" when you're on stage in front of group of people staring at you, but it's tough. Luckily she had "something" that we could all look at that distracted us from her face (which showed the awkwardness of trying to act natural). Naturally, I don't think they were "all natural."

Once the show ended, we were supposed to be able to do some karaoke (I wasn't going to sing, there's no need to subject anyone to that type of torture – my singing ability is about on par with nails on a chalkboard). Unfortunately (or maybe fortunately) the karaoke equipment was broken, so we weren't able to sing. That didn't stop my family from forcing me to perform stand-up comedy though.

Talk about an interesting "venue." I was on a small stage, in a bar, with my family in front of me, and complete strangers everywhere else...

and of course no mic. Surprisingly, I did a decent job, considering that I had to scream my set, and a majority of the audience only spoke English as their second language. So I guess now I can check off Playa Riviera as a place I've performed – which makes me something of an international comedian ... Right?

DAY 168 (198) - MEXICO VACATION DAY 4

June 22, 2007 | Info

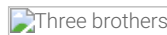
We spent most of the day just enjoying resort life some more – hung out at the pools, ate a bunch of food, snorkeled some more (David bought an underwater camera so we took some cool underwater pictures – I'll post those, along with all of the other pictures, when I get a chance).

At night, we went to the actual city of Playa del Carmen and did some shopping. It was a nice area, with tons of stores, and of course some interesting things for sale. I guess masks are a popular item in the area, as just about every store had a "Ray Mysterio" type mask for sale. Adam also got propositioned to be able to be with a few different guys' "sisters" – talk about close families. Seeing all of the crap that was on sale, it reminded me of how I was recently in a Best Buy and saw "The Best of Shaq" music CD for sale – which I thought was weird that they would be selling blank CDs like that.

For dinner we ate a popular chain in touristy spots of Mexico – Senor Frogs. We had a lot of fun there, took some crazy pictures, and had a quality meal.



Most people say that the three of us Tarvin boys look completely different – often times not even believing that we are, in fact, brothers. I can see why, we are all pretty different. So much so that I believed my brothers when they used to tell me I was adopted. In fact, I'm still not 100% sure it's not the truth. I mean look at the three of us:



Plus consider the fact that I'm so much cooler than both of them... and if you see me out on the dance floor, you might think I have some black somewhere in my family tree. Though clearly not too much, considering my white, pasty skin – which thanks to SPF 45 and a determination not to burn, is still quite pale after a week in Mexico.

After the long day shopping and hanging out, we just headed back to the resort, snagged a late night snack, and are now hitting the hay – and then we're going to bed (yeah, take that hay).

DAY 169 (197) - MEXICO VACATION DAY 5

/ Info

We woke up mighty early this morning to go on another excursion, this one to visit the Mayan ruins at Chichen Itza. We had to be ready to get on the bus around 7am, but **thanks to my amazing ability to sleep on a bus**, I woke up 2 hours later to find myself at our destination.

We started off with a educational tour around some of the various structures, learning about their purpose and meaning to the Mayan people. One of the coolest things was that the big pyramid thingy (shown below) was built in such a way that during the equinox there's a cool lighting thing that happens. It made me wonder why we don't do stuff like that with buildings any more. Everything is based on functionality and aesthetic design, what happened to the cool stuff that integrates the rest of the environment in the design?



After spending some time in the Mexican sun learning, we took a break and had a nice meal, and then went swimming in another cenote. This one was even cooler than **the last one** because it had a small cliff (and by cliff I mean man-made platform) that you could jump off into the water. You can check it out in action in the video below.

(EDIT: It appears that something is messing up with the embedding of YouTube clip in my post, so here's the link – <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UOD4upVdk2g>.)

We ended the day in Chichen Itza by returning to the ruins and having free time to explore. We mainly just walked the lay of the land checking out things up close, and taking various pictures (more to be posted later). I was nearly kicked out for climbing a statue to take this picture:



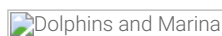
Once we finally returned back home (after another 2 hour nap on the bus), we grabbed some dinner and danced the night away at the disco.

DAY 170 (196) - MEXICO VACATION DAY 6

/ Info

With the week dying down a little bit, we relaxed for most of the day. We took a trip down to the local Marina to check out some of the shops and see the various tourist-y activities. One of the cool offerings was "swimming with the dolphins." We didn't actively participate, but we did watch from the sidelines for a bit.

I think I remember reading somewhere a long time ago that besides humans, bonobos (a type of monkey), and dolphins are the only other animals to have sex for just pleasure. In the same article I think it mentioned that dolphins to get rather excited when you rub them on the belly in the right place – so it's probably a good thing I didn't swim with them, because I probably would have tried to find that spot on "porpoise" (ba don cha).



After we got back to the resort we just relaxed, had some dinner, and then played some amazing games of charades. Since everyone I was playing with sucked, I got assigned to act everything out and just have everyone else guess (actually, I liked it better that way – it was great practice for some of our improv games).

The key to a good game of charades is to have creativity – both in the suggestions, and the act-outs. I think we found a great balance of both, some suggestions were just funny ("my baby's daddy"), and some of the act-outs were border-line wrong ("Christopher Reeve" and "summa cum laude" – I think you know where that one's going).

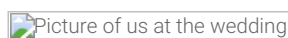


And now it's time for bed, all that "acting up" has left me tired.

DAY 171 (195) - MEXICO VACATION DAY 7

/ Info

Today was the day we had all traveled to see. 75 of my cousin's closest families and friends had traveled hundreds of miles to see the two love birds finally tie the knot (they've been dating for forever). The ceremony itself was gorgeous, the picture-perfect wedding on the beach with friends and family there. Though it was a little hot, the breeze from the ocean in the background kept things manageable.



After the ceremony, we had some drinks (water for me) and heard the speeches from the various parties (maid of honor, best man, parents of the bride and groom). Naturally most of the girls started tearing up, and also naturally, us macho guys made fun of them... and then the bride, Amber, gave her speech. Talk about an amazing speech and moving performance, I don't think there was a dry eye in the place after that one. Cheers to two great people getting together, and here's to a long life of happiness.

We then had some dinner, shared some stories, and grabbed a few malteadas (milkshakes). And since we had so much fun with charades the night before, we decided to play it again. Another fun time, with a couple of other great suggestions ("M.I.L.F.", "The answer my friend is blowing in the wind", and "Mexican Midget"). The last one was inspired by someone we saw earlier today:



It's always funny to me how people playing charades throw all logic out the window because they are so eager to guess right. Often people will ignore the fact that what they are saying makes no sense, and always, always repeat the same thing over and over again when it clearly is wrong (reminds me of a time my co kept guessing "door key" for about 2 minutes straight – close co, it was "door knob").

After the charades ended (haha), I joined some of the other wedding guests for some last night dancing. This proved to be rather interesting, as I forgot to mention yesterday that I did something to my lower back while playing volleyball yesterday. It's amazing how your dancing changes when you only feel comfortable standing completely straight up, or sitting down. Unfortunately I didn't come up with any cool dance moves like Lisa Turtle did in Saved by the Bell.

DAY 172 (194) - MEXICO VACATION DAY 8

/ Info

It's nice to be back home. After an amazing week of relaxation, adventure, and family bonding, I was ready to come back to what I've grown to love.

Luckily we had an early afternoon flight, so we didn't have to wake up till 9am, had plenty of time to grab breakfast before heading to the airport. The flight itself was actually early (when has that ever happened?), and we touched down in the 'Nati (though not really because we went to Greater Cincinnati Airport), around 6pm. By the time we made it all the way through customs and were on the road to head home, it was already 7:30pm (only 90 minutes just to get out of the airport, not that you guys couldn't do the math, or were confused as to why it took 90 minutes... shut up).

The nice thing about spending the time to blog each day and to take an additional 3 hours to get all posted up (the reason it's now almost 2am), is that it allows you reflect on the trip. I'm really proud of my cousin and his new wife, they're going to make a great couple. The wedding was a perfect as anyone could ask, and the fact that there were 75 people that were willing to spend a boat load of money to go down and support them (the vacation was a nice plus), says a lot about them, and our families.

A quick note about pictures – I took a lot more than were posted on the blog, and also have quite a few that other people took. Once I get them all uploaded and put into one location, I'll post the link so you can see all of the various things we did. Eventually I want to turn some of the pictures into a graphic story (think comic book), so stay tuned for that as well.

If you missed any of the posts from any of the previous days, here they are listed in one nice spot for you to get to them.

1. Arrive in Mexico
2. Resort Life
3. Ziplining
4. Playa del Carmen
5. Chichen Itza
6. Charades
7. Wedding
8. Return Home (this post)

DAY 173 (193) - MEXICO PICTURES

June 23, 2007 | Info

Well after spending a few hours getting all my blog posts together **yesterday**, I spent a few hours getting all my pictures uploaded today. I chose to upload them all to Facebook as it has the cool taggin feature, and I found out that even folks without a Facebook account can view them without having to sign up to see them.

The one down side to Facebook is that all albums are limited to 60 photos max. Well, I had around 160 total, so I had to split it up into 3 albums – which you can find at the following links:

- Mexico 2007 – Part I
- Mexico 2007 – Part II
- Mexico 2007 – Part III

I think some of the pictures turned out really well – they capture unique moments in time that can really say something about an experience (like a picture of someone eating says, “hey, there’s really no graceful way to eat, so just take comfort in the fact that everyone looks like idiot when they’re chewing.”)

Other pictures are good for playing around with in photoshop, like this one:



DAY 174 (192) - 3..2..1.. FIGHT

June 24, 2007 | Stand-Up

I had quite the experience tonight – I went to an MMA (Mixed Martial Arts) tournament down at Cincinnati Gardens to watch my cousin’s boyfriend fight. It was a fun night, and he won (congrats Roger), you can check out the video of him in action below (keep an eye out for the 3:48 mark).

(EDIT: It appears that something is messing up with the embedding of YouTube clip in my post, so here’s the link – <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nhd2UPV3BC8>.)

I have to say that I was quite out of place there, like Rosie O’ Donnell at a health club, or George W at a Mensa meeting. You had all of these massive guys made of pure muscle, and then me – barely more than a skeleton with skin. Plus all of these guys are intense (and often angry), and I’m a relatively docile creature. And where I generally like to avoid altercations that lead to the fisticuffs, these guys make a Saturday night out of pummeling other people (and being pummeled themselves).

One of the things I noticed was that you have to have a cool entrance after being introduced. Most people chose hard core rock or rap songs and had the lights dark with spotlights going every which way. If I was a fighter, I think I’d do the opposite, have some crazy nice music to come out to. The other fighter would be confused as hell, “I’m really going to fight some guy coming out to LFO’s *Summer of Girls?*” (Side note: how great would it be if there was a gay fighter? He’d come out to “It’s Raining Men,” wear some hot pink capris, and fight only with sass and broken wrists.)

I also noticed that the fighters receive a lot of coaching out there while they’re fighting – and that’s gotta be annoying as hell. I already hate backseat drivers talking while I’m trying to drive, imagine having to listen to some guy yell at you while your trying to get out of some type of grapple, “You gotta get out! You gotta get out!” No really? I thought I enjoyed being bent like a pretzel and smelling my own ass.

I mean, what if they did that in other sports, that in the ear coaching while trying to perform. LeBron James would be stepping up to the freethrow line, Mike Brown would come out and stand right next to him. “Ok, LeBron, just nice and easy. Follow through, bend those knees, and try to relax. No pressure or anything, we’re just relying solely on you to carry our team, because if you don’t score, no one will. Now make sure you focus, don’t look over at that incredibly attractive woman waving to you in the front row, no need to see those double D’s bouncing. Just focus, focus...”

What I didn’t realize going in was how short some of the fights turn out to be, I mean some of them lasted less than 30 seconds. Can you imagine going through all of that training – lifting weights, limiting your diet, aerobics, learning martial arts, etc, etc – all to be taken out in under 30 seconds? I can think of much better things I could be doing in 30 seconds that’s not getting my head pounded worse than Paris Hilton in jail (like watching a TV commercial, staring off into space, blinking for a long time, urinating, listening to 1/6th of a song, scratching myself – the list goes on and on, but I think you get the point).

What’s sad is that the hype for these eventual losers is longer than their time in the ring. Some people’s entrances are longer than 30 seconds, walking down to their 2Pac song and vaselining up their head. The buildup to the event is 10x longer than the activity itself (seems similar to another problem...).

I found some of the maneuvers some of the people performed interesting. There was lot of punching and kicking, and a whole lot of “hugging” (and by “hugging” I mean someone trying to squeeze you so hard that your insides explode). There was also a lot of pinning too, which reminded me of when I was growing up and my brother would pin me down just so he could tickle me (reflecting back on that experience, and the way that last sentence read, sounds a little gay now that I think about it). Anyway, I was sad to see that no one used that strategy (of tickling someone into submission), maybe at the next fight. But you know, no matter what was done in the ring, and how much they really wanted to severely injure the other person when fighting, they were always cordial once the bell rang.

I spoke with Roger a little bit after his victory and he was as happy as a lark (I like to try to disarm his intimidating demeanor and the fact that he just beat a man into submission by describing him with cute metaphors). Considering the strenuous amount of work involved (and risk), I asked him why he chooses to fight, and he said out of love of the activity, and likened it to my doing stand-up. And while I get what he’s trying to say, I don’t know if I can compare the two equally.

I mean I love performing comedy, but if there was a strong chance that I could end up hospitalized or potentially dead at any given show, I’m not sure I’d be performing that often (or ever). I mean what’s the worst that can happen at a comedy club? People don’t laugh, and

maybe your feelings get hurt – but at least you don't leave in a full body cast (ironically though, that scenario is called "dying on stage"). I suppose comedy can be dangerous, like if I unknowingly make fun of a guy with Roger's skillset, and he decides to use me as a punching bag after the show.

So to wrap up, I had a great time at the fight, learned a lot, and was able to see Roger beat a complete stranger to the brink of unconsciousness. I can guarantee that I'll never get into a fight like that, but I am ok with attending these events and making various observations while there.

DAY 175 (191) - FITNESS CHALLENGE

/ Info

After seeing all the swoll people at **Roger's fight**, and after finally weighing myself after my return from **Mexico (pictures here)**, I've realized that I need to change something.

When I graduated college I weighed a massive 145 lbs (okay, not really massive, but the most I've personally weighed). When I stepped on the scale just the other day, I was down to a measly 135. While most people want to lose weight, I do not, as there won't be much of me left if I keep dropping weight.

So here's the plan to get back in shape and put on the muscle I lost – start with 1 week of physical activity every day. From June 24th (today) to June 30th (Saturday), I will do at least 30 minutes of physical exercise every day. If you're thinking, "Hey that doesn't seem that bad," then you're right. The idea is that I will set attainable goals with a very limited focus – only 7 days.

After those 7 days are up, I'll be making another fitness goal (most likely to do it for another 7 days). If I were to do that 52 times, I'd have an entire year of working out. The plan is to do Yoga today (Sunday), Weights on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, and run on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.

Now here's the real kicker, in order to make sure I have the time to do the exercises during the work week, I'm going to be waking up at 6am to do them. So not only will I be working out every day, I'll be waking up early to do it (and as we all know, **I despise mornings**).

To really embark on this fitness adventure, I'm going to need some measurable goals. And I've realized this year that I am much more likely to do something if I make it public knowledge (even if no one really holds me accountable, the fact that I've made it open to the world makes me feel that I have to hold my end of the bargain) – and thus the reason it's being posted here.

So my goals for this fitness experiment are rather quite simple – get bigger. In order to do that, we need to know my current measurements (as of June 24, 2007, 9:30pm):

- Weight: 134.0 lbs
- Waist: 29.5"
- Chest: 34"
- Biceps (L/R): 13"/12.5"
- Quads (L/R): 19"/20"
- Calves (L/R): 13"/13"

So we'll take these measurements again next week and see if there's any slight progress. Then hopefully over time we'll really be able to track results. And now it's time to start the yoga, which should be interesting as I've never done it before.

DAY 176 (190) - SORE LIKE AN EAGLE

June 25, 2007 | Stand-Up

Only... 5 ... more ... days ...

So this should be an interesting week, as I'm already tired and sore, and I'm just at the end of day 2 of my **fitness challenge**. Between the yoga late last night and the workout this morning, I'm already aching.

I mentioned yesterday that I've never done yoga before. What I failed to mention was that I always went to Mongo's (a **Mongolian Barbecue buffet place**) for lunch that day, and I definitely think it had an effect. The thing about buffets (especially Mongolian Barbecue buffets, and especially when you go with 3 of your guy friends), is that you feel that you have to eat till you're filled to the brim (as Matt put it, to the point that you can't swallow any more because the food is filled from your stomach all the way up through your esophagus). It's all about getting

your money's worth – and showing everyone how much of a “man” you are.

And of course everything turns into a competition – who can eat the most, who can make the greatest mix of food, who will eat the worst combination of ingredients (the awards go, respectively, to Rob, Keenan, and Matt). And every time you sit down, everyone asks the same questions, “what’d you get this time?” and “can I try that?” Luckily everyone was amicable and shared their creations – it doesn’t make much sense to be stingy at a buffet, BECAUSE YOU CAN ALWAYS GET MORE. (And yes I know someone that refuses to share their buffet food).

I decided that since your **taste buds change every 7 years**, and it’s probably been at least 10 since I’ve tried some of the vegetables that exist out there, I’d give a few of bitter enemies (broccoli, brussel sprouts, and banana peppers) another chance. The broccoli was surprisingly ok (and I chuckled to myself when the cook was **chopping broccoli**), though I think it would’ve been better raw and with some type of dipping sauce (but not Ranch). I was indifferent to the sprouts, they weren’t bad, but they seemed more of annoyance than anything, they kept posing as pieces of pasta and confusing me (damn you sprouts, why must you deceive me?). As for the banana peppers, they ruined an entire bowl of food with their nasty juices. I almost think those damn vegetables urinated in my food.

But pack to the point. All of the crazy stretching and yoga moves were made all the more difficult because I was completely filled with Mongos (mostly chicken, steak, pork, pasta, and more chicken). I never would’ve guessed that the “Tree”, “Downward Facing Dog”, and “Hippo with Laryngitis” poses would actually give me a workout, but I was definitely fatigued afterwards. Yoga also made me realize how much flexibility and balance I had lost since my soccer days – Joan Rivers’s face stretches further than I do.

Then this morning, I was “gently” awoken by my alarm clock at 6am (and by gently I mean it felt almost as bad as being kicked in the groin (side note: I’m not sure why I thought of that as a metaphor, I wonder if it has to do with the similar sounding words of “gently” and “genitals”). Since I don’t have a quality workout facility near me, I did a weight free workout of pull ups, sit ups, push ups, handstands and dips. I was good all the way up to the 3rd set, when all that “inner harmony” I had built up doing yoga died and my body had had enough: “What the hell are you doing? It’s 6am in the morning AND your working out for the first time in forever? Oh, you just want to feel sick the rest of the day.”

Luckily I was able to make it up to my body by promising it some alone time later tonight (and no, not like that ok, maybe like that no I’m kidding, that’s gross yeah ...), because for the rest of the day I felt good. I ate a small breakfast (which I never do), had energy for the entire work day, and since I was happy to have actually woken up at 6am, treated myself to some Chick Fil A for dinner.

Now, we just have to do that again tomorrow (and the next 4 days after that, and then maybe on and on for eternity).

DAY 177 (189) - FUN WITH SPANGLISH

June 26, 2007 | Stand-Up

While I was on **my run this morning**, I thought about how in **Mexico**, I attempted to use what little Spanish I remembered from high school. And inevitably, my conversations would turn into Spanglish as I combined what words I knew in Spanish with other words in English. While this is not uncommon for people to do (there was even a **movie** by that name, though admittedly I haven’t seen it nor know what it’s about), I did think about what fun you could have by combining the languages.

See, if you selectively chose which words you were going to say in Spanish, and which words you’d say in English, you could create some great phrases. For example – “sin sin” could translate as “without sin” (and I say “could” because you’d have to determine which word was which language, as I guess technically that could be “sin without,” but that doesn’t make sense). Or you could have “con a con” – “with a con.” Combining that with another phrase you could have “Tengo to tango con a con sin sin” or “I have to tango with a con without sin” (and if you have any understanding of Spanish you already know I am taking quite a few liberties here).

Aside from having similar words repeated, you could have some fun with rhyming. Translating “I said I think Neo has B.O.” would give you “Yo dijo creo Neo has B.O.”

Finally, you could have some real fun by using Spanglish to sound like you are saying one thing, but really mean another. Like if you wanted to say “My girlfriend and I compromised and decided to stop being embarrassed by giving it away” you might try “Mi girlfriend y I compromiso and decidir to stop being embarazada by giving it away.” This would sound kind of like the first statement, but really mean “My girlfriend and I promised and decided to stop being pregnant by giving it away.”

See what fun you can have by butchering two languages together? If only I knew French and German to be able to do the same thing...

DAY 178 (188) - RANDOM OBSERVATIONS #2

June 27, 2007 | Random Thoughts Stand-Up

Quick Site Note: I don't know if this is happening to you, but the blog page is acting quirky and doesn't seem to be loading right. I thought this was a problem with the YouTube clips, but that may not be the case. Not sure what's going on, but I'll keep investigating. Also, for the Facebook crowd, there was a problem with the feed importing the blog correctly, but that should be all fixed up now.

It's been awhile since my last **random** post, and since I've started **working out in the morning**, my brain seems to be in overdrive during the morning commute. So with that said, here we go:

- How many times can I possibly "plug" or link back to my blog about the Fitness Challenge?
- It would suck if there was ever a tornado on the last Wednesday of a month around 7am (at least around here – that's when they do the weather alarm test).
- (Celery + Peanut butter = delicious) ^ (Peanut butter + Jelly = scrumptious) -> (Celery + Jelly = delscrumptious).
- If you wear one of those headsets for your cell phone, people don't think you're crazy when you talk to yourself.
- Getting into an accident in the rain is like two vacuum cleaners – it double sucks.
- Chemo should not be called chemo, it should be called cantcer.
- No one likes a quitter. Unless your competing against them.
- If you don't shake your Gatorade before drinking it, do the Gators float to the bottom and the AIDS to the top?
- Every race has their stereotypes. For instance, white people prefer Sony's.

DAY 179 (187) - BIBLE TECHNOLOGY

June 28, 2007 | Stand-Up

I realized today while driving home from work, texting someone, with my headset in my ear, listening to my iPod and following instructions from my navigation system, that my life is pretty much controlled by technology. Between TiVo (ok, it's DVR, but more people understand when you say TiVo – similar to Kleenex and to some extent Coke), cell phones, iPods, blogs, Facebook, laptops, GPS (and on and on), life is drastically different that it was even 5 or 10 years ago.

Imagine how some of history's defining moments might be different if the same technology were available back then, say for instance, the stories of the Bible ...

- The Bible wouldn't have been written by "inspired writers," but by Jesus himself. Though it wouldn't have been a book, it would've been a blog – www.jcthesavior.com "A religious revolution blog." (Side note: saying "J.C" in my head made me think of "Jay Z," which makes me wonder what Jesus would have been like as a rapper – I bet he'd have one hell of a "Jesus piece"...)
- YouTube would have increased the number of people who followed Jesus (though there would be a good number of non-believers flaming the comments on his video "Get Drunk for Free: Turning Water into Wine").
- Facebook would have shown everyone that Judas was really friends with the Romans ("he even wrote on their wall!"), and would have outed him as a traitor.
- The Israelites journey through the desert could have been drastically shortened (who needs Moses when you have Garmin?)
- A quick text message reminder from Adam to Eve might have prevented her from eating that apple.
- There wouldn't be any talk of a plague sweeping the across the people, but rather a Trojan virus infecting all the electronics.
- Jesus would have probably still been crucified, but not for religious blasphemy. Rather, he would be charged for "loving Nickelback" with evidence of their music found on his iPod (though in his defense, his Dad told him he had to love every body, even people that make terrible music).

DAY 180 (186) - FOLLOW THE DRIVER

June 30, 2007 | Stand-Up

I've found that since I have navigation in my car, I always get selected as the car to lead the pack if we are ever travelling in a brigade of multiple cars to a new destination. I have no problem doing this, as all I have to do is follow a screen (and hopefully I don't **mess up too much** or think I'm **too manly to take directions** from a machine). There are, however, some basic rules that should be observed when involved in a 2+ car caravan going to the same destination.

First, we'll start with the rules that I follow as the lead driver:

1. Remember that other people are following behind you. And before you start your drive, try to get a picture of what the car directly behind you looks like – not from the side, or the top of the car, but from the rearview mirror, you know the angle that you will actually be seeing the car.
2. Realize that everyone has a different "comfort speed" or speed at which they normally drive at (especially on highways). If you feel so inclined to choose not to follow the suggested speed limit, don't go more than 5 to 10 mph over.
3. Maybe moving your hand 3/4 of inch to turn your turn signal on is usually too much work for you, when you have others following, make

just that much more effort to actually drive legally. The “turn” “signal” “signals” the people following you that will soon be “turning” – novel concept, I know.

4. While I normally agree that “yellow” means go (faster), when you have folks following you, it actually means stop. If you happen to go through a yellow light, and the person following you is too much of a pansy to go through the red, pull to the side of the road with your hazards on and wait for them to catch up.

5. Despite what you may think, you are not Jeff Gordon (or maybe you are, but the people behind you are unlikely to match your expert level of driving maneuvermanship). You can’t weave through traffic or make 4 successive lane changes in less than 50 feet to make an exit – your actions need to be easily repeatable by each of the cars behind you.

Those all seem reasonable. So let’s look at the responsibilities of the followers:

1. Before embarking on your little road trip, make sure you the know what kind of car the person you are following is driving. A make/model might be a good start, and even a good idea of what their license plate is. When you follow me, there’s really no excuse, as **my license plate is DTARV!**

2. As the person in the second car, it is not your responsibility to have on your brights. I know it might be dark, but that’s what the lead car’s job is. Besides, you don’t want to upset the lead driver as they pretty much control where you end up – a few wrong turns and you may find yourself in a location you do NOT want to be in (like Kentucky).

3. Though you might like to drive fast, the lead car dictates the speed limit that you go. It can be difficult to follow another car if you are, in fact, a few miles in front of it.

4. Though you might like to drive slow, the lead car dictates the speed limit that you go. Maybe you like to enjoy the scenery, or are trying to save gas, so you want to travel the minimum of 40 mph on the highway. That’s fine and dandy, but do it when you aren’t affecting other people you know.

5. Keep up and pay attention, especially when travelling through advanced towns that have acquired “stoplights.” While the lead driver should do their best to avoid forcing you to run a red light just to keep up, there isn’t much he can do if you are keeping 8 car lengths between the two cars, in a metropolitan area with lights every block.

Now if you find that you have difficulty with the above steps, remember that practice makes perfect. On a nice, rainy day, go driving around in your car. When you spot a young, attractive female, start practicing your following skills – get behind her and stay with her no matter what. To make it worthwhile, you should follow her for a minimum of 20 to 90 minutes. Remember to keep those headlights dim, and if she parks somewhere, just park behind her and wait patiently for her to return.

DAY 181 (185) - LET’S GO KROGERING

/Stand-Up

I went to the grocery store this past weekend... hungry. That’s the worst idea, isn’t it? You go in and everything sounds appetizing. Oooh, granola bars, those could be good. Mmm, plain rice cakes? Delicious. Lemon-scented urinal cakes – I say yes! (FYI, urinal cakes is misleading, they are not part of the baked goods food group.)

While I was in the store, I saw an advertisement for Miller Lite: “Has half the carbs of Bud Light.” I’m not sure if you’re aware of this, but there are 6g carbs in Bud Light. You save a whopping 3 carbs by switching to Miller Lite. If you decide that you are going to “splurge” on a Bud Light, just make sure to work off those extra calories by doing, say, a single jumping jack. Though I guess if you drink as much as some people I know, 3 carbs a beer could theoretically turn into a savings of 300 calories a week.

I was feeling pretty good about myself because there was this cute 18 year old girl checking me out ... my total came to \$32.17. I tried to be smooth the cashier and tried a joke on her: “Where does a fictional serial killer go grocery shopping? Freddy Krogers...” She was not amused.

She kind of gave me a weird look after scanning my items too, probably because of the “interesting” combination of items I had. Thinking back, I can see how it might seem just a little bizarre:

- I picked up the urinal cakes because they sounded scrumptious.
- I’m addicted to candy (damn you Nate), so I had some variety bags of candy and of course Starburst.
- My computer chair at home broke at the armrest, so I got some duct tape.
- We were out of garbage bags, so I grabbed some of them.
- My brother was doing renovations around his house, and asked me to pick him up a shovel.
- For my Mom’s birthday, an outdoor enthusiast, I decided to pick up a book entitled “Ohio’s Most Obscure Wilderness Adventures.”

Let’s see, candy + duct tape + garbage bags + shovel + guide to obscure locations... No reason for her to be alarmed at all.

DAY 182 (184) - JUNE IN REVIEW

July 1, 2007 | Info

Ahh, July 1. Not only is today my mom's birthday (HAPPY BIRTHDAY MOM!), it's also the end of the 6th month of this year, meaning we are half-way through it (though not completely half-way, as that would be tomorrow). And I think we all know by now, that since a month just ended, it's time to check up on the ol' resolutions:

June in Review

1. **Finish the 365 Days of Drewy Goodness Challenge paying out less than \$300.** I experienced the longest stretch since this thing started without posting anything – but then again I was in Mexico with no Internet access, and forewarned people, so it's all gravy baby.
2. **Limit the number of times I write 2006 for the date.** 2007 is still the champ.
3. **Have 30 minutes of professional material, 20 of which is 100% clean.** Thanks to the opportunity of being able to open for Pauly Shore, I probably added maybe a full minute of "professional" material, though I wouldn't say any of it was 100% clean. I'm gonna need to really step it up in the second half of this year if I want to achieve this one.
4. **Create an interactive website.** Still nothing here, just a few initial sketches of what I think it might look like.
5. **Learn a song on guitar.** I've continued to work on "Hey Ya" by OutKast, and definitely have the rhythm down. I just need some more practice to get my fingers to move quick enough to actually make it sound clear – but I'm definitely hopeful about this one.
6. **Perform in front of 5,000 people total, 500 at one time.** June started out awesome, but I didn't really do much the second half of the month. Counting the Pauly shows, a Smarty Pants show, and performing in front of the fam (yes, I'm counting that...), I'm now up to 3977. If I'm fortunate enough to get another MC gig, I should easily be able to reach my goal.
7. **Actually tape a skit.** While I have not been able to get involved in one yet, some hilarious friends I know were able to get things started in "Omni-Solitary Inhabitation."
8. **Finish making the various "Best Of" DVDs.** I managed to give myself a reasonable excuse for delaying this. Since I've been taping a lot of things lately, I needed more space, but rather than just add a new drive, I've decided I needed a major upgrade. I'm currently waiting on my parts to arrive to make a much more powerful media machine. Then I'll actually get started...
9. **Get 1 Ratings at P&G.** I've gotten some quality feedback at work, and I'm in the middle of my projects – I think if I can deliver them as they are detailed, I should be in a strong position to accomplish this one.
10. **Rate all of the songs in my iTunes.** I'm back down to 2600, so it seems like things are chugging along fine.

BONUS: **Not hit the snooze button once.** I'm finally going to stop lying to myself and admit that I've failed this one. I woke up this morning at 6am (trying to continue from the rest of the week), but re-set my alarm for 8am, and proceeded to hit snooze till about 8:30am. I might be able to make it up to myself if I can really start getting up religiously at 6am (and I just mean getting up every day at 6, not actually getting up "religiously" by awakening with a prayer or something).

And since this happens to be one week from the start of my fitness challenge, let's check my progress. I was able to work out every day except Saturday, so I'm proud of myself just for that. I've listed the new measurements with the old in (), though I am actually using a measuring tape this time, as opposed to a piece of string and ruler, so these numbers are likely to be more accurate than last week.

- Weight: 134.5 lbs (+.5)
- Waist: 29.5" (even)
- Chest: 34.5" (+.5)
- Biceps (L/R): 12.5"/12.25" (-.5/- .25)
- Quads (L/R): 19.25"/20" (+.25/even)
- Calves (L/R): 13"/13" (even/even)

And that's it. Since tomorrow is really the half-way point, I'll talk more about reviewing the entire 6 months. As for June, definitely a solid month, but I do have some work to do.

DAY 183 (183) - TRANSFORMERS [REVIEW]

July 3, 2007 | Other

Well unfortunately, I'm currently having intermittent problems with my Internet access, so I couldn't go through my previous posts and review the past 6 months. I can, however, tell you that I just got back from seeing *Transformers*.

I'm not exactly sure who was in charge for marketing for the movie, but they have simultaneously succeeded and failed at the same time. They succeeded because it seems like *Transformers* is being advertised with just about everything. They failed because the movie was originally scheduled for a release on the 4th, the trailers said the 3rd, and I saw it today (technically yesterday) on the 2nd. The theater wasn't that crowded, and I have to imagine that it's because no one knew it was coming out today.

As for the movie itself, it was a long one – 2 hours 24 minutes. The story left a little to be desired, though it wasn't bad by any stretch, and the dialogue was pretty well written – there was a definite intent to try to be funny (and it mostly succeeded). I will admit that I wasn't impressed with the acting. I just didn't really connect with the robots... The lead, *Shia LeBeouf*, was solid, as was the girl/love interest,

Megan Fox (who incidentally is quite “foxy”). Jon Voight wasn’t that impressive, and I definitely could’ve done without John Turturo.

The directing wasn’t anything spectacular, but Michael Bay at least did well enough not to mess up the franchise. There were some pretty impressive shots, and the visual effects were absolutely incredible. I do wish that it would’ve been a little easier to see some of the slow-mo robot fisticuffs happening (and I was sad to see there was no robot dance off), but I can understand how that could be difficult to achieve without looking cheesy.

Overall, the movie was certainly entertaining, and though you can tell it’s a long movie, it goes by pretty quickly. With some impressive action and moderately good dialogue, it’s the definition of a summer blockbuster, so if that’s your thing, be sure to check it out.

Acting: 6

Directing: 8

Writing: 7

Entertainment: 8

Overall: 7.25

DAY 184 (182) - SIPPIN ON THAT (HERSHEY) SYZZURP

July 4, 2007 | Stand-Up

Unfortunately I’m still experiencing lapses in my Internet connection (it seems like for every 3 seconds it’s up, it’s down for 10 minutes), so I’ll have to just paste up something I typed up in Word.

You ever find it weird, how if someone has a wrong opinion about something, you completely write off everything else they say as wrong? Like a friend of mine told me she didn’t like **Pulp Fiction**, and that immediately meant that I would never again trust her opinion. I mean if your fundamentally wrong about a movie like that, how could you possibly be right about what the definition of “carom” is, I don’t care if you have a PhD in English.

The problem is that I’m that person to a lot of other people, mostly because of my palate for foods and beverages. “What, you don’t like Ranch? What is wrong with you?” Because it’s something wrong with me, as a person, not that my taste buds happen to be different and lead to a dislike of a certain blend of ingredients.

As I’ve mentioned before, I am a slightly picky eater. But I recently found away around all those damn questions from people when they find out I don’t like a certain food group – I lie about an allergy. I don’t like seafood, so I tell people I’m allergic to iodine; don’t like vegetables, so I say I break out if I eat green; and I’m not a big fan of fruits, which is covered by homophobia.

What’s fun is that I’m also particular about my beverages – I pretty much only really drink water, gatorade and, **as we all know**, chocolate milk. Alcohol isn’t for me, which can make trips to the bar interesting. My friends always order these crazy shots, like “Bengal Bombs”, “Flaming Dr. Peppers”, “I’ll-regret-this-in-the-morning-when-I-wake-up-next-to-a-400-pound-fat-chick-with-genital-warts.” I always go with the mix drink:

Bartender: What’ll you have sir?

Me: Hmm, a chocolate milk.

Bartender: Hehe, is that some kind of mixed drink? Something with Kaluha?

Me: Well it’s a mixed drink... just no Kaluha. Just “milk” and “chocolate syrup.”

And let me tell you, nothing screams “sexy” to the females like a man that can hold his dairy...

DAY 185 (181) - 6 MONTH WRAP-UP

/ Info

Now that we are slightly past the half-way mark, it seems appropriate to review some of my top posts. I do have to say that I have written a lot of words over the past 6 months, it took me a good 2 hours just to go back and read through them all. Anyway, here are my Top 10 posts from 2007 – Part I:

1. The one that started it all.
2. The resolutions that keep me going.

3. No birthday suit after labor day...
4. Recap of my proudest moment in comedy.
5. A Peak Inside the Process.
6. It's All Good.
7. Please take the next left.
8. Eye-mazing.
9. Review of Mexico.
10. You wanna fight?

So there you have it, Ten of my favorite posts from 184 days of writing. If you catch an upcoming comedy show, you'll most likely hear some things found in those entries, so the purpose of this blog is certainly being achieved. Any other favorites out there?

DAY 186 (180) - BYTE ME

July 5, 2007 | Stand-Up

I had quite the tumultuous experience trying to receive a package today, and at the end of the day, I'm still empty handed. Apparently someone messed up the zip code on my shipping address (I assure you, it was not I), so the packages got sent to the wrong service center, meaning they got on the wrong truck, meaning they couldn't get delivered. What makes it all the more fun is that the packages had to be sent to my Mom's address (because it's still my billing address on the card I used), so I sat up there working from her place all day for nothing. But alas, I'll at least be able to grab my stuff tomorrow morning from one of the UPS pick up centers.

For those of you wondering, I'm awaiting the arrival a bunch of computer parts that will better enable me to create/edit/produce video on my computer. I like ordering that type of stuff online because I avoid having to interact with the other nerds in the computer stores, I save money, and best of all, it feels like I'm getting a present whenever the package arrives ("Really, for me? Oh, who's it from? Oh... That Drew... He's such a nice guy. And handsome too!")

It's quite advantageous to be handy with computers, I can do my own tech support, I get things cheaper because I build stuff myself, and there's some really cool stuff out there. The thing that sucks about knowing so much is that I often get solicited to help other people when they run into computer problems. All throughout high school and college I got at least 3 phone calls a week from someone with a malfunctioning computer – the number one culprit: pornography and music (ok, that's two, but they were pretty equal).

You see, the sites that allow you to look at porn, or download songs, are quite good at installing other things on your computer, whether your downloading "Little Red Rooster" by Sam Cooke, or a porn by the same name. And what they install is spyware, which ultimately downloads more spyware, which then slows your computer down to a crawl.

Being a computer science person is like being a doctor or a lawyer, you constantly get asked for advice and guidance. "Oh, you're a doctor? What do you think this rash is?" "Oh, you're a lawyer? Can I sue someone for giving me this rash?" "Oh, you're a computer scientist? Yeah, can, um, 'researching' a rash, make your computer start going slow?" Only if your doing some "field research"...

DAY 187 (179) - ONE EIGHT SEVEN

July 6, 2007 | Stand-Up

I wonder if there are an unusually high number of **homicides** today... Isn't it amazing how slang in one part of the country, or by one influential person, or by a movie, can just explode and become commonplace among the rest of the population (and by "rest of" I mean folks under 30)?

I've always wanted to be the source of some cool slang word, I want to be that guy that made it cool to say "ridiculous" or something. It's been great to hear other people refer to some of my sets (I've heard a few people say "She was a Sarah", but they're doing it just to make me happy – I want it to catch like wild fire).

But since I don't have that kind of status yet, here are 3 of my favorite slang words:

1. **Ba dunk-a-dunk** – I think this one's great just because it's **onomatopoeia** (relating to a girl's back side). I also like **yoink** because of this.
2. **Werd** – I like that some attribute this to the first **African-American owned radio station** in the US, and that it's "Drew" backwards.
3. **Mudduck** – It's always nice when you have a combo slang word, both metaphors. I also like that mudducks travel in "gaggles" or "doppings."

And to bring things full circle, did you know that a group of crows is called a "murder?" I'm actually amazed that that just worked.

DAY 188 (178) - IT IS NOT A CHOICE

July 7, 2007 | *Stand-Up*

I was driving on the way to Columbus last night and got stuck behind this semi-truck in the fast lane. Since I could do nothing but slowly creep along the highway at an abysmal 55 mph, I started reading the back of the truck. And for the most part, it had the regular text: "Now Hiring Professional Drivers", "How am I driving? Call 1-802-267-8466", and "It is not a choice, it is a child." ...

Wait, what? Since when did the back of a semi-truck become the advertising spot for your political propaganda? Well now that I know how the truck driver feels about abortion, I can go about my day. I mean I was just sitting here, and it was really bothering me that I didn't know where this driver stood on such a controversial topic.

It's like people that have bumper stickers. "You know what, I fell so strongly about [blank], that I'm willing to buy a sticker that declares it on my car – look at my commitment now!" Let's be honest, I don't care about your child graduating from Middletown Middle School, congrats on him achieving something that's as hard as finding Waldo in a crowd of one. "Vote for Kerry?" Sorry buddy, that election is long gone, maybe it's time you update your political prowess. And you want to know what Jesus would do? He'd probably be taking his Dad's name in vain right now because he's been stuck behind you for 30 miles going 52 in a 65.

DAY 189 (177) - NERD RAP

July 8, 2007 | *Stand-Up*

My name is Drudacris, and I am the man.
Call me a thief, cuz I'm bout to take a stand.
All these rapper's lyrics is extra sorry,
It's like I'm a PS3 and they is Atari.

So listen up punks, you about to get schooled,
Cuz I got dual core chips, and I'm hydrocooled.
Pay attention now, cuz I am didactic,
This here rhyme, is a prophylactic.

You think you're all that, with your Moto Razr,
Those white gym shoes, and that matchin blazer,
But styles all changed, we on a new vector,
You can only look dope with a pocket protector.

All the ladies love me, cuz I'm so cute,
'Specially when I'm on my phone, usin' bluetooth.
They be like, Druda, you take me to heaven,
Cuz they all know, I'm 1 – 3 – 3 – 7.

Now don't get mad, there's no need to fight,
Your just a bit, and I'm a giga-byte.
Don't hate the player, hate the game,
Keep it together, like polyurethane.

What's with the cussin, you think you're hard?
Did someone go and erase, yo mem'ry card?
C'mon dude, there's no need to be crude,
All it does, is show your ineptitude.

Hey, what's with the pushin? I ain't no stack.
I wouldn't of said nothing, if I knew you'd attack.
Wait a second now, is that a fist?
Can't we just settle this, over a game of Myst?

Um, it was nice meeting you, but gotta run,
Though I'm sure stayin with you, would be a lot of fun.
But alas I gotta go, to the lib-ary,
You know, time for me to study, the dictionary.

DAY 190 (176) - RANDOM OBSERVATIONS #3

July 9, 2007 | *Random Thoughts Stand-Up*

I'm not sure if I should eat a large Penn Station sub for lunch any more, it seems to give me weird thoughts:

- I used to tell racial jokes, but was told to be more PC. Now I talk about Indian guys fixing my computer.
- I tried to write an article for a popular magazine, but they didn't take my submission. Hopefully I'll have better luck next Time.
- I had a nervous friend who worked in the office at Pfizer. He always said he could never find anything more suitable than chewing his cuticles and researching pharmaceuticals in his cubicle.
- I considered buying a dog, but they were too expensive, so I went with the cheaper K6 version.
- I found out why I'm so skinny. Instead of eating paint chips as a kid, I drank paint thinner.
- Eye for an eye makes the whole world blind, but aye for an aye makes for agreement.
- I comprehend the thesaurus for merriment.
- I used to wonder: if a gay guy is in a bad coma, is he a fruit or a vegetable?
- I was scared of having night-mares until I realized that I'd probably never own a horse.
- I loved Sesame Street so much that I sent them a letter in the mail... it was an 'E.'

Fitness Challenge Update (the original numbers are in parenthesis):

- Weight: 136.5 lbs (+2.5)
- Waist: 29.5" (even)
- Chest: 34.75" (+.75)
- Biceps (L/R): 12.5"/12.25" (-.5/- .25)
- Quads (L/R): 19.25"/20" (+.25/even)
- Calves (L/R): 13.25"/13" (+.25/even)

DAY 191 (175) - THANKS MR. IMDB

July 10, 2007 | *Stand-Up*

I was watching the *Bourne Supremacy* the other day with one of the most annoying people ever (I'm not saying that Matt Damon is the most annoying person, but rather I was in the company of an annoying person), because much to my dismay, he had already seen the movie before. Every 30 seconds it was, "Oh man, watch this watch this." Really? Thanks, Jared. I was gonna watch the wall over there, but since you told me, I'll make sure I pay attention to the video THAT I PUT IN.

What's worse was that he liked to explain everything to me after it happened. "You see what Bourne just did, that was like a super high punch in the face. He's mad because they came after him even though he told them not to." Thanks Mr. IMDB, glad to know you're there to fill me in on things I already know. The didn't fill me in on any of the plot throughout the course of the movie that you've been telling me to watch, I sure am delighted you decided to come over.

If only the pain was restricted only to watching a movie with this guy, but alas, he ruins every conversation with his attempt to bring his "formidable" knowledge of all things cinema. He thinks that because he reads IMDB, he's a certified movie expert. "What you guys talking about? *Transformers*? Cool, you know that was directed by Michael Bay." Mhmm, sure did, though I'll have to admit to cheating – I saw it on the credits after the words "Directed By." His amazing power to misquote things also makes things "fun" – "I loved the line 'More than meets the lie.' – Such great writing." Really Jared? "More than meets the lie?"

Though I guess nothing is really quite as bad as watching comedy with him – he makes it a point to explain why EVERY joke is "funny." "You see what he did there Drew? He took the alphabet, and made it into an acronym. It's funny because that's a ridiculous acronym. No acronyms are 26 letters long, let alone in actual alphabetic order. And cat's aren't even vermin. You see what why that's funny?" Yes, I think I might be able to get what you're saying. In fact, that's me. We're reviewing a tape of me doing stand-up, I was going over what I can do better and you just walked in here and started coaching me on my set.

DAY 192 (174) - MR. AND MRS. TIME

July 11, 2007 | *Random Thoughts Stand-Up*

I was out running today, and something hit me. It was a tree branch. But that little jostle to the head got me thinking, if Nature is a mother,

then who is the father, and who are the children? I suppose one would say Time is the father, and the children are all things on the planet, including us homo sapiens.

But if we are all God's children, then something is going on here. To make things more complicated, there's also Mother Theresa, who is undoubtedly not Nature, so who's the real mother? If you have a habit, it is commonly said just to be your Nature to do said habit, which it seems feasible that we could learn some of our habits from our mother. However, nuns have habits too, so that doesn't help us much. But, we have also heard stories about Children of the Corn, which suggests that we are in fact from Nature. This means that Nature is our biological mother, and Mother Theresa presumably our adopted mother. So then what about God and Time?

Based on appearances, it would seem that we are closer to God, as we were created in his image. However, cleanliness is next to Godliness, and considering the amount of pollution in the world, I'd have to say we aren't all that clean. Time, on the other hand can fly (which we cannot), but is also said to go so slowly, and that it can only do so much. That seems more on par with humans as it seems we get lazier and lazier therefore resulting in us doing less and less.

Now it's commonly believed that our father art in Heaven (and I'm assuming "art" here loosely translates into "is"), which means that God is our father (because we know that Time is in New York). So if God is our biological father, then Time must be our adopted father, which means *trumpets blare* God is married to Nature and they gave us away to the lovely couple of Time and Mother Theresa.

DAY 193 (173) - GOOD DAY

July 12, 2007 | Stand-Up

I went to Meijer today, and as I was leaving, the Meijer greeter said to me, "Good day." And it wasn't until I got to my car that I realized that good-for-nothing-moth-ball-smelling-decrepit-old-lady insulted me. Ok, maybe insulted is too strong of a word (but she was decrepit), but she certainly didn't compliment me or wish me well.

See, she was merely commenting on the quality of the day, as in "Today is a good day." If she was wishing that I would have a day that was indeed good, she would have said "Have a good day." The fact that she dropped that "have the" meant she didn't give a damn about me, or my day.

And I suppose I can't really blame her – while I'm a strapping young lad merely perusing the consumer goods in Meijer, she is a sagging old lady that is forced to work there as a greeter. While the job is not difficult, it does suck incredibly. Back in my glorious high school days, I was a marvelous employee of Meijer, **mostly doing carts** and cashier, but I was once forced to be a greeter while covering one of the old lady's 15-minute breaks. I now know why so many old people work as greeters – that 15-minute shift was THE LONGEST SHIFT EVER. Working as a store greeter makes you want to die. It prepares you for death by simulating the feeling of eternity in only a 15-minute time span.

So I guess in the end, I'm not mad at the old lady, I feel sorry for her. And I guess considering the fact that I don't have to take a boring job to stretch out the days of my slowly fading life means it really is a good day. Touche decrepit old lady, touche.

DAY 194 (172) - 8398 63772437

July 13, 2007 | Stand-Up

As we all know, I recently got into text messaging, and by this point I can't live without my phone, but today I finally realized how integrated cell phones have become in our lives – it happened when my mom sent me a text message. Yes, you heard (read?) correctly, my mom sent me a text message...

And I guess it makes sense, texting is the perfect medium for short status updates and questions (much better than a needlessly long phone call), but it's still a little weird. And you can certainly tell she is quite the n00b when it comes to texting – she hasn't really learned that there are different etiquette rules for SMS. Her first message to me was:

*Dear Drew,
I hope you are doing well, I just wanted to see how things were going for my Drewbear.
Love Mom*

I'm surprised she didn't add the date and try to attach a stamp to the phone... My response was a terse "Nm gg, ttly." To which she responded (and what probably took 2 hours for her to text):

*Dear Drew,
I don't know what that means, but have a home night.*

Love Mom

It took me a second, but I realized she probably meant "good" night and was using T9 format. Which is interesting in and of itself (I still don't know what to make of the fact that "Mom" in T9 is "666"...) especially if you like to text messages while looking away from your phone (life if you're driving, because **that's not dangerous enough** on it's own, you need to add multi-tasking to make it a challenge). (Side note: it seems that the max number of key presses on the same number that still yields a real word is 5: "22222" is a type of berry.) Yeah, T9 has certainly lead me to send some interesting messages, like when I wanted to warn my brother of the icy conditions:

Be careful if you go out tonight, it's supposed to be really gay out.

Or when I misspelled the word deeds (as deads) when talking about a philanthropic person:

He's really known for his good feces.

Of course it has saved me a few times too when I've sent an angry text that I immediately regretted ("You're such a puppy" or "You duckhead")...

(And yes my goal was to make you get out your phones and fill in some of the words.)

DAY 195 (171) - DRANNING

July 14, 2007 | Stand-Up

I recently read an article that spoke about the dangers of people getting skin cancer from years of sun exposure while driving, which made me realize – you can tan while driving. So I figure, since I drive a lot, and I'm so pasty you might as well call me Elmer's, I could really use that to my advantage. I mean I like to think that I have a some type of tan, but put me next to my brother (who works in construction), and I just pale in comparison (ba don cha).

See it's simple, right before going on a drive anywhere, I can just take off my shirt, lather up some tanning oil, and drive and tan at the same time (dranning if you will). You open the sunroof (or if you're lucky enough, drop the top on the convertible), gangsta lean in your seat, and you're in for some quality tanning time. You could even try to get one of those sun reflector thingies to redirect even more light on. I really see no possible consequences to such an endeavor...

I guess things would just be easier if it were like the Renaissance times, where it was seen as a sign of high status to be as pale as a ghost (the idea being that you were so rich you didn't have to bother yourself with seeing that whole "sun" thing). Of course I'd be screwed back then anyway, as it was also a plus to be fat (the idea being that you were so rich all you did was eat).

In all honesty, I don't really worry too much about being tan, because when I'm old, and I only have 3 types of cancer, and everyone else has 4, who will be laughing then? Who will be laughing then?

DAY 196 (170) - PDW - INTRODUCTION

July 15, 2007 | Info Other

I'm going to take a break from the norm this week, and shift gears slightly. This blog is meant to represent me, Drew Tarvin, to the world, and as such, I feel like I've been neglecting a very prominent part of myself in my posts to date.

I've always been a huge believer in my own personal development, and that was strongly amplified after a particularly hard break-up in a long relationship (I attempted to improve myself in ways that I thought would "win" back the lost lady). I am also a big believer in "giving back" in the form of sharing some of the things that I've learned throughout my various journeys (such as the **Smarty Pants** show we did on Friday night for "At-Risk Teenagers" aka "teenagers caught using or selling drugs" where we talked about getting back on the right track and how improv, or passion in general, can help).

So if you combine those two things, you'll realize what I've been neglecting, and understand why I've decided to do a "Personal Development Week" (or PDW for short). Over the next seven days, I'm going to talk about various aspects of one's life that can often be improved. The posts will most likely be longer, with a more "serious" tone, but it should be an interesting week, and we'll see what we can learn from it.

I've decided to break the week down into 5 major categories plus an intro and summary, adding up to *trumpets blare* 7 posts (1 for each day, amazing I know). Here's what we have coming up for PDW:

1. Introduction (today)
2. Goals and Discipline
3. Success
4. Wealth
5. Health
6. Happiness
7. Summary

Now I understand that I am by no means an expert in any of the above categories, hell, I'm 23, how could I be? But I do believe that I have achieved some success in each of the 5. And success is not to be misconstrued as having "made it" or even being satisfied with where I am (I attempt to do something to improve every single day, ala the **Fitness Challenge** or my **resolutions**). Success here really means "experience in."

My goal is to write my thoughts and experiences for each of the categories, as well as provide links to other sources that I've found incredibly helpful (for general self-improvement, I'm a huge fan of **Steve Pavlina's blog**, and **LifeHacker**).

A quick tech side note: In an age of information overflow, it can be a challenge just to stay caught up with everything. One thing that helps me stay up-to-date on the various sites I visit is using **RSS Feeds** (I personally use **Bloglines**). The idea of RSS feeds is that they send you an alert any time content is updated on the site, and places like Bloglines aggregate all of those alerts and links in one location, so you can quickly peruse a number of your favorite sites by simply going to one spot. You can even add my blog to your subscription list by clicking the orange "subscribe" button to the right, or simply clicking [here](#).

To give you an idea of some of the sites I subscribe to, here's a few on my list: **Cincinnati Enquirer – Top Stories**; **craigslist | tv/film/video/radio jobs in cincinnati**; **Dilbert**; **ESPN**; **Funny Indian**; **I Will Teach You To Be Rich**; **Men's Health**; **Steve Pavlina's Personal Development Blog**.

So if you're interested in finding out ways to improve your quality of life, get ready for a fun and challenging week. If you come here just for the laughs, then you are welcome to take the week off, while the rest of us start to take steps to become more amazing than we already are.

Fitness Challenge Update (the original numbers are in parenthesis):

- Weight: 134.0 lbs (even)
- Waist: 29.5" (even)
- Chest: 35.0" (+1.0)
- Biceps (L/R): 12.5"/12.25" (-.5/- .25)
- Quads (L/R): 19.25"/20" (+.25/even)
- Calves (L/R): 13.25"/13" (+.25/even)

DAY 197 (169) - PDW - GOALS AND DISCIPLINE

July 16, 2007 | Other

Note: given how intricately intertwined they are, I've combined Goals and Discipline into one category.

When it came down to choosing the first topic to talk about in **Personal Development Week**, discipline was an easy choice. Without the discipline to follow through with anything, you'll have a difficult time achieving any of the other categories. The biggest misconception about discipline is that if you don't have it, then you don't have it. Discipline is a skill, and just like any other skill, it can be learned over time.

Before I get ahead of myself, it should be understood that discipline goes hand-in-hand with goal-setting. If you don't set any goals, then it's pretty easy to have the discipline to follow them. Setting goals is absolutely critical to achieving success in life. Sure you might fall into some success by wandering aimlessly, but good luck sustaining that throughout your entire life. The problem is that, many times, people set the wrong type of goals – "I want to lose weight" is fine and dandy, except it's not well defined. How much weight do you want to lose? An ounce? 100 pounds? How much time will you give yourself? 10 seconds? 10 years? A good goal is quantifiable AND has a deadline. "I want to lose 10 pounds by the end of August." Now you have something you can work towards, and something that you can measure success against.

Ok, so now that we understand a little bit more about goals, discipline is about achieving them. Just how it's easy to have discipline if you have no goals, it's pretty easy to have goals but no discipline. You create a to-do list for yourself, or make a New Year's Resolution ("Yay I started something") but then you never follow through and achieve it ("Well at least I 'tried' right?"). The problem with mentality is that re-inforces failure. Failure itself is not a negative, in fact failing can often be the greatest teachers of all – the key is that you have to learn something from them, and then it's not really failure, it's experience.

So if your goal is to wake up at 6am every day for a month, then discipline is ignoring the extreme desire to hit the snooze button when the alarm clock rings. It's getting up despite your brain and body telling you otherwise. It's not skimping on the weekends because you were up late the night before. It's waking up at 6am, day in, day out, for that entire month.

But what if you don't have discipline? What if you can't force yourself to wake up at 6am, or to eat healthy to lose 10 pounds, or save money for retirement? Well there are often two main problems that are preventing your success: the goal itself and reward/punishment.

When you are setting your goals, they have to be attainable. And that may be the hardest part, because it requires you to be completely honest with yourself. While it might be great to think that your going to de-clutter your entire life in an afternoon, be honest with yourself – will it really happen? Have you achieved success that way before? Probably not. Humans only have a certain capacity for which they can do the same activity before they must take a break (and some can go longer than others, but everyone has to eventually stop). That's why your goals must be actionable and ideally broken down into sub-goals. If your overall goal is to de-clutter your life, create smaller sub-goals or tasks that can help you achieve that. Start by throwing away something you don't need away every day. Just one thing. You don't have to go through your entire closet, or finish an entire room – just throw one thing away today, and then another tomorrow, and then another the day after, etc. By the end of the year you'll have removed 365 things from your life by taking just a couple minutes out of each day. A goal broken into tasks like that is attainable, it's easier to have that type of discipline. Once you start to achieve success with those smaller goals, create more involved ones. Over time you'll create the habit of achieving your goal, and you'll want to continue that streak, even though your goals are more stretching.

One of the keys to building that habit is to have rewards for when you succeed, and punishment when you fail. This can be easy to do when your goal deals with a third party (there's a reason so many people learn discipline in the military: you have someone there you will not let you fail, and if you do, you will be punished till you succeed). But for more intrinsic goals, you don't always have someone there, to be in your ear about just having that one piece of cake that falls outside your diet, or those mere 15 minutes you slept in today – you have to be your own punisher. You have to accept that if you sleep in now, you won't be getting that SleepComfort bed at the end of the year. The other important part to this is that you should reward yourself. Just like dogs/kids/co-workers learn via a reward/punishment system, so do you. So if you drop those 3 pounds in the first week, reward yourself with something (not food, as that would be contradictory, but maybe a trip to the spa, or purchase of a new DVD).

Many of you may be wondering though, what if you don't have the discipline to discipline yourself for lack of discipline? (Great question, you're really paying attention.) That's where your friends and family can help, as can remembering to always start small. Friends and family can help by simply letting them know what it is you are trying to achieve. Hell, this blog is great for that. Once I state I'm going to do something on here, I feel like I have to, otherwise, in a way, I'm letting people down, and worse, somebody could call me out on my failures. Too embarrassed to tell your close ones about a certain goal? Join a group that has a similar interest and make it public to them, or try a site like <http://www.43things.com> where you can post what it is you want to try to do and you can find others trying to achieve the same thing.

The other part is so important that it bears repeating yet again: start small. Remember: discipline is learned, and once it becomes learned, it becomes a habit, and once it's a habit, it's a sure-fire way to success in all other aspects of life. If you really have trouble with discipline, try this:

1. Set the goal that every day for a week, you are simply going to clap 5 times. That's it: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. Done.
2. For each day you achieve this goal, reward yourself with something small (bubblegum from the store, and extra 2 minutes in the shower, whatever, just some type of reward, something small).
3. The next week, set the goal to do 10 jumping jacks every day.
4. Again reward yourself for the days that you make, and this time punish yourself for the days that you miss (each day missed = 10 situps the next day).
5. For the third week, write out the word "discipline" 15 times.
6. Repeat the reward/punishment for each day of success/failure.
7. Now for the final week, simply say "I will succeed" (or any other cheesy phrase you want), 20 times a day.
8. Reward yourself for the successes, punish for the failures.

By the time you are done, it will have been 28 days – coincidentally the number of days (it is believed) to establish a habit. If you succeeded every day for 28 days, you've just learned the habit of success. Now take that, and apply it to something slightly bigger, but still a relatively easy goal. Over time you will be able to keep increasing the stakes of your goals, while achieving success.

So now that we've learned some of basics of goals and discipline, tomorrow we'll talk about achieving "success." The two topics are closely intertwined, but tomorrow, we'll get more into the definition of success as well as talk more about the grand scheme of life.

DAY 198 (168) - PDW - SUCCESS

July 17, 2007 | Other

The title for this category in **Personal Development Week** is an interesting one, because I'm sure many of you were wondering, "What do you mean by success?" And what's funny is that in order to be successful, you have to answer that exact question for yourself. Everybody's definition of success is going to be different – one person's success may be another person's failure. In order for you to achieve success in

your life, you have to know what it is you're shooting for (hmm, sounds similar to yesterday...).

However, unlike our goals from yesterday, it's more acceptable to describe success in less defined terms (so long as you have goals that get you to where you want to be), because success is much more "spiritual" (not in the sense of religion, but more along the lines of your purpose or meaning in life). To some people, success is raising a family and seeing their children grow up to become successful in their own right. To others, it's to achieve fame and fortune in the public eye. Regardless of what it is, it has to be true for you – someone else can't tell you what success is, it's up for you to decide.

It's amazing how seemingly simple concepts can be extrapolated into momentous declarations, but that's exactly what defining success is. When you are on your deathbed, recounting your life, and determining if you were in fact successful, it's going to ultimately come down to comparing what you wanted to do with/in your life, and what you actually did. And I don't want to get to involved in the "meaning of life" discussion because it often leads to religious arguments from ignorant people who are too naive to step outside of their sheltered world created for them by their parents, BUT, I will say **Steve Pavlina** made an interesting observation in one of his podcasts that asking "What is the meaning of life?", as in what is life supposed to offer me, is the wrong approach. Rather, ask, "What do I have to offer life?" (think "Ask not what your country can do for you, but what you can do for your country.")

When you start to think about life as a gift, you start to shift your mentality. "What is the meaning of life?" is passive, it's saying, "Someone tell me this, what is life giving me?" When you ask what you have to offer your life, you are being active, you are being the force of change – which brings me to my final, and possibly most important point.

You can't achieve success in life without initiative. Success comes to those who are willing to go out and take it. The over-infatuation of all things Hollywood has given people the perception that they don't have to work for something, that they will be "discovered." What people don't realize is how much work goes into becoming an overnight success. You have to be willing to put up with the sweat and tears to achieve what it is you've defined as success. If you want to become a stand-up comedian, then go out there and get on stage as often as possible, network with everyone you can, put in the hours it takes to hone your craft. If you want to be a stay-at-home Mom, work hard to find a job that will allow to take a sabbatical from work, or find a way to help your husband advance his career to a point that he can support the entire family.

"What do you mean by success?" If you truly take the time to answer that question, take the initiative to go out and work towards that definition, set goals and follow them through with discipline, you will be successful – no matter what it is you wish to achieve.

15 TIPS FOR SAVING MONEY

July 18, 2007 | Articles

The single most important thing you can do to take care of your finances is to create a budget. Sure it's an ugly word, and not a fun process, but if you don't track where your money is going, and try to make a plan for future revenues and expenses, you aren't going to achieve the kind of success you want. I'm not going to pretend that I sit down and plan my budget every month and stick to it to a T (or is it tee, or tea?), but the process of just making a budget of what you've done in the past 3 months is eye-opening.

When I went through this process a few months ago, I discovered I was spending around \$700 just for a place to live (rent, cable and other bills), \$750 for transportation (car payment, insurance, and gas – close to \$200 for the fuel alone), and \$400 or so for food (a pretty even split between groceries and dining out). That's nearly \$2,000 I'm spending every month just to survive (shelter, food, and of course getting to a number of places for either P&G or comedy). All things considered, this isn't really that bad – I have no children or wife to take care, I'm only paying rent, and my car payment could be worse, but when I went back and looked at my individual expenses, it certainly could have been lower.

The advantage to completing a budget (even if it's one based on past data, not future looking), is that it informs you of where that hard earned cash is going – and as the GI Joes told us, "Knowing is half the battle." Once you know where your money is going, you can take steps to curtail spending in key areas to increase the overall amount of money you are saving.

Before I get into some steps to save money, I want to briefly talk about what you should be doing with the extra money you are saving. While "investing" may be a scary word, it is absolutely necessary in today's world. Considering the state of social security in this country these days, you can't rely on the government to provide you sufficient funds once you retire. You need to be proactive and plan for your own future, whether it's having kids, going to college, or retiring. Plus investing puts your money to work and allows you to accrue income just for *having* money (sort of). I won't go into details of how you can get into investing, as I am certainly not an expert. Instead, I'll point you to <http://www.iwillteachyoutoberich.com> – the site that got me to really think about my finances. The site is geared towards a younger audience, but it certainly has relevant information for everyone (I suggest starting [here](#)). If you're serious about increasing your wealth and your future security, go to that site now (well, after you finish reading this post).

Ok, so you've got your resource for what do when you have disposable income, what can you do to actually get disposable income? Below is a list of 15 tips you can do to save money. Most of them are tips I use every day, others are things I've read but don't necessarily do. A few disclaimers before we get started though:

- This list is just a set of suggestions. You don't have to do every single thing listed to see results. You have to define which things will work for you.

- If you take the time to actually do a budget, this list can help troubleshoot key areas. If you find that you spend a lot of money dining out, then the restaurant or food tips will be of particular interest.
- Like we've talked before, it's best to start out small. Don't expect to find happiness or success by doing *all* of things listed below, as most of them require some type of sacrifice that you may think detracts from your overall happiness in life. Identify these and manage them. The list isn't meant to turn you into an anti-social hermit that does nothing, it's just meant to get the gears in your own head moving to find other ways to save where you can.
- Finally, the biggest way you can increase the amount of money you have is to increase the actual amount you receive. This can be done by getting a better job, getting a raise, adding a second (or third) job. The key is that if you do increase your income, don't increase your expenses. It's truly powerful when you can live below your means.

Ok, with all of that out of the way, here are 15 ways you can work to save money:

1. **Learn to love technology.** Take advantage of new technology to save time (which then frees you up for other things) and to better educate yourself. Things like reading blogs (made easier through blog aggregators like [Bloglines](#)), listening to podcasts, and connecting with other people can help you learn new ways to save money.
2. **Become a savvy consumer.** Use the Internet to do your research before you make any large purchases, and learn to negotiate prices. You'll be surprised how many places you can actually haggle for a better deal. Check out [this eHow article](#) for more tips.
3. **Seriously, eat at home.** Dining out can seriously damage the pocket book if it is done too often. The added expense of food, beverages, leaving a tip, driving to the restaurant, etc etc all adds up. When you combine smart grocery shopping with some creativity in the kitchen, you can create a number of meals that net out to be less than \$3. And you don't even have to be a great cook to dine at home. Anyone can use a George Foreman grill, and it's perfect for hot dogs, hamburgers, grilled cheese, chicken breast, and a huge host of other things. Head over to [Cheap Eats](#) if you want to find some other inexpensive dining options.
4. **Be a freezer.** If you really wanted to maximize your savings by buying groceries, learn to love your freezer. A Sam's membership plus a sizable freezer allows you to buy in bulk and really find savings. Things like bread can be frozen now and then put in the refrigerator to be consumed weeks later. The watch-out here is that your savings from bulk purchases has to outweigh the cost of the Sam's membership and of a new freezer (if necessary)
5. **Love water.** For the times that you do dine out, stick to ordering water. Non-alcoholic drinks easily push the \$2 range, and alcohol is even more – not to mention drinking water is healthier for you. If you dine out 5 times a month, that's a savings of \$10 a month or \$120 a year – just to drink water. And if you must have your fix of Diet Coke or Iced Tea, buy it at the store where it only costs you \$.50 a can. Drink water at the restaurant and then reward yourself when you get home with a much cheaper alternative.
6. **Be DD.** I don't drink alcohol for personal reasons, but it also turns out to be quite the money saver. Going out sober for a night nets quite a nice ROI, and not just because you aren't spending money on drinks. If you offer to be the Designated Driver for your buddies, you can easily get them to pay for gas (if you drive your car), get them to let you drive their car (no gas or miles on yours), and/or pay your cover at the clubs/bars. They get to have a night of responsible drunkenness, and you get to have a night of free fun. If you don't think this will work because you don't think you can go out and have fun without drinking, then saving money shouldn't be your only concern.
7. **Be creative.** Find new ways to have fun that don't require much money. Going to the movies is nice, but it's also at least a \$10 ordeal (whereas if you wait till it comes to DVD and do a rental it's much cheaper). Find new and creative ways to have fun like playing Frisbee golf. Or do your research online and find free events happening around your area. [Cincyupdate.com](#) has a whole list of events going on around Cincinnati, subscribe to their email and pay special attention to the free events on Fountain Square or down by the river.
8. **Find a hobby.** Hobbies can help you fill free time and prevent from spending money out of boredom. The key here is to pick hobbies that don't require much money (so golf would be a bad idea). Consider trying knitting, reading, writing (blogs are free) or improvising.
9. **Break the materialism.** Stop tying your "happiness"/confidence/perception of fun to material things. People often go shopping or get their hair done when they think they need a boost in confidence, when all they are doing is adding an expense for something they can work to get for free. Similar to drinking, learn to work on your own personality and character so that you don't require the crutch of material things to satisfy you.
10. **Kick the habit.** Whether it's smoking, gambling, or even being addicted to coffee, habits often cost money. The cost of cigarettes continues to rise, you'll never beat the house when gambling, and that \$4 Starbucks coffee is putting a drain on your budget. And while it's certainly not easy to kick a habit, using some of the previous posts from this week, and getting professional help where applicable, can certainly help – you'll end up with more money and a healthier lifestyle.
11. **Drive like a granny.** When you average around 3,000 miles on your car every month, gas starts to add up. But even if you only drive 5 miles to work, improving your gas mileage will always make financial sense. There are plenty of ways to improve that MPG (removing unnecessary weight from the trunk, changing your air filter when appropriate, having properly inflated tires), but one of the biggest sources of better MPG might be your own driving style. Driving the speed limit and using cruise control can easily bump up your mileage 2-4 MPG. Every car is different, though the standard is 35mph and 55mph provide the best mileage, but do your own experiment to find the optimal speed for your car. The next time you fill up your tank, reset the trip odometer and drive like normal. When you have to fill up after that, divide the number of miles on your odometer by the number of gallons it took to fill your tank back up (that's your MPG for that tank). Now reset your odometer and drive only the speed limit. Next time you fill up, do the same division and compare the two numbers. Repeat a few times to decrease variance, and play around with your speeds, and you'll see the difference. In addition to saving money by filling up less, you'll be doing a small part in saving the environment.
12. **Get rid of the crap.** De-clutter your life to save time when cleaning and relieve unnecessary stress. Plus if you put your garbage on eBay, you might be able to make some money for getting rid of your crap. How do you know what to get rid of? If you can't foresee needing something within the next year, get rid of it. Sure there will be a few times that you throw out something only to need it a month later, but it's worth it to get rid of the remaining 98% of crap you'll never need. And remember, "when in doubt, throw it out."
13. **Don't be dumb.** Stupidity can be a big expense for some people. Speeding leads to speeding tickets and increased insurance costs. Jumping from a 10-foot ledge leads to a trip to the hospital and the cost of a cast. Take some basic precautions and save yourself some cash (because, as of yet, [stupidity insurance](#) doesn't exist yet).
14. **Live pet free.** Dogs may be man's best friend, but if you're really strapped for cash, he's also an added expense. There are a number of studies that talk about the positive effects pets have on their owners, so if you need that then consider this a last resort, but if your happiness isn't tied to having a pet, then consider finding it a good home. Dog food, bones, leashes, and the overall time it takes to care for a pet can really add up. Note: please don't do this with children, though they are also huge expenses.
15. **Drop the Cable.** Not only does TV suck away hours from your life, sapping you of your productivity, but cable is pretty expensive. As

broadband Internet connections become more and more mainstream, you can find nearly everything shown on TV online for free (or at least cheap). Sites like **Joost** and **YouTube** allow you to watch all types of video content, and stations like **NBC** are starting to allow you to stream their shows from their websites. You can find even more if you ignore that whole "law" thing, but I am by no means endorsing that.

And there you have it – 15 tips for saving money. I realize this is quite the marathon post, but there's a lot of content to cover. I certainly didn't hit everything, so don't be afraid to **google** specific topics that you can use some help in (which you have identified by filling out a budget, right?). Also, be sure to check out **iwillteachyoutoberich** and **getrichslowly** for more information dedicated to taking control of your finances.

DAY 199 (167) - PDW - WEALTH

/ Other

Today's post in **Personal Development Week** revolves around wealth. Ahh, yes. Wealth – we spend our entire lives trying to accumulate more and more of it. Now I could certainly spend this entire post talking about how wealth doesn't just mean money, that it's about being "wealthy" in friends, or love, or whatever, but I'm sure you've already had enough of the "love life" type message from the **Goals and Discipline and Success** posts.

15 Tips for Saving Money

DAY 200 (166) - PDW - HEALTH

July 19, 2007 / Other

In today's issue of **Personal Development Week**, we're going to cover health. You've spent all that time building up **wealth**, now lets get you to a point where you can actually live to enjoy it. The first thing to realize is that there are really two kinds of health: physical, and mental/emotional.

The first kind of health, physical, is what most people think of when they hear the word "health." This is the general fitness related to getting your body in shape – low blood pressure, good body mass index, etc. The secret to being physically healthy isn't really all that secret, it only requires three things: eating right, exercising, and discipline. Since you're already building your discipline from the **Goals and Discipline** post, you've only got 2 more to go.

Eating right, or "healthy" is probably the most challenging for me, as I'm a picky eater. But the thing you have to remember is that we eat to nourish our bodies, NOT for pleasure. All physiological needs are just that: needs. They shouldn't be desires, otherwise they have a tendency to work against you. Eating, sleeping, breathing, and excreting are all needs of our human bodies, and should be treated as such. I'm not saying you can never indulge, or that you should only put "fuel" in your body, but just remember foods real purpose the next time you're going for seconds of that greasy fried chicken, and ask if your body is really going to need that.

For some people, exercise is the hardest part to gaining physical health, and it really shouldn't be. There's no magical secret to exercise, just go out and do something. Sure some forms of exercise are better than others (e.g. 20 mile bike ride vs. 1 mile walk), but that shouldn't stop you from taking the 1 mile walk. The key is that our bodies are truly amazing machines as they adapt over time. That means that, over time, the same 1 mile walk doesn't create the same health benefits it once used to because the body got more efficient (wouldn't it be nice if all we had to ever do was walk 1 mile?) But as long as you are pushing yourself (within safe means) in each workout, whether you're doing yoga, lifting weights, or rock climbing, you are taking steps to becoming healthier. And like everything else this week, start small with manageable goals and exercises.

Mental/emotional health is a much harder issue to tackle – mostly because things like emotions are highly illogical. Whereas there is a pretty strict cause/effect relationship regarding physical health, it's harder to pinpoint for mental health. For those of you not exactly sure what I mean by mental health, check out this **Healthguide** article on the topic.

The first thing to note about mental health is that some of the preventative measures are actually things you should do for better physical health as well (improving diet, getting enough rest, exercising). It's also incredibly important to mention that, unlike some aspects of physical health (barring things requiring medical treatment, but more general things like exercise), it can be tough to improve your mental health on your own, it's a much tougher shell to crack.

Remember – emotions are illogical. So while it may seem like you should be able to "will" yourself out of depression, or make yourself anxiety and stress free, it can be difficult (if not impossible) to do so. At a minimum, find a close friend you can share your current state with, sometimes a shoulder to lean/cry/yell on is all you need. If things are serious, certainly seek professional assistance in the form of a counselor, doctor or therapist.

When I went through a small bout with depression in college, I attempted to hide it from the world (and was mostly successful, in fact this will be a surprise to many of you reading this). It never got to the point that I would consider it "clinical depression" where I sought out

assistance from a professional service, but it was bad enough that it affected my daily activities. In the end what really helped me through were some amazing friends that would just sit and listen, sharing stories and making me laugh, and, of course, the passage of time. The hardest part about getting over some things, especially stupid emotions, is that it really just takes time. Time for it to sink in that the world is not over, that things can be better than they ever were before. And asking for help isn't a sign of weakness, but rather one of strength. It takes a ballsy person to be able to say, "I need help." It doesn't make you any less of an amazing person. This thing called "life" is quite a challenge – it can be tough just to live long enough to reach your death bed.

Health is a serious issue, and I certainly can't provide all of the answers regarding the subject. Do yourself a favor and schedule an appointment with your doctor and check how the old "body" is doing. While there, ask questions regarding your mental health as well, and really make it a point to learn to take care of your body and mind. After all, the body is the only thing we got to transfer this brain thing around, and this brain is the only thing we have to move this body doohickey we're stuck with. Make sure both are in working order so that you can relish in your glory of achieving success and happiness.

DAY 201 (165) - PDW - HAPPINESS

July 21, 2007 | Other

For the last category of **Personal Development Week**, I'd like to talk a little bit about happiness. The first thing I have to say is that if you take some of the steps (or at least the intentions) mentioned in this week's previous posts (**Goals and Discipline**, **Success**, **Wealth**, and **Health**). , you'll be well on your way to finding sustainable happiness – happiness that isn't just tied to small individual events, or fleeting emotions, but a happiness that answers the question "Am I happy?" with a resounding yes.

It is important to note that happiness is a state of being. You don't feel happy – you live it, breathe it, be it. And it is something you can control. Though emotions are irrational, and you can go from happy to sad to angry in minutes, the general feeling of happiness can be sustained. When it comes right down to it, happiness is a choice.

The funny thing is that before I started performing improv, I had this stigmatism against overly positive people as "hippies" or "free spirits" who were basically just weird. But in improv, there's really no such thing as a mistake because of the fundamental improv rule: Yes, And. The idea behind Yes, And is that you don't negate offers or "gifts" (anything that happens in the environment), that you accept what is given and build on it. Life as a whole can be treated in a similar way.

People sometimes ask me if I'm happy with some of the life-decisions I made (where I went to college, what my degree was, what job I took after graduating), and my answer for all of the above is yes. In fact my answer would be yes for every life question you could ask me (Are you happy you went to Princeton High School? Yes. Are you happy you were an RA/RM for three of your four years at college? Yes. Are you glad you dated someone for 3 1/2 years even though it didn't work out? Yes.)

When you consider that, I either: a) am an amazing decision maker and always choose the right thing, or b) I tend to make the best of any given situation and grow from there. Though I do have complete faith in my decision-making abilities, when it comes to why I'm happy right now, I'm gonna have to go with B.

Now I'm not saying that terrible things don't happen, or that you have to be happy 100% of the time. I'm also not saying that you just have to accept what life hands you and never work to change it, or even that you always have to say "Yes." I'm merely saying that once you make a decision, or once something happens, accept it as what happened. There's not much sense in dwelling in the past for any longer than it takes you to learn from the experience to make a different (not necessarily "better" which is such a subjective word) decision next time.

There has always been a large number of research and books geared towards finding happiness. There are different viewpoints all offering up tips (whether it's the new **"The Secret"** book, Covey's **7 Habits**, or plain-old **religion**). And none of the viewpoints is necessarily "wrong," it's just that some of them aren't for you. If a belief in a "master plan" created by some supernatural being helps you survive life and be happy, then good for you. If, instead, the "Law of Attraction" seems to make sense to you and has shown you some good results, the keep using it. Regardless of what your belief is, as long as it's making you happy and not harming others, who cares what it is – I don't. I just care about being happy.

You see it doesn't matter that there are multiple, often conflicting, views on life, happiness and our existence in general. Just because some of these theories contradict, doesn't mean they can't co-exist. One of my main problems with various religions is the idea that there can only be one "right" belief and that if you aren't following that belief your S.O.L. If we were to consider the example of God creating each of us in his "kitchen," how could He expect to get everyone to align with the same "gospel truth" (for Christians – Jesus) when *everything* else about us is different and unique to our circumstances. What does it matter that your "savior" came down by rocket ship or from a virin? As long as you are using that belief as a boost to your overall happiness, then it *doesn't* matter.

And some people might think that this is too naive of a view on life, that things couldn't really be that simple. While that may in all actuality be true, I DON'T CARE, because it's a belief that I have found that works for me. The key is for you to explore your own feelings and beliefs. Once you've identified your beliefs, and fundamentally your purpose, you can start to build towards your end goal – which of course will lead to happiness.

DAY 202 (164) - PDW - SUMMARY

July 22, 2007 | *Other*

Well it's certainly been an interesting, positive week. Writing with a different intent (namely one of sharing knowledge and hopefully motivating), has been a little bit of a challenge, but I think it has netted some good results. The posts could have been tidied up a bit (and would need to be for mass consumption), but the content itself was pretty solid.

I found that as I wrote the different topics for Personal Development Week, I thought of more and more topics I could talk about, so who knows, maybe we'll have another PDW in the future. As a refresher, here are the topics we covered:

1. Introduction
2. Goals and Discipline
3. Success
4. Wealth
5. Health
6. Happiness
7. Summary (this post)

In the hopes of tying everything together, you can break down the past week's key messages down into 3 bullet points:

- If you want to succeed, you need actionable, measurable goals.
- Regardless of what you are trying to do, breaking projects into smaller, manageable tasks can be the difference in achieving a goal.
- You really are in control of your life – success, wealth, health, and happiness are ultimately your responsibility.

If you only take away those 3 things from this week, then these posts were certainly worth the paper they were written on. I enjoyed writing the articles, and certainly learned some things through the process, and hopefully you all did too.

DAY 203 (163) - MEETINGZZZZZ....

/ *Stand-Up*

Well after some fun with **Personal Development Week**, it's now time to return to the funny...

I get pulled into a lot of meetings at work, and it's always a challenge just to stay awake. It's like being back in college, with that boring college professor in his blazer with elbow covers and his tendency to butcher the English language. Because you always start out with the best of intentions. "I'm gonna really pay attention, soak up everything, maybe even ask a thoughtful question or two." And then it starts to happen, dreamworld beckoning you.

Your eyes start to get a little heavy, so you start to move your face a little bit to keep them open. The person across from you is either already sleeping, or thinks you're completely insane. And then that crazy head bob starts happening, and when that head drops, you snap back awake, freaked the hell out. I hate it when you get those spasms that come along with it, you know. You punch the guy next to you, and of course he's pissed because you woke him up.

Eventually you decide to give in and just sleep. But you can't find that position to actually get comfortable and sleep. Because you still want to be inconspicuous, so you can't just lean back or anything. So you try some make-shift pillow thing using your arm as a pillow, but that just puts your arm to sleep. Which is fun in-and-of itself, because now your pissed off at your arm because it gets to sleep and you can't. And you're screwed if you have to write something after that, because it's like that extremity has gone retarded.

Finally you find a semi-comfortable position that doesn't require you to be some sort of elastic play doll to get into, and slip kind of in and out of sleep, in and out of reality and the dream world. And right when you're about to enter that state of bliss, you hear your name called. And you spring back half-surprised, half-confused, because you have no idea why in the hell your name was just called and the hell people were talking about. And of course you've gotta say something. "Right, mhm, ok."

"Great, thanks for volunteering. Ok, so Drew will be attending the weekly 4-hour accounting meeting and reporting back to us with updates." So now you're screwed because you've just volunteered for 4 hours of dreaded hell every week, and on top of that, because you slipped in and out of dream world, you have no idea what parts of the meeting were real, and what parts were dreams. Like did he say there was going to be a lot of outsourcing coming up soon, or did I dream that? Will we really be having strippers at our next office party, or was that in my head?

Fitness Challenge Update (the original numbers are in parenthesis):

- Weight: 135.0 lbs (+1.0)
- Waist: 29.5" (even)
- Chest: 35.0" (+1.0)
- Biceps (L/R): 12.75"/12.25" (-.25/-.25)
- Quads (L/R): 19.25"/20" (+.25/even)
- Calves (L/R): 13.0"/13.0" (even/even)

I started the challenge 4 weeks ago today, and if you go solely by the numbers, don't really have much to show for it. But I have been more consistent with waking up at 6am (though it's not every day), and feel like I have more energy, so I consider it a success. The next step is to go from working out at home with no weights to going to a gym and actually moving those heavy plates around. The past 4 weeks have been great to get me back into the routine, now it's time to add some muscle.

DAY 204 (162) - SU-POOR HEROES

July 23, 2007 | *Stand-Up*

(Note: this story is a complete fabrication).

Growing up, we weren't exactly what you would call rich. Granted we weren't poor, but we certainly didn't have all of the luxuries a lot of kids have these days. We only had a handful of toys, which required us to use our imaginations when playing with the other children.

Halloween was always interesting, because we never got those fancy costumes from the store. Everything we had was homemade, and we had to be clever about it. Adam used to carry a baseball bat with him and tell everyone he was "Bat"man. David would go as Wonder Woman, just saying "I wonder (this)", "I wonder (that)" all the time. I would just gather up the spiders I found in my room and go as "Spider"man.

We also used to have this rule where we weren't allowed to watch TV during the week (this part is true). My mom thought we would do better at school if that were the case, I guess because we'd be so bored that we'd do our homework just to pass the time. Thinking back on it, other than being completely out of the loop regarding anything TV at school, it actually was kinda cool. Because instead of watching stuff on TV, we would make our own videos on this ancient video camera. Anything that we wanted to watch on TV, we would just make ourselves. Cartoons, talk shows, action movies. It was a lot of fun and probably part of the reason I'm so interested in film today. Things did get a little awkward after puberty though...

(That last part was fiction.)

DAY 205 (161) - CHICKEN OR THE EGG

July 24, 2007 | *Stand-Up*

You ever wonder which came first, the chicken or the egg?

I don't. I wonder which one was eaten first, the chicken or the egg. Did someone see a chicken and say, "You know what's probably going to be delicious? Let's take that bird that can't fly over there, remove all of its feathers, deep fry it and eat it." Or did they see the egg and say, "You know what's probably going to be delicious? Let's take that white thing that came out of the rear of that bird over there, crack it open and and scramble it up on a stove and eat it."

Have you ever really thought about that? Not only do we eat the unborn version of the chicken (though technically it's not fertilized, but did the first people to eat it know that?), but even if an egg gets "past" us and "makes" it, we'll just eat it when it's an adult. It's a lose-lose situation (but win-win for us – "Mmm, chicken").

It's kind of like cows and milk. Did someone see a cow and say, "You know what's probably going to be delicious? Let's take that massive animal over there, skin it, grill its various muscles and fat and eat it." Or did they see the milk and say, "You know what's probably going to be delicious? Let's take away those silly babies around their mother, grab one of those udders, and drink from it."

We milk a cow for all it's worth, and then decide we'll just eat the whole thing. It's kind of a raw deal if you think about it.

Luckily someone came to their senses before it was too late. Someone saw a pig and said, "You know what's probably going to be delicious? Let's take that filthy animal over there, cut it into strips, fry it and eat it" and not "You know what's probably going to be

delicious? Let's take what that filthy animal just "dropped" in the yard...

DAY 206 (160) - EVERYBODY LIKES RANCH

July 25, 2007 | *Stand-Up*

I was a smart ass growing up and my dad hated it. He'd say something like "How can you not like ranch? Everybody likes ranch."

"But dad, that's not true. Because not everybody likes ranch if anybody dislikes it. And I am somebody, and I don't like ranch, which means nobody could disagree that not everybody in fact likes ranch."

And actually you could break it down even more. Because how do we know that our bodies actually like ranch, maybe they despise it, nobody knows. And what about other bodies? If you say everybody, does that include bodies of water. So I would surmise that indeed not everybody likes ranch."

"Well you know what I do know? Somebody's looking for an ass-whooping."

DAY 207 (159) - OLD DRIVERS

July 27, 2007 | *Stand-Up*

So I just had to go and see *The Simpson's Movie* on opening night (very funny by the way, definitely worth checking out), and now it's 2:00 in the morning and I have to get up at 6 – yay! In the interest of brevity, here's a thought inspired by the Buick Le Sabre we were stuck behind for 20 minutes on the ride home.

I never understood why old people drive slow. Like when I'm old I'm going to be driving around like a maniac. Because old people should be in a little more of a rush, don't you think? They don't have as much time left on this planet. Plus it's like you've already led a pretty full life, what's it matter if you end by going 90 and veering off into a median and taking out a school bus? Plus, I'd be having important things to do, like 5 o'clock Bingo.

DAY 208 (158) - PREGNANT CO-WORKERS

| *Stand-Up*

At work I sit next to two pregnant women (don't worry I had nothing to do with it), and other than the wild mood swings and the constant chewing sounds, it's pretty cool, because they have some kick-ass cravings. Hell yes I want some chocolate covered fried chicken, count me in, that sounds delicious.

They, however, don't appreciate my unique perspective on things. For instance, they were not fans of the idea of inducing labor by sumo-wrestling each other – first one to squirt a baby loses.

DAY 209 (157) - AGREE TO DISAGREE

July 28, 2007 | *Stand-Up*

My buddy, or I should say "acquaintance", backed into my car when he was leaving my house, and I got pissed off at him. And he tried to blame me, saying that I shouldn't have parked in that spot – the same one I park in whenever I'm at MY HOUSE.

Me: Seriously you put a dent in the door and chipped the paint.

Him: Oh you can barely notice it, plus dents just add character.

Me: Right, character. Just like all those zits add character to Sarah's face.

Him: Well if you ask me, I think you're being a bit mean about this whole thing.

Me: First, I didn't ask you. Second, you backed into my car. Third, you're trying to blame me for something you did.

Him: Hey, maybe you shouldn't have let me get behind the wheel, I am a little tipsy.

Me: No you're not, the only thing you've been drinking is Gatorade. So unless you get drunk off electrolytes, I'm pretty sure you're just a moron.

Him: Whoa, what's with the name calling? Let's just agree to disagree.

Me: Thank y- wait a minute...

And there's something about people not addressing or signing their email that bothers me. I'm not sure why since the email clearly came to your inbox so it's for you, and you can easily see who sent it, so you know who it's from, but I guess it's kind of like if you called someone up, didn't say hello and just started talking, and then hung up when you were done without saying goodbye. [AO look at phone, and then pick up] Oh, it's Steve. "Hello?" "I need you to submit that SLR by the COB." "Ok sir, no prob- hello? Hello?"

DAY 213 (153) - JULY IN REVIEW

August 1, 2007 | Stand-Up

Another month has come and gone, and we're now more than half way through with this year we call 2007. As usual, let's have a look-see at the resolutions:

July in Review

1. **Finish the 365 Days of Drewy Goodness Challenge paying out less than \$300.** A few days ago I was about 10 minutes away from missing a post, but then I finally sucked it up and decided I wanted to continue the streak, so I'm still ok.
2. **Limit the number of times I write 2006 for the date.** No problems here.
3. **Have 30 minutes of professional material, 20 of which is 100% clean.** Though I didn't do much in the realm of performance, I did write quite a bit that is straight clean. Now I just need to get on stage to test it out. Luckily I'll be MCing a weekend in West Virginia in August, so that should add some good notches on the comedy belt.
4. **Create an interactive website.** Nope. Nada. Zilch.
5. **Learn a song on guitar.** It's amazing how I completely forgot about playing guitar, despite the fact that I look at it every day.
6. **Perform in front of 5,000 people total, 500 at one time.** Thanks to a show at Books & Co. during the release of the final Harry Potter book, and some other things sprinkled throughout, I'm now at 5,371! That means over 5,000 people have been graced with my hilarity this year, that's pretty cool... But I have to wonder, can I reach 10k?
7. **Actually tape a skit.** Though it doesn't really count, I am helping some friends by directing and editing a sketch that they wrote (link to follow when it's completed).
8. **Finish making the various "Best Of" DVDs.** A funny thing happened. And by funny thing, I mean something that made me cry. In order to be able to edit all the stuff for the Best of Season 2, I ordered some extra RAM and bought some more hard drives. Thinking I'd be able to make things move quicker, I decided to reformat my computer and change some things around... unfortunately I didn't think to copy all of the notes that I made after watching all 24+ hours of footage off of my desktop, meaning if I want to actually get this one done, I'll have to rewatch a whole bunch improv again.
9. **Get 1 Ratings at P&G.** I'm quickly approaching my year anniversary so I'm really trying to buckle down and deliver some great results so I can really make a strong case for this one.
10. **Rate all of the songs in my iTunes.** Currently at 1550 with plenty of time to go.

BONUS: **Not hit the snooze button once.** Despite having failed, I'm still trying to find ways to make sure I get up. I've been fortunate to have gotten up at 6am for the past 3 days, we'll start small and try to make it to 7 – the weekend will most certainly screw me.

So all in all, not a bad month. I achieved my goal of performing in front of 5,000 and will push to see if I can't get it up to 10,000. I need to revisit the guitar and decide what I'm going to do about the "Best Of" DVDs, and continue working to get to that 30 minute set.

DAY 214 (152) - CAR ACCIDENT

August 2, 2007 | Stand-Up

I was meeting up with a friend and when he finally he got there, he was like "I'm sorry I was late. I got into a car accident."

And my first reaction was "OMG, are you alright, was anyone hurt?"

"No I just backed into a tree, it was OK."

That's not a car accident you moron. Car accidents involve broken glass, crumpled metal and lawsuits. The only accident in your situation was that someone gave you a license.

DAY 215 (151) - A CUT ABOVE

August 4, 2007 | Stand-Up

I'm a huge fan of change. Not like nickels and quarters (I actually hate that kind of change, jangling around in my pockets), but change as in, like, change. I get bored of the same thing relatively quickly, so I love switching things up just for fun.

Well as of late I had sunk into a pretty consistent pattern of appearance, I've been wearing the same business casual clothes for about a year now, and have stuck with the same haircut for slightly longer – like 8 years longer. So I decided to try and switch things up, and first start experimenting with facial hair. After 3 weeks of not shaving and having little more than peach fuzz to show for it, I realized that just wasn't feasible.

Once I accepted that I just can't Chuck Norris my face, I looked next for a change in hairstyle, which brings us to today, when I ventured into unknown territory – a salon. I've never been to a "salon" before, as my hair style doesn't really warrant all that flair, a 20 minute trip to Great Clips or 30 minutes + some mistakes of me cutting it myself normally gets the job done. But since I decided I was going to try something new, and needed expert opinion, I decided to try one of these fancy shmansy places out.

My location of choice was the Aveda Fredericks Institute, it's actually a school for cosmetologist (who, despite my initial beliefs, deal with the salon type stuff, not the stars). I chose this place because it's all of 3 minutes away from my house, and since it's students working on your hair and there is potential for colossal failure, it's pretty cheap.

I first had to make an appointment to even get into the place – something new to the veteran Great Clips adventurer. And little did I know there's a waiting list for these places, I scheduled this appointment 2 weeks ago. So my day finally came and I immediately noticed a couple of things upon entering the Aveda doors (note – the doors aren't a product of Aveda, but rather they belong to the Aveda Institute):

- I was one of four guys there (2 stylist, 1 other patron). The rest of the 40 or so occupants were of the female orientation – I like these odds.
- All the cosmetologists were wearing black. Not sure of the significance of the color, perhaps it has something to do with the hair, or maybe a hairstyle died today.
- While most of the guests were older, most of the stylists were around my age, unlike the **old perfectionist lady** at Great Clips.

I wasn't there long before I get called into the batter's box of hair treatment. Much to my surprise (and delight), I had a cute, charming cosmetologist who actually had a personality and was easy to talk to. Together we decided on a potential new look and away she went. Throughout the procedure, her instructor would come over check up on her work. During each of those interactions I was of course trying to discern if she had mess anything up, but wasn't very successful, as they were speaking in some kind of code. Something about "pointed cuts" and "verticals" or something. I don't have the faintest idea what that means, but from what I could tell, she was doing well (oh snap – rhyme time).

And then the weirdest thing happened. After much of the cutting had already occurred, she had me get up and go to this dark room (not a champagne room), where she then washed my hair and gave me a mini-facial (I said it wasn't a champagne room... and yes, I chuckled the first time she said it too). You definitely don't get that at Great Clips.

While she was washing my hair for the 3rd time (once for shampoo, once for conditioner, once for ... I have no idea, maybe she just wanted to touch my head?), I started to get self conscious. Was there anything embarrassing about my hair, that I didn't even know was embarrassing? Like was she going to go back to her Cosmetology friends and snicker about my fargensnufleslof (I don't know).

Finally the dark room trip was over (still no aspects of a champagne room), and we returned to her station. She did some minor work, tapered me up, and then styled the new do (dew? due? doo?). It's not entirely different than what I had before – much more textured and meant for a dryer messier look. Only time will tell (and by "time" I mean until tomorrow morning) if I'm able to recreate this dry look, but it was nice to have for at least a day.

In the end it was a great experience. New haircut, a mini facial, good conversation, and plenty of material for \$20, not bad. The Aveda Fredericks Institute – a cut above the rest, shearly brilliant, discover what the buzz is about, it's to dye for... (this could go on forever, but I'll snip it in bud).

DAY 216 (150) - WALK RAGE

August 5, 2007 | Stand-Up

There is nothing worse than getting stuck walking behind someone slow, or rather an entire group of slow people. I was at the mall the other day and it drove me insane – I got behind some lady going so slow she was somehow going back in time. Has this ever happened to you? Where there's a group conspiracy for people to make you walk slow and be late to wherever you're going?

The size of the slow walker group is always exactly equal to the amount of space there is to walk, making it impossible for you to go around without breaking through the line. You could be walking in a giant airport hangar, these slow people would somehow unite and create a line 200 people wide just so you couldn't get through. And this line only consists of two types of people: they are either old or fat, and sometimes both. Which makes it even worse, because both problems are readily solved: the old farts could just die, and, well the fat people could die too.

Though after deciding I no longer wanting to put up with these shananigans, I devised a plan. It was time to relive one of my favorite games as a kid: Red Rover. And my strategy is the opposite of what it used to be. When you were a kid, you looked for the youngest kid cuz they were always the weakest. Now you look for the oldest person, because they're one step away from a broken hip as it is, all you've gotta do is send them falling. [AO breaking through] "Whoops, sorry about your walker gramps! I hope you don't crap your Depends." Kick their oxygen tank for added fun. What are the other people gonna do? Chase you? Yeah I just spent 10 minutes barely moving behind these folks, I don't see them as the speed demon type.

DAY 217 (149) - ASSIGNMENT 1: MUGGING

/ Skits

In a step to improve my writing (both for work and comedy), I've decided to take Second City's Internet writing course. The first assignment is simply to write a scene about a man being mugged, focusing on the objective and strategies of the mugger and muggee. This is what I submitted (I'll come back and update the feedback that I receive on the scene):

Note – unfortunately because of formatting issues, I have to post the page as HTML rather than in the blog itself. You can find the script at [Assignment1_Mugging](#) (sorry RSS fans, that means you'll have to actually click through).

DAY 218 (148) - MUGGING ASSIGNMENT REVIEW

August 6, 2007 / Skits

(Note: the blog title sounds much cooler than what the post is really about.)

Well I got feedback on my **scene from yesterday** already – talk about some amazing turn around time. I have to say I knew there was a reason I was taking this class through Second City, because the feedback really makes sense. While I made the instructor laugh (so he claims), I didn't really explore different strategies for the characters to pursue, it was pretty much just argue back and forth.

Especially considering this writing is meant for being shown on stage, this becomes a problem because it leads to a talking head scene where nothing really happens. Instead there should be more action, more "doing" on stage, which certainly makes sense because it's much more interesting to see action on stage than it is to just hear dialogue, even if it is humorous.

My instructor also noted that the scene was, in some respects, short. Since this is a workshop (not meant to produce Grade A, ready for stage material, at least to start), the emphasis right now is quantity over quality. By forcing myself to write more, it will allow me to better explore all of the strategies for the characters and really force me to consider all possibilities.

We'll have to see if I can improve that for the next assignment, but until then, I leave you with a thought inspired by the scene:

A thief had his coffee cup stolen – it was a case of a mugger getting mugged for his mug.

(Say that in your head a few times and realize how funny the word "mug" sounds.)

DAY 219 (147) - DOCTOR VISIT

August 7, 2007 / Stand-Up

Today I went to that annual thing that people really only go to once every 2-3 years – the doctor's office. It had probably been a good 2 years since I had last been checked up, so I figured it was time to go back and spend some quality time with ESPN the magazine and the waiting room.

I'm going to a new doctor, which just adds to the fun of the visit because you have to answer some of the same stuff over and over again – no I don't have any known allergies, unless you count the sun; no I'm not taking any medication, unless you count laughter (oh!); no I don't know how many moles I have, unless you count.

While sitting in the waiting room, I noticed that the doctor had quite a number of old patients. And I mean old, not like 50's old (just kidding, Mom), but like 70's old. And that's exactly what I want to see at my doctor's office – that means he's doing something right, otherwise his office would only be filled with youngins and business cards for funeral homes.

After skimming through the entire recent issue of ESPN, and the obligatory sit-down with the nurse, where they trick you into thinking you're about to see the doctor, and another skim through of a 5 month old Newsweek, I finally saw my doctor, a mere 60 minutes after my scheduled appointment time (not bad).

We sat down and went through the basics. He then asked me if I had anything on my mind regarding my health, and boy did he open up a can of worms – which I found disgusting, it's not like we were going fishing here buddy... He probably wasn't ready for me to whip out a list of questions that I've been thinking about since my last visit to the doctor, most of them based more on curiosity than actual concern for my health (note that "whip out" may not have been the best terminology to use in a doctor's office). Some questions included:

Is it normal to be able to see your heart beating through your chest? Why do my ankles pop? Is it bad to sit on the toilet so long that your legs fall asleep? Why does my knee sometimes hurt when I run? Seriously, what's with phlegm? Is there any safe way to get tan? Why does my jaw pop? Is it all conceivable that I get a headache when I've learned too much? Will I ever reach puberty? What's a priapism? If a train leaves New York at 3:20pm traveling west at 60km/h and another train leaves LA at 5:25pm traveling east at 35 mph, in what city will they cross? Can I gradually enlarge my bladder by only urinating when I really have to go? How much wood could a woodchuck chuck if a woodchuck could chuck steel?

For the most part, he was able to answer each of the questions, and unfortunately it looks like I'm stuck serving as a human white balancer, as the mere presence of a tan indicates that cells were damaged and you've increased your risk of skin cancer.

After answering all my questions and going through the regular procedures, we finally started to wrap up. And that's when I thought "Sweet, no ball cuppage happening today." But of course, I had spoken too soon, as we were not yet done. And I'm not sure if women have an equivalently awkward test they receive during each physical (in fact, if they do, DON'T tell me, I don't want to even know), but I still haven't decided who I'd rather have giving me the exam, a male or female doctor. On the one hand, you have a set of ba... I mean, on the one hand, not a huge fan of dudes checking out the family jewels. On the other hand, not a huge fan of woman seeing Drewsito in that state.

(And I know this may not be the most pleasant of subjects to discuss – but this is about my health and well-being, and is 100% normal, like the fact that "Everybody Poops" (except ladies, they don't... ever).)

DAY 220 (146) - OBSERVATIONS WHILE WALKING

August 8, 2007 | *Stand-Up*

I almost got ran over by a Segway today. How embarrassing would that have been? I can't even defend myself against a nerd on a powered podium.

(I don't have a natural transition for this next part, I guess I need to consider getting a segue myself...)

Have you ever noticed how funny the word "hour" is? When you think about it, it really makes no sense for it to be pronounced the way it is. H-O-U-R is "ow-er"? Shouldn't that be "ho-er" or "hoo-orr"? I came to that observation after seeing a "Four Hour Parking" sign.

If our (which is sometimes pronounced "ow-er," and sometimes slurred into "ar") language made any sense, "Four Hour" would rhyme. It'd either be "fowww-er ow-er" or "for hore", which means it would probably have to be the former as the latter makes me think of a pornographic version of the Gettysburg Address (or rather "Gettysburg Undressed").

To wrap up my post of "observations made while walking to my car after work," I'd like to address an issue with the weather:

Dear Mother Nature,

If you are going to be so kind as to bless us with unbearable heat and humidity as high as Bill Clinton in college, please at least throw in a nice beach somewhere in the local vicinity. You see, people living in the South on the coasts can at least put up with the heat, as the trade-off is having a beach where they can enjoy getting sand in their trunks and seeing Xtra Large women try to squeeze into Xtra Small bikinis. But here in Cincinnati, we are made privy to the opportunity to sweat merely by thinking about stepping outside in these conditions, with only a "dirtier than Britney Spears" river and a fake beach that contains more bacteria than the folds in Rosie O'Donnell's flabs, to show for it. I'm not being picky, I'm just saying that we should be fair here.

*Sincerely,
Drew*

P.S. I'll probably be contacting you again come Winter when we're stuck in the blistering cold with not much to show for it.

(Side Note: Have you ever realized that, despite being opposites, it can be "blistering cold" or "blistering hot" out? Or it can be as hot/cold as "Hell" or "balls"?)

DAY 221 (145) - CEO OF CHRISTIANITY

August 9, 2007 | *Stand-Up*

At work, people often refer to the superstar employees as "waterwalkers." The idea is that everyone is good enough to "swim" in the business world, but the truly special people are all Jesus about it. Which makes me wonder, was Jesus a good business man?

I guess if you think about it, he is kind of like the CEO of Christianity (and his Dad is the board). And really the whole Christianity thing has turned out to be pretty profitable, between collection plates, WWJD bracelets and Jesus pieces, JC seems to be making bank (he was Jewish after all).

Though, given the string of controversy in the company lately, they may need to go through an image change. They've got some pretty good brand recognition with the cross, so you want to keep that, though you could probably jazz that up a bit (but please, not with a "fire" theme).

I'm thinking the real magic could be in a new slogan, maybe one of the following:

- "Christianity – Christ! It's good."
- "Christianity – With New Testament goodness."
- "Christianity – 2 Billion People Can't Be Wrong.**"

*** Please ignore the remaining 4 Billion people in the world.*

DAY 222 (144) - WATER YOU LOOKING AT?

August 10, 2007 | *Stand-Up*

Yesterday's post about "waterwalkers" got me thinking about how many "water" based metaphors there are – there's probably at least h-
twenty of them...

Like if you're really busy, then you're just "trying to keep your head above water" so you don't "drown" in things like debt. Dealing with sales people is like "swimming with the sharks," though if you succeed with them you'll probably have a "whale" of a good time.

Then of course when you're in trouble you get into "hot water," or you could be "skating on thin ice." If that trouble leads to breaking up with your girlfriend, than you can just "wave" her goodbye. Depending on how you take it, you could spend days "pond"ering what went wrong, or can be optimistic and see the glass "half full," realize there are plenty of other "fish in the sea."

Ultimately you could go on way too long with a series of puns and end up "sleeping with the fishes."

DAY 223 (143) - DIAL IT UP

August 12, 2007 | *Stand-Up*

There are just some technologies that once you use them, you don't know how you lived without them. Like sometimes when I travel I'm forced to use dial-up, which always reminds me of how amazing high speed Internet truly is.

Do you even remember dial-up? How slow the connection was, the whole process just to sign on. You connect and it sounds like your connecting to a cat dying, "Hehdejke hekdk aehdned." It likes they combined the sounds of babies crying, nails screaming down the chalk board and Fran Drescher speaking.

And with dial-up, you never connect on the first try. So you start to do those superstitious things, like move the mouse into the middle of the AOL sign, because somehow that's going to make you connect faster. And everyone had their own superstitions. My friends would be like "Dude, I learned this from an AOL dude, I swear to god. It for real works, just put the cursor in the little yellow man, hit F9 three times, right-click on the A in AOL, then hit underscore underscore, backspace, Q. It's true dude."

You finally get online, and it takes forever for stuff to download like cooking recipes? I always found that ironic, so many millions of Americans get online every year, just to get off...

DAY 224 (142) - KILLING TIME

/ *Stand-Up*

If you're ever feeling bored, and you want something to do, go to a furniture store. You cannot walk 2 steps into a furniture store without a salesman coming up to, asking you what you're looking for, and then following you around; it's actually kind of creepy.

So you go to the store and play a game of tag with these people, it's fun. You sneak in when they aren't looking, and then proceed to use the furniture as blockers and avoid the people as long as possible. Start jumping over ottomans, hiding in wardrobes... My best time is 1 minute 36 seconds – those guys are quick.

If you're looking for more fun, you can also make a trip to a jewelry store. Just go in and tell them you're looking for an engagement ring. Then proceed to make up a story about how you and your future fiancé met, and that you hope she says yes, and this that and the other.

Then you buy a relatively cheap ring, and go home. Wait a week, and then take it back, crying about how she said no. This seems to work best if you make up some dramatic story as to how and why she said no. Something like "she said that anyone that was dumb enough to get such a small, crappy ring like that didn't truly love her..."

Of course my all time favorite time-killer is going to a movie theater... pretending to be blind. You go with a friend who walks you in, and if anyone asks you any questions, you just tell them you like to "hear all that action." Foreign films with subtitles are especially good. And to really have fun, make sure you ask the people around you, "What just happen" every 2 1/2 minutes.

DAY 225 (141) - WHOOP WHOOP

August 13, 2007 | *Stand-Up*

I was driving earlier today, and went through what was questionably a yellow light (ok it was red), and right after going through I heard that dreaded sound (no, not Barbara Walters' voice) – it was sirens.

And of course I freaked out, my heart start racing, I knew I was caught. I looked in my rear view mirror, and ... no red & blue lights. I looked around, still nothing. But then I hear them again, so I turn my music down to try to figure it out. But I no longer hear the sirens.

I look at what song is playing and it's one by Lil Wayne. I turn the music back up, and presto, there's the sirens. Now why in the world would you put police sirens, in a song? They're just trying to give people heart attacks.

But, after my heart settled down, and I calmed myself, I had to laugh. Had I been doing anything illegal, I probably would have done something stupid all because of a rap song. But the more I thought about it, the more I realized that if I ever made music, I'd do the same thing.

For the people that listen to music while riding in a car, I'd throw in background siren noises, or the sound of a car crashing into another one. For the people that listen to music while showering, I'd throw a little door creak and "Psycho" music in. The best would be for the people who listen to music while doing the nasty – a knock on the door and "This is your father!"

And sure I understand that the last one would only apply in relatively rare situations, but man, imagine when it did.

DAY 226 (140) - ASSIGNMENT 2: RAISE

August 14, 2007 | *Skits*

Well, I submitted my weekly assignment yesterday, you can find it [here](#).

I already got my critique back, and I of course have a ways to go. While this scene had more action, it was still a "talking heads" scene for the most part, and my characters were "telling," not "showing" or "doing."

I think that one of my limitations so far has been sticking with only "ultra-realistic" scenarios, as in nothing out of the ordinary. And while most scenes should be based in reality, they shouldn't necessarily portray life perfectly – who wants to watch that?

I'm wondering if my focus on stand-up and a blog have shifted my writing mindset to only think dialog. My goal for next week is to have as little talking as possible, just to really challenge myself.

DAY 227 (139) - NAKED NIGHTY-NIGHT

August 15, 2007 | Stand-Up

Some people think it's weird when they find out that I often go to sleep in whatever it is I was wearing that day. I don't normally change into "jammies" or strip down to my boxers, I just sleep in what I have on.

It's better than what I used to do, which was sleep buck-ed nekk-ed, which made sleepovers kind of weird... But I liked being like a Twinkie – a creamy, unabashed white center curled up in a golden brown comforter. I switched to sleeping in my clothes once I got a waterbed.

Remember those? Waterbeds? They seemed to be the craze for like 15 minutes and then *bam* everyone was back to normal ol' spring beds. I used to try to walk across mine, because I thought, "What would Jesus do?"

I remember always having dreams related to water and being on a boat and what not when I slept on my waterbed. It wasn't until later that I found out my brother would come into my room while I was sleeping and push down on the end of the bed. He'd eventually push hard enough for me to fly off the bed, but in my dream it was like I was being thrown into water – not the right kind of wet dream if you ask me. That had to stop when I started trying to dive in my dreams – nothing like a swift wake up call as your body crumpling into a pile of bones when it hits the nightstand.

It was when I couldn't find sheets that fit my waterbed that I switched to wearing clothes when I slept. I don't know if you've ever slept naked directly on a waterbed, but it's not a pleasant way to wake up. After 8 hours of congealing with the plastic, moving is like ripping a body sized Band-Aid off your body. I mean, sure, it was nice not to have to worry about having any back hair, but I've grown rather attached to my epidermis, even if it is whiter than a ghost who just saw Rosie O'Donnell naked.

DAY 228 (138) - OFF TO WV

August 16, 2007 | Info

Well, I am off to West Virginia for the weekend, where I'll be MCing at the **Huntington Funny Bone** and performing some improv. The weekend should be a blast of comedy and will also give me some insight as to whether or not I like traveling on the road.

Next week is also a big comedy week, as I'll be doing stand-up and improv at Cincinnati's first **Brew Ha Ha Comedy Festival** at Sawyer Point – over 50 comedians across 2 days ALL FOR FREE. Make sure you come check us out – I'll be doing stand-up at 5pm on Friday (8/24) on Stage 2, and then **Smarty Pants** will be performing on Friday (8/24) at 7:35pm.

Today's post is a short, FYI one as I need to hit the road. I'll fill you in on night #1 tomorrow.

DAY 229 (137) - LIVE FROM WV

August 18, 2007 | Info

"Ladies and gentleman, we're coming to you live from West Virginia, home of the ... of the ... well, hell, our state's shaped like a middle finger."

Unfortunately none of the radio stations started their morning like that, but I don't want to get ahead of myself. Let's start at the beginning, shall we?

As I mentioned **yesterday**, I'm down in Huntington, WV for the weekend to MC and to do a Smarty Pants show. Huntington is about 3 hours away from the Nati, on the edge of West Virginia near where Ohio, Kentucky and West Virginia meet. The drive wasn't bad, though none of it is interstate highway, so I got stopped by a lot of lights.

Huntington is a relatively small city, population 60,000 with another 300,000 or so in the surrounding areas. You can pretty much see the

West side of the city on the East side, but there are a few cool stops. The Funny Bone is located in the heart of downtown at a place called Pullman Square, it's kind of like a Newport or Greene if your familiar with those places.

I was, as usual, nervous before my opening set yesterday (though technically two days ago), and you could tell. Instead of following the logical flow I had created for my set list, I decided I'd just jump around and talk about things in a scatterbrained manner, and the later part of my set suffered as a result. I still had a few "Nice jobs" from various audience members, but I know I could've done better.

I did get a chance to throw in some new material (some, not much), and most of it went over well. The audience enjoyed the "Labor Day" reference (from "Tats So Funny") and my ordering of **Chocolate Milk** in bars. I don't think it was the right crowd for all the **Text Messaging** stuff, which didn't help since it's how I ended my set. I probably should have known that considering the mean age of the crowd was 35+.

Featuring this weekend is a guy by the name of **Marvin Todd**, out of Dayton, OH, and he is hilarious. He has facial expressions and use of language down perfect, and can make people laugh just by blinking. I can certainly learn a lot from him.

The headliner is **Steve Trevino** – I had never heard of him either – but he is phenomenal. The first five minutes of his set have people nearly crying, and the last five minutes it can be hard to breath. He's a pretty blue comedian (e.g. gratuitous use of the "F" word), but still funny. Steve's really good at having a conversation with the audience and acting out his ideas, also something I need to do better.

Overall it was a great opening night for the weekend, I'm just upset I didn't do better. I managed to improve with my two sets tonight (though technically yesterday), but I won't go into detail until tomorrow (yes I'm waiting till then, since it is approaching 4am and it's been a long day).

DAY 230 (136) - I'VE CAUGHT THE WV

August 19, 2007 | Info

The morning of Day 2 in **West Virginia** began at 6am, when I had to awaken for some radio interviews. The Funny Bone was really helping us to push our Smarty Pants show, so I traveled with Steve to do some short interviews.

Steve's been in the business awhile and has dropped quite a bit of knowledge that I've been so fortunate to be able to scoop up. After our first interview he made the point to me that, as comedians, it's our jobs to be funny. The radio DJs will do the job of promoting the show and getting people the info, it's our jobs to be funny. Translation: don't waste the air time monotonously going through when and where you're going to be; say something about the event real quick and then get into being funny, don't rely on the DJs to set you up, take charge.

After listening to his advice, and failing on the second attempt, the last 3 radio spots went great. Steve and I had some good banter back and forth, had the DJs laughing (mostly Steve, and impressive considering it was 8 o'clock in the morning), and the DJs were great at getting the word out about our show.

Once I returned to the hotel I switched gears to corporate mode – got some work done, made a few calls and phoned into some meetings. Unfortunately a migraine headache worked it's way into my afternoon (a result of barely eating anything for about 24 hours and napping in my contacts), so I had to sleep it off until around 5:30pm.

It was then time to get ready for my sets, which I knew I had to improve over what I did on Thursday. I made some changes, added a few jokes, took some away, and then headed over to the club.

The first show went ok – I tried some stuff about **Pregnant Co-workers** and ad-libbed some things about being single – but I didn't end strong enough and could've gone a little longer.

The second show on Friday was my best of the three so far, which is cool because the rest of the Smarty Pants gang had arrived by then and came to see how good of an MC I am. The audience seemed to really like it, but I forgot 3 solid jokes and my attempt at doing some **Meeting Sleep** jokes didn't go over too well. Despite that, the rest of the set was good and I ended strongly.

After the shows, we decided to hit up the town and see what WV has to offer. We went to a few dive bars, and eventually found our way into a pretty cool dance club. I thought the place was amazing because along one side of the dance floor was a wall of mirrors. You could be dancing around and watching yourself at the same time – which can be both kind of cool and depressing at the same time ("That's what it's looked like I was doing for 4 years when trying to dance? And no one told me?"). Well, naturally, I had fun with that and did a variety of dancing that involved me making faces and what-not to myself in the mirror – and you better believe I broke out the cry-baby.

The cool thing about Huntington being a smaller city is that you see a lot of the same people. I felt almost like a mini-celebrity as a number of people recognized me from the Funny Bone shows and told me I did a good job – I don't think hearing that will ever get old.

And, just like last night, it's getting late, so until tomorrow...

DAY 231 (135) - OLD WVS TALES

/ Info

It's humorous to me that for some reason, I thought I was going to have a lot of free time **on this trip**. I brought DVDs to watch, books to read, and plenty of tasks to do, but didn't really get a chance to do any of them.

Saturday started a little later (11am) thanks to the late night and the fact that the other Smarty Pants players stayed in my room (stupid late night conversations, thanks Branick). After a quick workout and everyone showering (separately), we hit up Bob Evans for some breakfast before the family friendly improv show we were doing at the Funny Bone.

The show itself went pretty well, and although the crowd wasn't huge (100+), it was still a fun audience. Many folks enjoyed the performance and it looks like we will be back down here in a few months or so, the ultimate deciding factor in how well you did (request for repeat business).

By the time post-show activities died down it was time for the other players to head home, and for me to get ready for my stand-up sets. My first show went solid, but not great. I tried out some stuff about my **doctor's waiting room**, which got no response, and then also threw in some things that I came up with on my drive down to WV. Luckily the "Blackout Mystery" material went over well and is going to be the start of whole premise for me. And who knows why, but I completely skipped part of my set again.

The second show on Saturday was a lot of fun and the best one so far. I'm not sure why, and Steve noticed this, but I have a different persona on stage when I'm doing improv than when I do stand-up. In improv, I'm more confident, energetic, smiling, and having fun. In stand-up it just doesn't seem quite as natural. The second show was great because I was closer to my normal improv self than I have been in the past.

Aside from forgetting to do two jokes, the set went well and was a general improvement over the past couple of days. The other awesome thing was that there was a bachelorette party at the show, so I brought the bachelorette up on stage and ended up giving her a lap dance, which the audience seemed to enjoy. That also inspired a new premise that I'm going to work on and eventually get into a bit to perform.

After the show, Steve, Marvin and I hit up this hole-in-the-wall bar with some of the audience members and hung out till about 3am. We talked a lot about the city and comedy, and as various people trickled home, Steve gave me some great insight into the comedy world and some advice for me to chew on. I'll probably revisit this topic in a few days after having a few days to think about some things, but I'm just trying to make it through the weekend first.

We have one more show left before the weekend comes to a close. I'm planning on incorporating the various things I've learned and tried this weekend into one solid 10-minute set. And then after the show is over and done, it'll be a measly 3-hour drive back home to return to the corporate world tomorrow morning.

DAY 232 (134) - GOODBYE TO WV

August 20, 2007 / Info

Well it's now back to the corporate world and the daily grind. While I'd be lying if I said I absolutely love coming back to the norm, I will say it was a long weekend that I definitely need to recuperate from. The "fun" part is that it's been a long, full day of just getting back into everything.

To pick up from **yesterday**, I had an OK finale to the whole weekend. I went for about 9 minutes, and of course left out some of what I wanted to say. Not everything hit as hard as it normally does, but I still got some good laughs, and it seems that the timing for "Doghouse" really is just right. It was also a nice surprise that my brosef David and his friend Sherre made the trip from Morehead to see me.

And I really owe mad props to Dave because he came out to see me, he designed my business cards, and he just left some comments on some of my recent posts (**some Jesus talk**, **AOL fun**, **a little more about JC**, **Gettysburg**, and **buggy**). This last one is the biggest help because it gives me insight into what people connect to. If you noticed, most of the new bits that I tried this weekend, I tried because someone had left a comment on them.

So with that being said, if you read something on here and it makes you chuckle, LOL, or even think, "That's a good premise," please just take the few seconds to leave a comment letting me know. Who knows, I may have to figure out some reward system for the comment that leads to the best success on stage...

DAY 233 (133) - ASSIGNMENT 3: TWINKIE

August 21, 2007 | Skits

After **getting dinged in my last assignment** for still relying too much on dialog, I tried to limit the talking in my scene to a minimum. My assignment was to write about a "simple, yet impossible task," i.e. something that a person should be able to accomplish (such as going to the bathroom), but is unable to do due (ha- doo doo) to a variety of circumstances.

Check out my scene "Twinkie" before reading on for the critique.

This week my instructor liked that I went in a different direction and wasn't limited by what I thought would be easy to portray on stage. He thought the choices were solid and the reactions from the characters seemed realistic (not in a sense that they would happen daily, but in a sense that they didn't detract from the scene). He accurately guessed that I had no idea where the scene would end up when I first started writing it, and just like me (when I was writing it), did not see the end coming.

As far as what to improve on, he still suggests that I'm not writing enough, that I'm not exhausting all possible strategies for my characters, and therefore not pushing myself far enough. Let's see if I can get to about 15 pages next week and really explore the character.

DAY 234 (132) - LONG STORY SHORT

August 22, 2007 | Info

Long story short, I now have a sweet cane and a pimp walk. (You ever notice how that always comes after a long, often boring, story? Well I decided it should go up front. Feel free to read on if you want the long version).

I'm playing soccer last night, and there's a guy getting ready to take a shot on goal. I decide that it's important that I block this shot, as it could lead to them scoring. So I run over and stick out my foot, blocking the shot. Well the ball causes my foot to turn, and when it hits the ground, I roll it like a rapper rolls on dubs.

After a brief moment on the ground in pain, I get up and head to the bench where I try to bend it for flexibility. Everything seems to be ok, so naturally I decide I'm good to go back in the game ("Put me in coach, I'm ready to play..."). Fast forward to after the game ends (we lose 7-5, not bad considering we played the #1 team and only had 2 subs), and I check my ankle. It's certainly still a little sore, and swollen to the size of an acorn or so, but not bad.

Well I get home and go to bed last night, and wake up this morning. I check my ankle and it's suddenly ballooned to the size of a baseball. Now this may not seem that big, but when your ankles are skinny as mine, it looks like a Star Jones cankle on my leg (though not black, but reddish).

So I call up a nurse ("Helloooooooo Nurse" – anyone know what that's from?), and do a little phone diagnostic. We determine that is likely not broken (I can move my toes), but rather a bad sprain. The treatment: RICE. If I turn Asian, eat a lot of rice, then I become skinnier and won't put as much weight on Ok, for real: Rest, Ice, Compress, Elevate.

Now that would be all fine and dandy to do if I didn't have that little thing called "work" to do, and since I had some in-person meetings today, I didn't really have the option to stay home. Well I didn't want to ignore the "rest" part, so I decided I'd pick up a crutch to help aid in my walking (more of a precaution, Mom, I don't need to go the hospital). Fortunately (not a typo) Wal-Mart did not carry crutches, so I had to go with a sweet cane.

And there you have it, the reason "I now have a sweet cane and a pimp walk."

DAY 235 (131) - 15 MINUTES

August 23, 2007 | Info

Tomorrow I attempt to do my longest set of my stand-up career – 15 minutes. I'll be performing at the Cincy Brew Ha Ha Comedy Festival at Sawyer Point at 5pm, so be sure to come down and check me out. There's no charge to get in, and you don't want to be left out. You know it's the right way to celebrate a Friday and shows that Cincinnati is on the up and up.

In preparation of the amazing networking opportunity this is, I've got my business cards designed (or rather, my brother Dave has). Here's what the front's going to look like (note- quality of actual picture is great, this is just drastically scaled down for web purposes):



I'll add a design to the back after I try these out for a bit. Also, if you're interested in having Dave do some design work for you, just leave a comment here and I can hook you up. He does a great job, gives multiple options, and is a lot expensive than corporate design groups.

And since I have a 15 minute set to memorize, and a **sprained ankle** to ice, I'm outtie. I'll see ya'll tomorrow ("in a van...") down by the river.

DAY 236 (130) - CINCY BREW HA HA

August 24, 2007 | Review - Performance

Just got back from the **Cincy Brew Ha Ha Comedy Festival** (it wasn't quite done, my ankle is just killing me), and it turned out to be a pretty sweet success. By the time I was leaving there were around 2,000 people scattered around the 3 stages, food booths, and area in general – so congrats to Cincinnati.

Unfortunately that was not the case for my stand-up performance at 5pm, when people hadn't even got off work yet and the temperature was in the triple digits. I instead performed for about 10 people, most of whom were the family members of the comedian after me, and thanks to some technical difficulties, didn't even get a chance to do my full **15 minutes** (meaning the record is still at 12). It's all good though, because I get to at least say I was part of the event.

The improv set faired much better. We actually combined our show with the Boss Players, and improv group out of Columbus, OH, and just did a smash-up of games for an hour. We had a pretty good crowd and had some good laughs, a fun time indeed.

I think the coolest part was just hanging out with all the comedians. I got a chance to meet **Josh Sneed** for the first time, and **Heywood Banks**, as well as re-connect with some other funny comedians I've met before.

Between the past two weekends, it's been a crazy time for comedy. And just to add to the fun, I've been busy at work, caught a cold, and sprained my ankle. My mom and a long time family friend came down to watch our improv show, and afterwards the friend asked how I could keep doing both work and comedy so much. And really it just comes down to passion.

I've been enjoying my work at P&G a ton, and people have been happy with my progress. I've had some opportunities to work in some comedy into the workplace, and overall my first year at the company was a blast. Comedy continues to get better and present more opportunities. I love the feeling of getting on stage and making people laugh, whether through improv or stand-up, and find it's a great balance to the daily grind of work.

I realize that at some point I'm going to have to make a decision one way or the other, work or comedy, but for now I'm fine with all of my free-time being sucked up by both. Though if things keep taking off for comedy, I may have to decide that sooner than I thought.

DAY 237 (129) - GNIDDEW CEREMONY

August 25, 2007 | Stand-Up

I'm reaching that age where I know a lot of people who are getting married. Today, for instance, two different couples I know "tied the knot" – congratulations to Mike and Sally and Scott and Emily.

It's weird going to a wedding for a friend as opposed to family, because depending on which friend it is, you might not really know anyone else at the wedding. And with family weddings, your mom takes care of everything like getting the gift, telling you where to sit, etc.

So going today was quite the experience. I had to figure out when is the appropriate time to arrive (they started playing music 15 minutes till the scheduled start time, so that seems to be as good a time as any). I had to pick a side to sit on, which I learned was the left for the bride, and the right for the groom. An easy way to remember is that that's the last time the husband will ever be right...

I was completely lost on the whole gift thing. I mean I checked out the whole registry thing, which always seemed a little pompous to me. Like you don't "have" to get a gift, but if you were going to, here's a list of everything we want. And I noticed that all the gifts between the \$30 – \$60 range were already fulfilled, because no one wants to buy the expensive grill for the couple, but they also don't find the romance in getting them a surge protector. I elected to get a gift card from one of the registered stores. I don't know if that's taboo or not, but let's be honest, carrying a single card is a lot easier than carrying an egg beater, oven mitt, pillow, forks, coasters AND a card to the wedding.

With the number of weddings in the air, it made me realize that I'm going to have to marry someone with a sense of humor. Because if we ever get divorced, I want to go through the same shenanigans we did to get into that predicament in the first place.

We'd first have a reception where people gave speeches about how they knew it wasn't going to work out, and what we plan to do when we're single again. We'd play heartbreak-type songs, so probably a lot of country and R&B songs.

We would then have a gniddew (pronounced gee – ni – doo) ceremony, where we'll go to a church and the pastor will scold us for lying about the "death do us part" thing. They'll play the music from Phantom of the Opera as me and my wife walk down the aisle together. Then at the end of the ceremony, we each throw our rings at each other, and skip down the aisle separately, now ready to return to the waiting world.

Next we have [Welcome back to] Bachelor and Bachelorette parties. Which would start out amazing, but unlike the first round of parties, not really lead to much action. Finally, a few weeks later, my ex-wife and I would meet one last time, and I'd get down on one knee, and cry, because I'd see how much she was going to take from me.

DAY 238 (128) - RANDOM OBSERVATIONS #4

August 26, 2007 | Stand-Up

It's been awhile, so let's hit up some more random thoughts:

- I think "To Catch a Predator" would be a much better show if it were actually "To Catch a Predator, with a Predator."
- Some people have the perfect face for radio. I have the perfect voice for print ads.
- If a cannibal eats a particularly delicious person, do they say he was "finger licking good?"
- My uncle sold tennis equipment on the black market. He was caught and charged with "racquetsteering."
- Is it wrong to play "Marco Polo" with blind people?
- Fed up? Don't get down. Feel like there's nothing left? Don't worry, everything will be al-right.
- What are we saying about the lower half of the US when it's a negative for things "to go south?"
- I don't imagine that the Association for North American Linguists goes by it's acronym much.
- I knew a cop who used to recite poetry as he arrested people. They called him Edgar Allen Po-Po.
- What was Humpty Dumpty doing on the wall in the first place?

DAY 239 (127) - CRAPPY DAY

August 27, 2007 | Stand-Up

I've had a crappy day today, so it's going to be a short post.

First, I woke up this morning and my toilet was backed up. Then on my way into work I stepped in some dog dookie. And finally, as I was leaving work, a bird pooped on me.

Talk about a crappy day indeed.

Note: I didn't really have that bad of a day, though the Bengals did lose yet another pre-season game. But at least I got a chance to enjoy some Skyline Chili Dip, though now you're really talking about a "crappy" day. I'll be "talking to John" if you need me.

DAY 240 (126) - ASSIGNMENT 4: STAND

August 28, 2007 | Skits

In a follow-up exercise to last week's "simple yet impossible task," we again had to write about something that should be easy to do, but the character is unable to accomplish. This time, however, we weren't allowed to use any dialog whatsoever.

Here's a link to the assignment, "Stand", make sure you check it out before going on to the feedback.

Despite my lack of confidence in this week's assignment, my instructor seemed to enjoy it. He thought it seemed realistic as to why there was no dialog in the scene, and that's the toughest part of the challenge (it's easy to feign dialog, or just not put it in when it realistically would be).

He claims I'm one of the stronger writers in the course (he could say that to everyone), but that's pretty cool. It's also why he says he tries to critique me harder than some of the others to make sure I push myself, which was his recommendation for doing this better next time – really explore more explanations as to why no one is speaking.

I think my biggest struggle with this scene, and the assignments so far, is that I desperately want to make the scenes meaningful, have a full arch, and be funny. At this point in the game it's not about that, it's more about learning the right skills and techniques that can be applied later. I think that's why I wasn't very happy with "Stand", but as far as the assignment goes, it wasn't as bad as I thought.

DAY 241 (125) - SQUARE ROOT OF 2

August 29, 2007 | *Stand-Up*

I performed at the **Dayton Funny Bone's** Open Mic Night tonight (thanks to Mom and Adam for making the trek up to see me). I had a decent set, I started with about 1 minute of old stuff and then tried out the bathroom material for the first time on stage.

Some of it seemed to go over well, other stuff went down the toilet. All in all I think there are a few good kernels to keep, but the bit as a whole is probably better suited for a feature act (where the audience has more time to get to know you).

On the drive back, I was trying to think of other euphemisms for going to bathroom to put in my set, and that led to me thinking about #2 Pencils. And when you think about it, it's pretty amazing they were so popular, considering they were basically advertised as "crap pencils." But I don't think kids use regular pencils, it's all about the mechanical, which is sad, because that means no more "pencil break."

That was the best, you'd always ask your mom to buy you pencils, she's thinking it's because your learning so much, but in actuality you just want to play on the bus. That's where it always happened. You'd take the eraser out and flatten the metal part so you had this axe-like end. Play a few times – "crack!" The pencil would break, and you'd always try to say it was still good, "I'll just use this half..."

I lost many a good pencils that way. But it was better than wasting that graphite on math, wasn't it? I can't lie though, I always kind of liked numbers. Except for the square root of two. That number scares me, but some might say that's just an **irrational** fear...

(If you had to look at the link to get that one, shame on you. You're probably a good contestant for "Are You Smarter Than a 5th Grader.")

DAY 242 (124) - MANDATORY THINGS

August 30, 2007 | *Stand-Up*

I think that there are certain things in life that should be mandatory.

Like every pregnancy should come with mandatory DNA testing. That way the guy doesn't have to make things awkward by asking to have one done, but he can also avoid paying for a kid he didn't even have the fun in making. It could be a discrete thing too, like the doctor pulls the guy aside, "Don't worry, this one's yours." or "Run now! This chick is lying!"

I also think prenup's should be required. Because no one wants to show that they doubt their love for their fiancé by asking for one of these, but nothing in life is permanent. Considering how hard I work, I don't need some woman coming along taking the \$12 I have to my name. "Of course I love you honey, and I know we'll be together forever... but the law's the law."

And finally, let's make STD testing a part of your normal physical. I don't want to have to walk into one of those clinics feeling ashamed of myself only to find out you have to have sex before you can get an STD... Plus then you would at least know if you were screwing someone over (figuratively and literally) when you did the horizontal hokey pokey, none of this uncertainty as to why it burns when you pee.

DAY 243 (123) - PACKED LUNCH

August 31, 2007 | *Stand-Up*

Do you guys remembered when you packed your lunch for school? Or rather, when your *parents* packed your lunch for school? You get to school and it's exciting because you have no idea what you're gonna get, it's a great surprise. But you don't know why you were surprised, because it was always the same, terrible lunch.

You open it up and what do you have? A tuna sandwich, water and some of those damn baby carrots. "What the hell mom, I'm not a baby rabbit, what am I supposed to do with these mini orange pieces of ugh!" I remember when my mom "went all out" and would give me a Capri-Sun to drink.

I hated those things. Why were they so hard to open? You had to be a brain surgeon to accurately prick the hole with that stupid straw.

And it always took at least 5 minutes to do, and it usually ended up with you just stabbing the side of the bag, in which case half of the contents of the bag would spew forth onto the ground, which was just perfect because they had a smidgen of liquid to begin with.

Your mom always packed a special “treat” too, something that was supposed to serve as your dessert, but it was always something useless, like granola or something.

I always loved when my mom was sick or something, because that meant you made your own lunch- which was always a great day. You get to lunch, and rip open your Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle lunch box because you were sweet and didn’t care that you were in 11th grade, and there, in all its glory, is the most magnificent lunch of all time.

For your sandwich: a cookie, sandwiched between two more cookies. Your beverage: not one, but two Mountain Dews. Best of all, your dessert is the most amazing dessert ever created: Ho Ho’s. And the real ho ho’s too, not those damn wanna be ho-ho’s, the “Swiss Cake Rolls.” But the real ho ho’s, the ones that come packaged alone – because if Hostess taught us anything, it’s that hos go solo.

DAY 244 (122) - OFF TO CHICAGO

September 1, 2007 | Info

I’m headed up to Chicago today with Keenan. We’re meeting up with Kyle, Moran and Nate who are taking the plunge and moving up there. I respect (and somewhat envy) them for making the next step in pursuing their dream to continue doing comedy.

I’m not sure if I’ll have access to the Internet while there, so I may not make the post for tomorrow until I return. Either way it’s sure to be something about the experience in Chicago and some ridiculous thing that we all end up talking about (as we always do).

Just to wrap up with a joke inspired by the trip to Illinois:

What do you call a Fighting Illini Alum? Ill-annoy-ing. (Oh, burn!)

DAY 245 (121) - RELAXIN’ IN CHI-TOWN

September 2, 2007 | Info

You’ve gotta love those people who have unsecured wireless networks. This post is brought to you by a wonderful neighbor running the default “linksys” network.

Chicago’s an amazing place. It’s a massive metropolitan area, has a beach, teams in each of the major sports (Bears, Blackhawks, Bulls, Cubs, and White Sox), there’s just so much to do... oh, and then there’s the whole iO and Second City thing. Whereas in Cincinnati you have to search for something to do, in Chicago you can walk outside and fall into something fun (as we did earlier today).

The trip up yesterday wasn’t bad, with stops and traffic about a 6 hour expedition in all. Time passed quickly as Keenan and I had plenty to talk about (business ideas, comedy, and how to be beasts in the corporate world). We failed to time our trip correctly because when we arrived we still had to help Moran and Nate move in their stuff.

After helping with the move, and then assisting with returning the truck and grabbing Nate’s car, we returned to the apartment and found some grub (a small pizzeria around the corner). Then, as Moran and Nate slept, Joel (a member of The 8th Floor and up for the weekend), Keenan and I went to an iO show.

Unfortunately I don’t know Chicago yet, so we effectively doubled the walking time both to and from iO, walking over an hour for both trips. The show wasn’t anything spectacular, one of the groups was downright bad, which is somewhat assuring (the “I could do that” mentality).

After the hour long adventure back, we crashed for the night. I surprisingly awoke around 8am on my own accord, something that rarely happens. Keenan and I then went to explore the city, hopping on the “L” and heading downtown. We traveled down Michigan Ave and down to the pier (sound familiar?), and then headed back to da crib, which is where we are now.

We’re still making plans for this evening, but Chicago-style pizza is certainly on the agenda. Till then, it’s time to relax in the Chi-town.

DAY 246 (120) - LABOR DAY

September 3, 2007 | Stand-Up

Well, it's been a **long weekend** (both in that a lot happened, and it was 3 days long), and it'll be nice to be back sleeping in my bed (though it is just a futon, so it's probably not much better than the couch I was sleeping on).

And I'm not sure what it is about driving, but it really tires you out (ba don cha). I mean all you're doing is sitting, and moving your hands maybe 90 degrees. Add in cruise control and it's like you're just watching TV and the show is "Rural Indiana."

On the drive back from Chicago, I realized that I really had no idea why we have this whole "Labor Day" thing. Contrary to my belief that this is the day most women give birth (a result of all the "fun times" being had by people on New Years Eve, 9 months prior), it is, in fact, just a day of rest for the "working man."

Interesting to note, the fashion faux pas of not wearing white after Labor Day is slowly dying. Which is sweet, because I've been itching to get out my birthday suit on my actual birthday.

DAY 247 (119) - THINGS I'D LIKE TO SEE

September 4, 2007 | Stand-Up

A poem:

Things I'd Like to See

There are many things,
That I'd like to see,
Like dyslexic kids,
Singing the YMAC.

I'd like to see,
Two lovers fight,
But this time it turns out,
The guy is right.

Anything with Jessica Alba,
I'd be happy to watch,
Or I'd settle for,
Mike Vick getting bit in the crotch.

I'd love to observe,
Two deaf gay men quarrel,
But if they mention nuts,
They'd better be talkin bout a squirrel.

A mime on the radio,
I'd love to gander.
Or maybe even just a little truth,
From our chief and commander.

You see there are so many things,
I'd like to see.
But most of all – Dyslexic kids
Singing the YMAC.

DAY 248 (118) - YOURSPACE

September 5, 2007 | Stand-Up

Apparently some girl on MySpace named "Belle" wants to be my friend. She seems nice enough – turns out she's a "very shy person", but loves to "bare it all" on her webcam. Now I know a thing or two about shy people (I did graduate in Computer Science), and this is the first time I've heard of someone being so shy that they like to get naked and broadcast it to the entire "Interweb."

But maybe by "bare it all," she really meant her soul – that she wanted to open her heart to the world and share her feelings. OK, so she probably meant open her legs, but there's that chance.

MySpace is an interesting place. I read somewhere that if it were a country, it'd be the 7th largest country in the world. And I have to say, MySpace would make a terrible country. Who wants a place full of pedophiles, crazy stalkers, and people lying about their age/sex/location? We already have Arkansas.

I want to open up a sister site called YourSpace (stupid URL is already taken). But instead of people creating profiles for themselves, you'd create them for other people. You could make a "celebrity fan page" or "political support page." I'd use it for much better things though.

Steve: Dude, did you hear Martin from our high school class is a huge doucherocket?

Ben: Seriously? I always suspected as such. How do you know?

Steve: I read it on his YourSpace page, so it must be true.

Because I feel it's important for people to know, Martin = doucherocket. "YourSpace – A Place for Enemies."

DAY 249 (117) - AUGUST IN REVIEW

September 6, 2007 | Info

I kind of forgot about the review for a few days, but here's a look back at my progress against my **resolutions**:

August in Review

1. **Finish the 365 Days of Drewy Goodness Challenge paying out less than \$300.** No problemo.
2. **Limit the number of times I write 2006 for the date.** Still good.
3. **Have 30 minutes of professional material, 20 of which is 100% clean.** Thanks to an opportunity to MC in West Virginia and a few open mics, I've probably added 3 to 4 more minutes of professional material, most of which fits that 100% clean measure.
4. **Create an interactive website.** I've started planning the content and have some cool ideas... now I just have to execute.
5. **Learn a song on guitar.** What's this guitar thing you speak of?
6. **Perform in front of 5,000 people total, 500 at one time.** The aforementioned MC gig helped a lot, and there were a few scattered improv shows, taking my total to 6,771 people entertained.
7. **Actually tape a skit.** I've started taking an Internet writing course through Second City, so hopefully that'll lead to some great skits down the road. There's still that whole "taping" thing though.
8. **Finish making the various "Best Of" DVDs.** I still haven't decided what to do about losing all my work regarding this, but I'll have to make a decision soon.
9. **Get 1 Ratings at P&G.** The process has started, but I won't actually know the results until sometime in December.
10. **Rate all of the songs in my iTunes.** Now down to less than 700.

BONUS: **Not hit the snooze button once.** The past few months have been atrocious regarding this one. The **ankle injury** is my lame excuse, as I stopped working out to adequately rest it, which gave me no motivation to wake up early. I'm still trying to turn this sucker around.

So with all that being said – August was awesome for stand-up and improv. I'm really enjoying performing and hope to keep up a streak of some type of performance at least once a week (3 weeks in a row right now). I'm hoping that I can get my website design at least started this month, so we'll see how that goes.

DAY 250 (116) - WHAT'S UP

September 7, 2007 | Stand-Up

Ok, can we stop please? Can we stop asking questions to people when we're passing them by in the hallway at work? There's no time to actually answer, so why ask a question?

Here's the scenario: You're walking down the hall at work (say to the bathroom, to a meeting, to go plant a blowup doll in your co-worker's chair while he's at lunch, whatever), and you pass someone that you are acquainted with. They recognize you, you recognize them, and as our social norm requires, you exchange greetings. You say, "Hey Jerry." They say ... "Hi Drew, how are you?"

Now by this time, you have now passed each other in the hallway and you are left with two options: decline to give a response to the question, or stop and politely answer. Now they've made you make a decision when all you were looking for was confirmation that you

know them.

See, they could have easily said "Hey Drew," or "Hello Drewby," or even "Top of the morning to you, Drewsif," and we could've both been on our merry way. But now they've asked you a question that you feel obliged to answer.

Now here's the interesting thing, they asked you a question, "how are you?" but they don't actually care about the response. If you're having a terrible day (say your dog died, you have the flu, your wife just bought a Celine Dion CD, whatever), they don't really want to know about it. So then WHY do they ask?

I don't know. Why does anyone ask these questions? They aren't necessary for greetings, we have plenty of others to choose from. Who needs "How are you?", "What's going on?", or "What's crack-a-lackin'?" when you have "Hello", "Howdy", and "Yiggity yiggity yo"?

So please, next time you pass someone in the hall, have the courteous to just make a statement (any statement), and not a question. Besides, you may not even want to know the response.

DAY 251 (115) - ASSIGNMENT 5: INAPPROPRIATE

September 9, 2007 / Skits

This past week's assignment was to write a scene about an "Inappropriate Response" coming from one (or more) characters. And in a change of pace (or act of laziness?), we were critiqued not by our instructor, but by a fellow student. I joke about the laziness part because it was actually a great exercise – get a different perspective as well as require us to analyze a scene written by someone else.

Here's a link to my plainly titled assignment 5 – [Inappropriate](#).

The student critique was focused solely on character objective, as that's the overall emphasis of the course. He (or could be a she, but for sake of not having to write / after everything, and since he is a shorter word, we'll just say "he") understood the objective of Damon, but not really of Eric. And to be honest, I'm not sure what my intent was for Eric's objective, I guess I figured he was more of just a nincompoop rather than somebody with a specific goal.

The critic offered up the possibility that Eric was jealous of Damon and wanted his life, which I think makes for a great premise to the scene, and really would have allowed me to explore a number of different moments between the two (such as Eric waiting for Damon to die, or hitting on Ashley in Damon's presence).

Overall I think it had a positive start and could've really gone somewhere, I just didn't quite take it there.

DAY 252 (114) - FAT VS SKINNY

/ Stand-Up

As we all know, I'm a pretty skinny guy or rather a pretty and skinny guy (get it?). If you'll recall it had an affect on **my childhood**.

And given that most people think it's all honky-dory being skinny, I'd like to share some of the advantages to be of a larger breed. For instance, fat people aren't kidnapped. They're not easy to just throw around, and they command more food to keep happy. The big boned don't have unsightly bones sticking out everywhere. And the fuller people have never been pummeled by a girl.

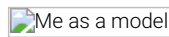
All pretty nice advantages to having a little more weight to throw around. Now I'm not suggesting there aren't advantages to being skinny. I'll admit, it's nice that we're never selected as hostages – we don't provide much of a shield. Also shopping in the kids section can make things cheaper, as can using a twist-tie as a belt. And we can always make a little extra money making wagers that we can fit through a doggy-door.

So there are pros and cons to both the large and small – and that's the skinny on that subject.

DAY 253 (113) - KID ZOOLANDER

September 10, 2007 / Stand-Up

I don't like to brag, but I used to be a model. Don't believe me? (Thanks to Adam for finding this picture):



(Click the image for full-size). Yeah I know, I'm pretty sexy in my Osh Kosh B'Gosh. I used to have to beat the girls off with a stick. They used to chase me around the playground and everything. Oh how things have changed, I wish girls would chase me around now (not like second grade girls... I mean ones my age... damn it... Great, now I'll get be seeing Chris Hansen).

Man, I was the shiznat. I had blonde hair and a swagger like you wouldn't believe – I just knew I was cool. That's the great thing about being a kid – you don't know even understand what "self-esteem" is, or care what other people think. You just did what you wanted to do (and what you could get away with from your parents).

Plus the baby face and high voice were charming then, there's was no expectation to have been through puberty yet. But not now. Noooooooo. Who says by 23 you should be able to grow some speckle of facial hair? I didn't have facial hair back then, and look, I was relaxing with two fine honies on a brick wall.

The funny thing is that's the only picture my brother found of me modeling (unlike my mom and him who were in what seemed like hundreds of them). Maybe I was just too cute and the other models couldn't concentrate. Who knows? But at least I have this picture, and I can always say that I was a model – so take that Woodruff!

DAY 254 (112) - ASSIGNMENT 6: OFFICE GAMES

September 11, 2007 / Skits

With the 6th assignment of the Internet writing course came the classic "fish out of water" premise. The idea being that a character (or host of characters) is in a "clash of context," meaning someone is in a place that doesn't fit. It could be a brain surgeon enrolled in a preschool class, or Hilary Clinton in a women's restroom...

In the case of my assignment, it was a rabid football fan in the office place. Check out **Assignment 6 – Office Games** before continuing on to the critiques.

Unfortunately for this week's assignment I took the bait and tried too hard to make the scene funny. While I think it is a humorous scene, my instructor points out that there's no character development what-so-ever. The characters are the same at the beginning of the scene as they are at the end, and there wasn't much reason to care about any of them.

The point of this class is to focus on each character's objective and their strategies. And in all good scenes, they must overcome obstacles to achieve these objectives – that's what makes it compelling. Chad doesn't really have a greatly defined objective – bring more football stuff into the work place? Become the number one sales guy? What stands in his way? After the first sale – nothing. And I never address *why* he is so adamant about having aspects of football in the office.

The secondary characters aren't any better. Who cares about Ray and what he's doing? And Marvin goes through the biggest transformation, but even that can be seen a mile away and isn't anything spectacular.

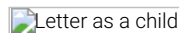
Hopefully I'll start to understand that strong objectives and strategies are necessary for successful scenes. I only have 2 more assignments to show that I've actually learned that in this course, so here's to doing some good writing over the next week.

DAY 255 (111) - LETTER OF THE LAW

September 12, 2007 / Stand-Up

To follow up the **sexy model picture** my brother found, he also unearthed a letter that I wrote back in 1999. I think the letter proves I was quite the funny bugger even when I was a mere 14 years old (and 3 days away from my 15th birthday). It's a shame that I wasn't trying to be funny though...

The image below is to show the authenticity of the letter (you can click it to enlarge it), but I've also transcribed it to make it easier to read.



The transcription:

Mom –

2/8/99

Sorry to greet your night of country line dancing like this, but your middle son decided to spit on me for no reason. Of course this was after a night of him starting stupid things for no reason. He was at the top of the steps, and I was trying to go down stairs to get ready for tomorrow morning. David decided to be “funny” and act like he was going to spit on me. He spit, and it hit the ground, so I thought it would be safe to walk under him. Apparently, David wanted to be even “funnier” so he spit again, this time hitting me in the head. I could have solved it on my own, but then I would get in trouble for spitting on him, so I decided to let you handle it. But of course, no offense, but I might end up spitting on him just for the sake of justice. Good night, sorry to bother you.

*Love,
Drew Tarvin*

I particularly enjoy the “for the sake of justice” line – man I was quite the child wasn’t I?

DAY 256 (110) - NICE TO MEET YOU

September 13, 2007 | Stand-Up

I went to a networking event the other day at P&G, and naturally I met a lot of people. The problem is that I don’t really remember ANY of the names of the people I’ve met. And now I’ve just created a whole list of people that I have to awkwardly say, “Hey Dude, what’s up?” to.

But my question is: Is there anyone out there who is actually good at remembering names? Every time you meet someone, it’s always “You’ll have to excuse me, I’m terrible with names. What’s yours again?” Geez, you should know it by now Mom...

The worst is when you forget someone’s name immediately upon hearing it. “Hi, what’s your name? ... Oh, nice to meet you dude.” Where does my mind go for that split second that it takes them to say Gary? It’s like:

Paying attention, paying attention, asking the question, paying att- does a dyslexic dog say wofo, paying attention – wait, dammit, what he’d say?

And they say that if you associate a person’s name to an image in your mind when you hear it, you have a better chance of remembering their name. I find that it works for me, except I’ll remember nothing about them, except that image. Like I hear, “Hi, I’m Rachel” and I think “Robin Williams Rachel” – not because she’s funny, but because she has hairy arms. Or “Nice to meet you, I’m Amber” and I jump to “Adam’s Apple Amber” – because, well, because she looks man-ish. Or “Hey there, my name’s Tiffany” and I’m immediately thinking “Teddy Bear Tiffany” – not because she looks soft, but because I wouldn’t mind sleeping with her.

DAY 257 (109) - FUN WITH NUMBERS

September 14, 2007 | Stand-Up

No matter what I do, I think I’ll always be an engineer at heart – meaning that **numbers will always mean something special to me.** Considering that, it’s no surprise that I’m a fan of number jokes, like the following I’ve crafted for you:

- Unknown to most casual listeners, Don McLean’s first version of American Pie had the lyrics: “Bye bye, Miss American 3.14.” He decided to change it to “Pie” when he couldn’t decide how many digits to include.
- I went golfing the other day and hit an errant drive. Despite me yelling “2 squared” the guy didn’t move and got hit in the head...
- A young man died trying to count to 100. He died on number 11. It’s such a shame, he was still in his prime...
- The first Ivy League school was founded during the Roman Empire. Of course, at the time, it was known as a “Four” League School.
- They say that one in the hand is worth two in the bush, but three’s company, so I traveled to the four corners of the globe to find out what it all means. According to the concierge at a five-star hotel, it’s really 6 of one, half a dozen of the other. I then ran into a preacher who told me the important thing is just to avoid the seven deadly sins. So after feeling like I was stuck behind the eight ball, and even though I didn’t know the whole nine yards, I felt like a perfect 10 because I was able to come through in the eleventh hour.

DAY 258 (108) - FEEDBACK SANDWICH

September 15, 2007 | Stand-Up

I work with some contractors at work, and one of them wasn’t doing so well so I decided I would try coaching him some. Well one way they

say to give negative feedback is to put it in a feedback sandwich – say something positive that they do, then the negative thing, and then follow with another positive thing.

It's like a turkey sandwich, except instead of turkey, it's a slap in the face. But the idea is that you soften the blow of the negative stuff with the positive. Mmm, delicious bread, OH GOD this is disgusting, mmm bread again.

Well I tried this, and I have to say it's not all that effective. I was talking to my contractor, and despite using the method, he still wasn't happy:

Hey, Steven, can I give you some feedback? First, I just have to say that ... is a really nice shirt, way to go. Second, you're a terrible programmer, you're fired, and your wife is leaving you for me. Third, you are great at sitting down, man you rarely miss the chair, nice work.

He just got upset, can you believe that? He was like "What the hell was that?" So I tried to explain, it's a feedback sandwich, it's like knowledge as a snack. Apparently he's not a fan of sandwiches, which is weird because he gave me one made of knuckle...

DAY 259 (107) - WHITE TRASH PARTY

September 16, 2007 | *Info*

Last night I went to quite the "get together." As has become a tradition, Matt threw a "White Trash" party at Miami University – where the goal is to dress as redneck/country/white trash as possible. I believe this picture says it all:



(You can find more pictures from the event on [Facebook](#).)

While the party may not be politically correct, it is an amazing time. Where else do you strive to be the worst dressed person in the room? And not to toot my own horn, I have to say that I was among the tops, surpassed only by Cousin Twitty and Sheriff Dunham (both pictured above).

My roommate (aka "Sheriff Dunham") had purple camouflage pants, matching purple boots, a shirt that claimed "Rubbin' is Racin'", a hat stating "Only the Strong Survive", and an afro-mullet. Party host, Cousin Twitty, sported a flannel vest, short jean shorts, a mullet, a great beard/mustache, and a tattoo on the chest of a "Demon Cobra." I kept in real in tight jeans, cowboy boots, a tie, a sleeveless tuxedo shirt and sleeveless baby blue blazer and a cowboy hat to match. Talk about fashion at it's finest.

It goes without saying that we had all kinds of fun. Despite none of us really liking country, we got down to the country music most of the night. Like they say, when in Roam... don't make any calls because you'll get charged extra...

The best part is that I partake in these ridiculous shenanigans completely sober...

DAY 260 (106) - AMUSEMENT PARKS

September 17, 2007 | *Stand-Up*

As I've noted before, my still young body has decided that it wants to start taking on old-man symptoms. Well this weekend it decided to strike again.

This weekend was P&G Dividend Day at King's Island, where P&G rents out the entire amusement park and it's only open to P&G employees and their family. And since I haven't been to KI in years, I decided it was worth the trip to go up and ride some rides (thanks to Mom for accompanying me).

We didn't make it up there till late, so we didn't have much time to ride a lot, but since there were barely any lines, we did make it on the Racer, Beast, Vortex, Italian Job, and the new one, Firehawk. And what does my body decide to do? Have a sore neck all day today. What happened to me being able to ride every single ride in the park and not feel anything the next day?

And naturally, while at the park, I did have some observations:

1. Never go to an amusement park with a midget. I'm not saying there's anything wrong with midgets (though they **freak me out**), it's just that going to an amusement park with a midget is like going to the Playboy Mansion – at the end of the day, you'll have no chance of riding anything.
2. Similarly, don't take a person that likes to talk when they get nervous. There's nothing worse than standing in line with a guy trying to hide his nervousness by talking about anything and everything. No, I don't want to hear about the "really funny time" you had when you skipped school to play D&D all day. I am a better Dungeon Master than you'll ever... I mean, loser.
3. If you are a ride operator, and you have broken your thumb, try not to be the person in charge of giving the "all clear" sign for the roller coaster to start. I don't need some guy with his hand in a perpetual "thumbs up" position to control when they perceive the riders to be ready.
4. Even if it is true, if your boyfriend says "I can't believe we're waiting for 4 hours for 20 seconds of fun," it is not cool to respond, "Why? That's what our first date was like." It is hilarious, but not cool.
5. Finally, if you're a physics major, just keep your mouth shut. We don't need to hear about all the amazing "physics-defying" aspects of the ride we are about to ride. Nor do we need to know the statistics of roller coaster injuries, or that this ride is a particularly old ride that you are surprised is still even running. This is especially true if we are 20 seconds away from getting on said ride.

Now I've always been fortunate to be fine with heights, so I have no problem riding rides. I have a lot of respect for people that are willing to face their fears. I can tell you that I will not be going to any circuses anytime soon.

DAY 261 (105) - ASSIGNMENT 7: MONOLOGUE

September 18, 2007 | Skits

Well in my second to last assignment for the **Internet writing course**, I didn't exactly receive high marks from the instructor.

Here's the link to **Assignment 7 – Monologue**.

While my instructor found this to be a funny scene from start to finish (and I have to say I think it would make for a funny blackout), he was disappointed in the character of the monologue. **Similar to last week**, this character had no depth and didn't change throughout the scene. He had one objective, he was able to pursue it using a variety of strategies, but he had no obstacles, there was no conflict.

My instructor was curious: why is he so concerned about Stupidity, does he have a personal connection to Little Timmy, why should we care about this person at all? All good questions, none of which I really answered.

I think the roadblock that I've run into is finding the differences between writing just for laughs, and writing a dramatic scene. I could understand this character development, and showing his emotions, etc, in a dramatic scene, but I can't seem to figure out how to do it for a comedic one. How do you create a meaningful character that you care about, and still make it so you want to laugh at him as well?

Similar to improv, my gut feeling is that I'm in my head way too much. I'm thinking too hard about how to achieve success on all levels, where if I would just write and see where it goes, I'll be much better off. Do you think Tiger Woods thinks about every minuscule aspect of his swing, the exact angle he brings the club back, the velocity he follows through with, the position of every single face muscle? No. He practices so much that it's ingrained in his memory, and he doesn't have to think about every little detail, he just does it. I'd imagine that's how great writers are.

So now we're down the last assignment. We have two weeks to complete, so I'm hoping to write a bunch and then edit it down to something funny that has depth. We'll see how that goes.

DAY 262 (104) - WOMAN PRESIDENT

September 19, 2007 | Stand-Up

This time next year we'll be gearing up for Presidential elections, and if people like my brother have their way, we could have our very first female President – Barack Obama ... (zing! Of course I'm really talking about Hillary Clinton). Many people wonder if a woman can have the resolve and the fortitude necessary to be Commander and Chief.

So, below are some common questions regarding a women in office, and my thoughts on each:

Can a woman protect us from our enemies?

I think they can. The concern is that a woman President might not have the backbone to attack our enemies when appropriate. But women can be downright VICIOUS. I once saw a girl stab another girl in the eye with lip gloss because they had the same purse.

Now I do believe that if a woman was in the White House right now, we wouldn't be at war with Iraq. But you better believe, that the second, THE SECOND, that Italy raised the price on Gucci boots, we would be at war (Note: I'm not positive Gucci boots come from Italy, I just figured because of the shape...). But this wouldn't be like any normal war, oh no. We'd be calling up all of Italy's friends, spreading rumors. "Did you hear, Italy was whoring around and got an STD from Zimbabwe..."

Can a woman be compassionate to our allies?

If women are really as catty as I propose above, what about the people we want to help? Well that's the thing, while women are constantly at war with girls they don't know, they are incredibly nice to their friends.

Consider how girls behave at the club. If one of their friends is on the dance floor, and a creepy guy starts grinding up on her, they will stop whatever they are doing (even if it's talking with a nice, 5' 10" guy with blue eyes) to go save her. Guys aren't like that. If we see a guy friend in a club, and there's a big nasty girl dancing on him, we'll just laugh. He'll be mouthing the words "For the love of God, save me from Shamu." We won't do a damn thing, we'll just leave his ass at the club, let him go back to sea world w/ the girl.

Will a woman able to perform her duties despite a monthly "occurrence"?

This one is off limits for me. I don't want to say anything about menstruation. Period.

Will a woman change the White House to "more of a cream color" House?

Now this is just silly. A woman won't change the White House, just like a black President wouldn't change it to the Black House, or a gay President to the Rainbow House. The only group that might change the color of the White House would be Hispanics, because they'd be the only ones willing to paint it.

Will the US lose respect around the world by having a woman President?

If you think about it, we're not exactly on good terms with most of the countries that still regard women as a lower class than men, so it really wouldn't hurt us. Besides, that's not something a tilted head, 3 snaps, and a "Oh HELLLLLLLLL nah" couldn't fix.

Conclusion

So there you have it, based on scientific reasoning and sound logic, there's nothing to suggest a woman couldn't be President. As they say, the proof is in the pudding. That is assuming "proof" is taken loosely and the ingredients of "pudding" are ridiculous observations and assumptions.

DAY 263 (103) - GANGSTA'S PARADISE

September 20, 2007 | Stand-Up

I was driving around with a friend the other day, and I saw some shoes hanging from a telephone wire. So I'm thinking, "that's an odd place to leave some shoes out to dry." Well my friend had to correct me: "Actually Drew, that usually is a way for gangs to mark their territory."

And that got me thinking, does the type of shoe hanging represent the type of gang in the area. Like red shoes for Bloods, blue for Crypts, penny loafers for Gays... And I have to tell you, I don't think I'd be scared of a gang of Gay people – sorry, I believe the politically correct term is Gayng.

But think about it: a Gayng Fight would be like a scene right out of West Side Story. They'd have drive-by redecorations. And they'd "tag" (spray paint) rainbows everywhere, which, other than maybe pissing off the Leprechaun Gang (or maybe they go by Gang Green (ba don cha)), might actually make buildings more pleasant to look at.

I thought about joining a gang once (not a Gayng), but it turns out they already had someone to do their website. I didn't want to join to "sling crack," I just wanted to become a rapper. I mean, I always admired those people at the mall that could wrap all those presents so fast... I also wanted to be a hip-hop artists, but I found that I couldn't find any "socially cool" bunnies...

Kidding aside, I did always wish I could drop a "flow" over some "beats." For some reason, I don't think I'd fit into the Gangsta Rap scene:

*Look at me, I'm such a thug!
You step at me, and I'll give you a hug.
You're quick like a bee, I'm fast like a slug,
You drink from a 40, I drink from a mug.*

*My flows are wet, like the Sahara,
I want some dough, so I go to Panera.
I'm so gangsta, I don't care-a.
If I was Spanish, I'd have a sombrero-a.*

That's a little flow I like to call "It's So Hard to Be Soft." I know, I coulda been triple platinum...

DAY 264 (102) - PICK UP LINES

September 21, 2007 | *Stand-Up*

I was at the bar the other day and I heard some ~~truck~~ guy use an awful pick up line to try to pick up a girl: "Why don't you sit on my lap and we talk about the first thing that pops up?" I know, a terrible line. But it did get me to thinking about pick up lines that certain professions could use that would be related to their work:

- Police Officer – You're under arrest for being too sexy. You have the right to remain silent, but you'll be screaming later.
- Lawyer – You're guilty of a violation of my penal code.
- Construction Worker – You're like a two-by-four because I want to screw and nail you. I'm like a lumber yard because I'm sporting some wood.
- Mathematician – If I'm a denominator, you must be a numerator because I want you on top.
- Politician – Hi, I'm Joe Politician, would you like to vote yes on Issue Sleep with Me?
- Doctor – I'll write you a prescription for loving – take twice a day... orally.
- IT Geek – I'm like a new computer – a big hard drive and plenty of ram.

Now of course one of the best things about pick up lines are the retorts women give back. So here are some possible responses to the lines above:

- Police Officer – You'd have a better chance arresting yourself and waiting till prison.
- Lawyer – I'm not a judge and will not be asking the "defendant" to please rise.
- Construction Worker – Well if you're the hammer, I'd rather use the power tools.
- Mathematician – We're more like parallel lines – we'll never cross.
- Politician – I'm sorry you're like the most recent levy – you do not pass.
- Doctor – The only way you're getting close to me is if you're my gynecologist.
- IT Geek – I'd say you've got a 3.5" Floppy Disk.

DAY 265 (101) - AH CHOO

September 23, 2007 | *Stand-Up*

We had a Smarty Pants "show" tonight (we were basically hired to be entertainment at a party – but not to perform a show, just to walk around and be funny), and while there I had a rather odd interaction. I was getting ready to introduce myself to someone, when I had to sneeze.

Well, not expecting the sneeze, I sneeze into my hand – which it is now awkward because I had already started the move to shake hands. So, thinking fast, I decide that the best resolution is to lick my hand clean so that I can continue the shake. Well it wasn't till the tongue had already contacted the hand that I realized that I sneezed into my left hand – and that he probably wouldn't have wanted to touch my licked hand anyway?

And that's the thing that baffles me about sneezes, where are you supposed to do it? If you sneeze into your hands, then you just infect everything you touch. If you sneeze into your elbow, you then have to walk around with snot on your shirt. And if you sneeze into the air, you run the risk of shooting snot on something, like a "person." I've decided to start pulling up my shirt (like you do when you're trying to cover your nose from some nasty smell) whenever I need to sneeze. I mean granted it leaves a little something on your chest, but it's better than nothing.

The thing that I do like about sneezes though, is that everyone's is different. Some people have the normal "Ah Choo," and some, like my grandpa, use it as an excuse to cuss: "Ahhhh Shit." I just can't stand the people that try to hold it back, and just give a little "Ah Tss." Come on ladies, just let it out, don't hold back.

I read somewhere that a sneeze can come out as fast as 100mph, which is dangerous. I'm afraid that I'll be driving one day, sneeze, and get pulled over. I've also heard that a sneeze is like 1/10th of an orgasm. I'm still trying to find a way to sneeze 10 times really fast...

DAY 266 (100) - YOUNGEST CHILD

/ Stand-Up

As many of you know, I am the youngest of 3 boys in my family. And it can suck being the youngest. Cuz your older brothers get to do everything bad, and by the time you try to get away with the same things, your Mom's already figured them out (I've already mentioned **not** being allowed to watch TV during the week).

The advantage to being the "baby" is that generally Mom always believes you. And I took great pleasure in **getting my brother's in trouble**, since it was really my only defense against them. Whenever my brothers would be doing something they shouldn't, I'd just yell to Mom: "Look what Adam (or David) is giving me bad ideas about."

The worst part of being the youngest is that means I was basically their bitch. And my size and stature certainly didn't help at all. They always made me do stuff – I did the chores, I made the Tea, I asked our terrifying grandpa if it was OK if we played outside.

My brothers also loved to torment me as a kid. And aside from the normal physical torture, they also liked to mess with me psychologically. Like, I LOVED cereal as a kid. I ate it for every meal. My best friends growing up were Count Chocula, Captain Crunch, and a generic Kroger knock-off leprechaun. But my brother was a bastard and would put all of the cereal on the highest shelf, where I couldn't reach it, and the only way he would get it for me was if I called him "Master." And let's not talk about the times they would hide in closets, showers, and laundry bins just to scare me when I walked by. Hiding in laundry bins? Who does that? It still hampers me to this day...

But now that I'm an older, more mature person, I'm over those days. Plus, when I get on stage, I can make up anything I want and the audience will believe me, won't they Adam?

DAY 267 (99) - HALO REVISITED

September 24, 2007 | Random Thoughts

For those of you that don't know, **Halo 3** comes out tomorrow. And the release of this **much anticipated final game** in the trilogy makes me realize how much has changed in the last 3 years (when **Halo 2** was released). You see, when Halo 2 debuted, I was at the mall starting around 10pm the night before, partaking in Halo 1 tournaments and waiting till midnight strolled around so I could pick up a copy. Halo 3 releases in around 4 hours, and I've barely seen any demos of it, let alone considered when (or if) I'll end up purchasing the game.

Instead of waiting somewhere in line to get a videogame tonight, I'll be playing soccer at 9 and then returning home to go to sleep. And I wouldn't necessarily say that it's because I've gotten older (because I certainly haven't gotten more mature), it's just that my priorities have changed. Ever since the "real job" started, I've been almost 100% focused on that or my comedy career – that leaves little time for gaming. Amazing how quickly things change.

Having said that, I will admit that I miss games. Where else can you fight complete strangers over the Internet for a little flag and a lot bragging rights? And while I never really got into Halo 2, Halo 1 has sucked away more hours of my life than probably any other single activity, except perhaps school (after all I did that for 16 years, and Halo's only been around for 6). I was relatively good among my circle of friends and people we played against; you often found "BigDicDTarv" floating around the top of the scoreboard.

And for those of you wondering, yes that was my "Gamer Name." You see, in Halo, you got to name your player and that's what people saw when they fought against you. Some people made names to try to "scare you," names like "Dead Bolt" or "Nemesis." Others went for famous references like "TonyMontana." I chose to go for humor. How great is it to see "You've been killed by BigDicDTarv" when you die? You can't help but laugh. Now some people might say that I was overcompensating for something, and... well that's true. I always fought with the pistol – an itty, bitty gun – even when faced with people fighting with larger weapons like rockets.

What amazes me is that games such as Halo often spark their own form of language, especially common among people who play together. Halo brought us great terms such as "sunny side mountains", "gay bat house", and my favorite – "blueberry." I also find it interesting how many parallels can be made between how a team of people play in Halo and how they interact in a number of other situations. We've used Halo metaphors to describe everything from how we interacted as a group for **The 8th Floor**, to the dynamics of my floor as an RA, to relationships with the females. My fellow Halo compadres understand that if I say some girl is like a "rocket whore," it means she's selfish and a cheater. If I said she's "the flag getter to my base defense" then they'd know I was saying she complemented me well.

So as **Master Chief** prepares for the final leg of an intense battle to save the human race from distinction, I can only sit here and reflect on my nerdier days of geekdom. And I'll be honest, I do miss it. Hell, I don't really need to work tomorrow, do I? How late is Wal-Mart open...

DAY 268 (98) - VIDEO GAME INFLUENCE

September 25, 2007 / Stand-Up

I mentioned **Halo 3 yesterday** and it seems that one of the popular topics surrounding games today is the amount of violence in them. Some people are trying to claim that violence in videogames is leading to such horrific events as school shootings and other acts of crime.

I have to admit, I know that I've been influenced by some of the popular games out there. Like I recently tried mushrooms (the food, not the drug) hoping that it would give me an extra life. I'm not sure if it worked, as I'm not exactly willing to test it, but it did make me get (a little) bigger.

I also tried putting four annoying people into a set of four lines, hoping they'd disappear, but unfortunately they did not. And now I'm currently working to collect 100 coins I find lying around in hopes that I can gain another extra life, or at least make a trip to a really amazing Sonic restaurant.

My question is, before videogames came out, did people blame board games for society's problems? Is Candy Land at fault for my sweet tooth? Did Bill Gates play Monopoly too much as a kid? Are we at war because of the game Risk? (Though something tells me I doubt W played Risk...)

I don't know, maybe we are influenced by games... Oh well, time to go capture small animals in little balls to pit against other people who keep animals in little balls.

(Dap to the first person that can name all of the videogames that I allude to above. Hint: there are 4.)

DAY 269 (97) - TBS MOVIES

September 26, 2007 / Stand-Up

I don't know about you, but I love watching movies on TBS. Not only do you get to have the plot interrupted every 5 minutes with commercials, but you get to hear classic movie lines made appropriate for TV. Some of my favorites include:

- Frankly, my dear, I don't give a hoot. (*Gone with the Wind*)
- I eat pieces of bisque like you for breakfast. (*Happy Gilmore*)

And of course three quotes with the same translation:

- You're one ... *ugly* silly trucker. (*Predator*)
- Yippee-ki-yay, silly trucker. (*Die Hard*)
- It's the one that says Bad silly trucker. (*Pulp Fiction*)

I think the funniest thing was seeing "*Scarface*" on TBS. The normally 2 hour and 50 minute movie becomes 1 hour and 20 minutes, and since a certain word not suitable for TV appears 207 times in the movie, every minute or so there's some type of censoring. That's a lot of "shucks", "oh darns" and "golly gees" they had to add in...

DAY 270 (96) - THE RULES OF SHOTGUN

September 27, 2007 / Stand-Up

In the past few years I have found myself to be the designated driver a considerable amount of the time. Not just because I'm a **chocolate milk drinker**, but also because I had the most accessible car of all my friends while at school, and more recently because I have a new vehicle that gets great mileage.

And in my years of being the driver, I've gotten to listen to the cries of "Shotgun" ring out as soon as we make our way to the car. Now there are many variations to the game of "Shotgun," of which most are wrong. Listed below are the true rules of the game, and it should never be played differently. And remember, when riding with me, no one is safe.

Rule #1 – "Shotgun"

Rule #1 is the basis of the entire game. The first person to say "Shotgun" gets to ride in the front passenger seat of the car. There are a number of advantages to this, such as more leg room, better comfort, adjustable seating, and radio control (assuming the driver delegates that responsibility). And don't let people fool you with claims that the "front passenger is most likely to die in the event of a car accident";

this is said by people sitting in the back, jealous they didn't call "shotgun" first.

Yelling "shotgun" is only valid if *everyone* is outside and on their way to the car. Calling it inside does not count, nor does running outside and yelling it while people are still inside, getting ready to leave.

Rule #2 – Outside Gets the Ride

If someone is outside, touching the handle to front passenger door, before someone else is able to yell "Shotgun," that person gets to ride up front. This is to negate those people that take an inordinately long time to exit a building, and helps to prevent people from trying to be the last one out so that they can yell "shotgun" the exact second they step outside.

Additionally, sitting in the seat itself is claiming it. You can't be riding along in the car, realize that no one ever technically said "shotgun" and force people to rearrange seats. Once the seat hits the seat, it's claimed.

Rule #3 – If a tree falls in the forest ...

Someone must hear you say "shotgun" for it to count. If there is an argument about this, driver decides who wins.

Rule #4 – "Not Bitch"

If more than 4 people are going to be riding in a car, and there will inevitably be someone stuck in between two people in the back seat (aka sitting "bitch"), in addition to yelling "Shotgun," riders may yell "Not Bitch." Claiming "Not Bitch" defends the rider from not having to sit in the middle seat. After all of the available "bitch free" spots have been taken, those that did not call "not bitch" will be left sitting in the middle. Note: it is common courtesy that if a woman is riding among a group of men, she takes the bitch seat (and that has nothing to do with it's name...).

Rule #5 – If you talk the talk

If, on the journey to the car, you mistakenly assign yourself a position, you must sit there. The most prominent example of this is if 3 or 4 people are going to be riding in a 5-person car. Person A is the driver, and Person B yells "Shotgun." If Person C exclaims "Bitch" out of exasperation for not getting to ride shotgun, he must then sit in the "bitch" seat.

Rule #6 – Nothing is Guaranteed

Just because there is a seat up-front, doesn't mean it is a guarantee someone will sit there. This is because the driver can also play the game. The driver has the ability to assign seats to specific people, assuming the riders have not yet made their claim by yelling "Shotgun" or "Not Bitch." So if no one has yelled "shotgun," the driver may say "No Shotgun," in which no one is allowed to sit up front. He may also assign a specific seat, to a specific person: "Nate, you're riding bitch."

This is so that the driver has some stake in the game as well (it is in fact his car). It also keeps the other people on their toes. There's nothing greater than successfully pulling off a "No Shotgun" when you have 3 people riding with you, or when you assign a "bitch" seat when there's just one other person in the car.

Corollary #1 – Additional Spots

Depending on the car, there may be additional spots that the riders may claim. For example, if it is a truck, you may include "Bed." If your car has only one good seatbelt, riders may claim "Seatbelt."

Corollary #2 – Game Resets

The game resets whenever everyone gets out of the car. Whether it's because you are leaving the car for 10 hours, or just getting out to stretch – if everyone is out of the car, then you have to reclaim your spots. Additionally, if you leave the car, your spot is now up for grabs upon your return back outside. For example, if you are riding shotgun, and have to run into a bank to use an ATM, once you come back outside, your spot is up for grabs. If someone already riding in the car yells "shotgun" before you reclaim it by yelling it yourself, or touching the door handle, you've just lost your seat.

Corollary #3 – Nice Try Funny Man

Inevitably someone will attempt to be "funny" and yell "driver" upon getting outside. While your "joke" is "hilarious," Funny Man, the fact that the vehicle belongs to driver negates any claim you may try to have on it. The keys are also like a gavel, in that the driver decides disputes among "who called it first" and "I already called it," and his decision is final.

So there you have it, the rules of "Shotgun." Feel free to print these out and post them in your car so that passengers know the rules. Happy car pooling.

DAY 271 (95) - JUST ACROSS THE WAY

September 29, 2007 | Stand-Up

Tonight kicked off a good family weekend – a birthday party for my Aunt at my Dad's condo. I got a chance to see some relatives I haven't seen in awhile (some of which I remember meeting before, others who could pass me on the street and I'd have no idea who they were). But regardless, I still felt compelled to answer "of course" to the prominent question of the night: "Oh, you remember (insert name of relative that I don't recall ever having any type of interaction with), don't you?"

There one was individual in particular that I seemed like a complete stranger to me, and it turns out, he was. He was actually a complete stranger to everyone at the party. He happened to live in the same neighborhood "just across the way, up one floor" (as he repeatedly told us), and was walking by and noticed we were having party. Seeing that people were having a good time (or maybe it was the cake, ice cream, and alcoholic beverages he noticed), he decided to hang out – stating that no one really seemed to mind.

The highlight of the evening came when we started taking group pictures. We had the standard "Tarvin Family" picture, now just the "Grandkids" picture, then of course the "siblings" picture. When it came down to the entire group picture, my Dad's significant other ended up being the one behind the camera, as Mr. Stranger sat prominently at the front of the photo.

Being that this was quite silly, we switched it up and replaced Mr. Stranger with Maggie so as to have an appropriate picture. Well instead of getting a picture of the group, our new friend somehow managed to take a picture of his face. That's right, with a standard disposable camera, he mistakenly held the camera backwards (as in the lens was towards him), looked through the viewfinder, and snapped a shot of his nose – the flash going directly in his eye.

Now I'm not one to normally laugh at other people's mishaps (ok – that's a lie, I admit it. I laugh when people mess up, or do silly, embarrassing things. You have to, it's life. Plus, I'm the first one to laugh when something embarrassing happens to me. And by first, I mean years after the event has occurred and everyone's forgotten about it.) Anyway, where was I. Right, so I'm normally one to laugh at other people's mishaps, and so I did in this case too.

So thank you, Mr. Stranger from "just across the way, up one floor," for giving me a hearty chuckle tonight. Best of luck to you at the next family function you crash, hopefully you can leave them with a laugh as well. And since my Dad coerced me into helping him move some stuff tomorrow morning, I'd better get to sleep. I don't want to get too "tired" helping him move some wheels around, or be fixing something and get "cranky."

DAY 272 (94) - CHICKDONALDS

/ Stand-Up

I was at McDonald's the other day, and I was surprised to see an incredibly attractive girl working there. But I was thinking about it, and you can't really do anything with a hot girl that works at Mickey D's, because she's most likely 14 years old. And if she does happen to be legal, then there's the whole fact that she's still working in fast food.

And I'm not trying to insult any fast food employees out there, it's just that by the time you reach legal age, you should probably have found your way out from behind the counter of McDonald's and at least behind the counter of a Target or something. (Of course if you're managing the place, that's a slightly different story.)

But seeing her beauty behind the counter got me thinking about a few things. The first was that it reminded me of a time that a friend of mine saw a girl so attractive, that when asked if she was 18, he replied, "Dude, she was so hot she was worth going to jail for." Now that's pretty hot, and, incredibly creepy.

The other thing it made me think about was a pick up line that I've always wanted to use while placing an order for food (in a fast food place or otherwise) – "I'll take a #9 and your phone number..." Yeah, I don't see that really working. But, that then triggered another thought – what if you could order a lady friend off of a menu?

C: Good afternoon sir, welcome to ChickDonald's. What can I get for you?

M: Hmm, I guess I'll take a number 10.

C: I'm sorry sir, we are fresh out of 10's for you. May I suggest a 6 or 7?

M: Well, ok. I guess I'll go with a number 6 with a job, but lives at home, and has a history of clinginess.

C: Ok, that's one number 6. Would you like lies with that?

(And no, this entire post wasn't inspired by the desire to use that last line... I swear.)

DAY 273 (93) - OLDER, MORE IMMATURE

September 30, 2007 | Stand-Up

I was waiting for the elevator in my apartment complex today, when I realized I'm definitely **getting older**. And maybe not even in the sense of actual age, but in behavior. I realized this because I had on my laptop backpack, and it's just one example of my preference of practicality over coolness. I used to have a hipper single strap/over the shoulder laptop bag, but traded it in for the backpack because it was better for my back.

And that scares me, because that's the kind of thinking that leads you to waking up one day only to realize you're wearing a fanny pack because of it's practical uses. And I don't want to become one of those "fanny fairies," someone has to save me before it's too late...

In a complete change of subject, but along the lines of realizations – I had another realization today that I'm a huge dork (ok, so maybe today wasn't the day I realized it, that may have been some time back before a certain **letter**). But it came when I was riding back from a family reunion with my brother. I had brought some things to give him, and actually smiled and nearly laughed out loud when I realized that I was going to get tell him, "Hey, don't let me forget, I've got some junk in my trunk for you."

I was elated just to know I got to say something dumb like that... Ahh the feeling older and getting more immature – just the way it should be...

DAY 274 (92) - ASSIGNMENT 8: TWIN

October 1, 2007 | Skits

In the last assignment of the **Second City Internet Writing Course**, we were to pick one scene that we had already written, and go back and rewrite it, taking what we have learned and trying to apply it for one last hoorah. I wasn't quite sure which one I wanted to pick. Do I go with my favorite one, the **Twinkie**, the one I think is funniest, the **Stupidity Disease**, or where the characters seemed the most interesting, the **Inappropriate** one?

In the end, I elected to go with the interesting characters (as suggested by the instructor). You can **find the scene here**. You'll notice that the beginning is similar to before (there are some changes, some added lines), and there's a whole new scene added at the end. After you've read the scene, keep reading for the feedback from my instructor, as well as the high level things I learned from the course.

To feedback, and beyond... Well as can be somewhat expected, the last critique was overly positive. I say "expected" not because I thought my scene was amazing (though I do think it had a lot more depth than any of the ones before), it's just unlikely that the last email you get after a paid 8-week course would be all negative. They've certainly got to hype you up so you keep coming back.

Anywho, the feedback was positive, and my instructor highlighted some very specific areas that he liked better. There was more depth to both characters (hey, both characters actually had objectives), and there was a better glimpse of the history between these two people. The instructor also called out two of my favorite lines: "Ain't no party like a Damon party..." and "fulfilled our dream with the midget."

Overall, I thought the course was a great experience and I definitely learned a lot. I think one of the most beneficial things was just to be forced to write in a new context at least once a week. As for more specific takeaways, these were the comments from my instructor over the past 8 weeks that I think highlight the points of the course:

- You need to think about exploring strategies that don't necessarily depend on dialogue, but rather force your characters to make active choices.
- Be sure that your characters are actually listening to each other. The best strategies don't come out of nowhere, but are a direct response to what has already been presented.
- I want to see less talking and more **DOING**. I want **SHOWING** instead of **TELLING**.
- Focus on character development over comic premise.
- And that's the inherent question of any scene: Why should we care about your characters?
- An objective shouldn't be a passive desire – something that a character kinda-sorta-maybe wants – but something that **MUST** happen **TODAY** or their world will fall apart.
- Each line of dialogue needs to provide another detail about his story, another clue (intended or not) as to how we're supposed to feel about him.

DAY 275 (91) - FASHION SENSE

October 2, 2007 | *Stand-Up*

They say there are 5 senses, 6 if you can see dead people. But I venture to say there are even more. Like the sense of humor, common sense (which isn't so common), fashion sense.. oh and **50 Sense**.

Of the 10 I listed there, there is one that I'm not sure I'll ever have – Fashion Sense. I don't know much about colors, let alone combining them to make "ensembles," and if it's not on sale at Kohl's, then it's probably not a part of my style. But it just dawned on me – that's why gay guys are so fashionable – they know the rainbow.

But alas, I am trying to make that all part of the past; I'm trying to create my own style. The first step was to go shopping with someone knowledgeable, which I did while I was still in college. And I was first going to ask some lady friends to help me, but I realized, you can't go to the mall with a woman, unless she's there to shop for her. It's impossible for a woman to pass Victoria's Secret without going inside.

Her: "Ok, we are gonna go straight to Express for Me- oooh. Hold on just a second, let me just stop in here real quick."

And of course "real quick" in girl language translates into "all damn day" in guy language.

So that's why I decided to take a gay guy with me. Which isn't really that bad, if you can ignore the skipping from store to store. The biggest fear with shopping with a gay guy? Him making you look TOO gay. When he holds up the pink scarf for you to try on, you just have to remind him, "make me attractive to women, not men that want to be women."

Now, if you're familiar with common vernacular, this would now put me in the realm of "metrosexual" – which does not mean "sex predator who likes to ride the bus." Rather it's a term to describe a straight man that dresses fashionably, possibly uses a lot of skin and face products, and may shave his body hair.

So... getting new clothes with the help of a "queer eye" was step number one. Now I think it's time to move on to phase B – individuality. I'd like to not look like the other 90% of the other guys out there. In order to do that, I feel I should "tweak" some of my current fashion to distinguish myself as an individual (and potentially start a fashion fad, like **Kris Kross** did). Here are some possibilities I've come up with so far:

- Wearing your pockets inside out. This does, however, make pockets worthless as you wouldn't be able to keep anything inside them.
- Half tuck. Tuck in half of your shirt, like one side, and leave the other side untucked (more of a left and right tuck/untuck, not a front and back).
- Blazer worn inside out. This is actually just a callback to "The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air."
- Belt undone. Wear a belt, but don't actually buckle it up, just let it hang out there.

Of all the above possibilities, the "Undone Belt" is the only that I've actually tried, and that was more on accident. While at the club with my belt undone, I got a number of comments on it – some good, some bad. The thing I find interesting is that as a society, we are fine with people wearing belts as normal, and (for the most part) not wearing a belt at all. But have on a belt that is unbuckled? Well then that's just crazy.

Who knows, maybe I'll just have to try some of the above possibilities and see what kind of responses they get. After all, I want to be an individual, not an individually dumb person.

DAY 276 (90) - CRUISING RIGHT ALONG

October 3, 2007 | *Info*

I am now T-minus 5 or 6 minutes away from driving 12 hours to Mobile, AL, where I will be embarking on a cruise to Cozumel, Mexico. Naturally, I have waited until the last minute to do everything – packing, eating, and of course blogging.

I don't know why it is, I clearly knew about this trip for a number of weeks, and yet it's not until today that I even thought about getting stuff ready for it. This will ultimately lead to me forgetting something of importance, which will then require me to purchase at unthinkable mark-up prices while on the cruise.

And as you may have gathered, I won't have access to the Internet while I'm gone, so I won't make another post until I return on Tuesday. I'll be writing while on the trip, so you'll have multiple posts then – it'll be like Christmas in October. Except instead of presents, it'll be blog posts, and instead of you being incredibly happy, you might laugh once or twice.

So I bid all of ado, and we'll see you Tuesday. And just to leave on a little joke:

I've been on five or six cruises now; it seems like it's the default family vacation. We must be on cruise control (ba don cha).

DAY 277 (89) - WELCOME TO MOBILE

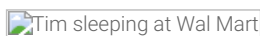
October 4, 2007 | Info

Sorry for the delay, but here are the (postdated) entries about the trip to Cozumel.

Our trip to Cozumel (by way of Carnival Cruise) started with a late night drive down to Mobile, AL. The drive is just around 12 hours, and Tim was a champ and drove the whole way (for our car at least). Other passengers in our car included myself, Adam (my brother) and Megan (a friend of Dave's). The other attendees (but not in our car, because although we are going to Mexico, we were not "riding Mexican") included Dave (my brother, whose birthday is Oct. 7th and the reason we are going on the cruise), Angie (Dave's friend from Abuelo's), Justin (Angie's friend), Sherre (Dave's friend from Morehead), Andrea (Morehead), Trevor (Morehead), my Mom, and her three friends, Mike, Carol and Kay.

We arrived in Mobile around 7am, which was grand, considering we had to wait until after 1pm before we could even board the boat. Naturally we went to Crackel Barrel for breakfast, where they made it known that they don't discriminate against races or ethnicities. And really, it's probably not a good sign if you have to have a sign at the front of the store saying this. Maybe during segregation would this be helpful, but it's kind of assumed now. Having a sign like this is kind of like being a little kid and telling your mom that you didn't do anything before she even realizes something is broken.

After breakfast we did what any group of people do in a small town – we hung out at Wal Mart. Or, more specifically, napped in the car in the Wal Mart parking lot, which was definitely a first for me. The parking lot did provide quite the venue for people watching though, as we saw a whole smorgasboard of interesting folks, ranging from an attractive cougar dressed in a jungle print dress to a whole family of mullets.



With a total of 3 or 4 hours of uncomfortable Wal Mart sleep under our belts, it was time to head to the ship. We met up with the other cars and boarded the Holiday. After a brief wait, our bags finally made it to our rooms, and that brings us to now. The first night should be an interesting one considering most of us are sleep deprived, but we shall see how things go...

DAY 278 (88) - THE VOYAGE BEGINS

October 5, 2007 | Info

So the lack of sleep certainly took its toll, as we were all in bed by 11pm, but let's not get ahead of ourselves.

After getting all of our belongings to our rooms, we decided to take a tour of the boat. For Tim and I it wasn't much of a tour, as this happens to be the exact cruise that we went on last year when 10 of us whom went to high school together decided to take a trip. The boat offers putt putt, a few different pools, a couple of jacuzzis, a casino, karaoke bar, piano lounge, disco room, staged venue, plenty of lounging area, and of course – tons of food.



The self guided tour culminated in us grabbing some grab from the buffet area – cheeseburgers, fries, pastas, etc. Not the greatest food in the world, but a pretty good start to our voyage.

We then chillaxed for a bit before getting ready for dinner, the real treats of the cruise. Our first night on the boat they offered Filet Mignon, which I thought was pretty tasty, though some of my fellow passengers did not agree. Now if you've ever been cruisin' before, then the food thing doesn't surprise you. But if you've yet to go on a cruise, then this might be news. Basically you eat more on a cruise than any other vacation (unless a trip to Golden Corral is a vacation for you, in which case ... nevermind).

I like to use a cruise as a reason to try a variety of things to see if my tastes have changed. So far, everything is on track (yes to potatoes and beef, no to anything green). I also imagine that the waitstaff (or should it be weight staff) aren't big fans of me, considering just about

everything I order is customized in some way (sauce on the side, no tomato, chocolate sundae without the bananas, nuts or cherry – “sir, that’s just vanilla ice cream and chocolate syrup, we offer that on the menu...”)

After the meal we went back to the top of the boat and just talked, drank (fruit punch for me), and fulfilled the definition of “hung out.” A couple of card games, and a stop by the karaoke bar later, we made our way to the entertainment that evening, the PG rated comedy of ... I have no idea who he was. But since it was now approaching the “late hour” of almost 11pm, not too many of us actually made it through the entire set. I know I only got half way before I had to call it quits and hit the hay. But hey, it’s vacation, no sense in fighting the urge to sleep.

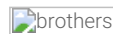
DAY 279 (87) - FORMAL NIGHT

October 6, 2007 | Info

Yesterday we spent the whole day at sea, without a care in the world (besides when are we going to get there, am I getting too much sun, does the captain know what he’s doing, did I leave the iron on, ...).

After lunch (I didn’t quite make it up in time to catch breakfast, because luckily no one in my room is a “vacation leader”), we layed out in the sun for a bit. I was forbidden (forboden?) to wear sunscreen because I was apparently blinding everyone and they much preferred I be red (and cancer-prone) than to stay my pasty self and serve as a reflective surface. We soaked up some UV rays for a bit, and then I proceeded to get beat in putt putt by both Adam and Tim, two people who rarely golf. I blame it on being drunk from the sun.

Before long it was time to get ready for the night’s festivities. It was the “Formal Night,” so we had to dress up some (“Did you hear about the game between the shirt and the blazer? Yeah, it ended in a tie.”), but it also meant that there was a Captain’s cocktail reception (read: free alcohol for those that choose to consume such beverages).



Dinner was another pleaser, most people electing to go with the lobster, myself choosing the prime rib. From what I remember, everyone enjoyed the food this time. During dinner, we partook in a rather enthralling conversation about salads. Dave thinks the Caesar on the boat is the best Caesar salad that he’s ever had, though Justin finds that hard to believe. The best salads in the entire world, however, reside at Bravo (the ensalada de la casa), at least according to Angie (and seconded by Dave). I also thought that I was weird when it came to salads (no dressing, just salt for me), but Trevor is such a big fan of salads with no dressing and extra tomatos, that he ordered one for before the meal, and a second for dessert. I guess you don’t want to mess with Trevor and his Iceberg Lettuce, otherwise heads will roll...

After the dinner, some of the bigger “partiers” went to the second of the two Captain’s cocktail receptions (meant for people who had the later dinner, but hey, what’s a few more drinks among friends). Then we all posed as the mandatory group photo was taken, as well as one of the fam (Mom, Adam, Dave, and I). The couple in line behind us must have gone to both of the receptions as well, as the lady was quite inebriated. Ignoring her constant exclamations that her boobs were popping out of her dress, the real sign was that she thought my mom was a swinger, and that her three sons were her dates. After being corrected by one of our friends, she then apologized profusely (and loudly) for suggesting we try incest (you may now vomit).

With pictures out of the way, we then hit up the piano bar, and then the disco bar. I of course “shook my groove thang,” and “shook it like a Polaroid picture.”



Midnight rolled around (yeah, we’re party animals), and we saw the late night, Rated R, comedy show. It was decent, though nothing to write home about (and who would I write to? I doubt my Dad cares about a comedian on a cruise ship. Plus, we’re in the middle of the ocean, how would it get to him? Do they have carrier pigeons?). By the time the show was over, it was midnight:45, so we decided it was time to sleep (hey, we’re human, even if I can do an amazing “Robot”).

DAY 280 (86) - COZUMEL

October 7, 2007 | Info

Yesterday was our one day in port for the trip, and it was quite the fun adventure. As I mentioned before, this is the same cruise that Tim and I went on last year, so we decided we didn’t want to spend the entire day shopping in Cozumel, but would rather see more the island.

Quick side note: we did see some of the same things as last year, such as the spot where Matt threw up from too much drinking. As you'll notice below, it got cleaned up at some point in the past year.



We accomplished having a different experience by going on a Jeep/Snorkel excursion. It involved waking up early, which is one of the hardest things to do on this trip considering your rooms are pitch black and you have no concept of time (Is it 6am or 6pm?). We then hopped in some jeeps and drove around the island.

On the trip we got a chance to see the more natural view of Cozumel – forests, rocky beaches, smaller villages, random shops – as opposed to the purely touristy area off the dock. We also saw a Mayan temple (though it had nothing on the ones in Chichen Itza), and some fish and a sting ray while snorkeling.



Once we finished with the excursion we walked around for a bit near the dock. We wandered into a popular tourist bar, Carlos N Charlies, and crikey was it jumping. They were playing US-type club music, drinks were flowing, girls were dancing and people were partying like it was 1999 (all of this around 3pm in the afternoon). Once it started to rain we decided it was time to get back on the boat.

Luckily the fun day was followed up with a hilarious night. After the pretty good (not the best, but no real complaints) dinner, all of the youngins in our party (i.e. everyone but my mom and her friends) played a rousing game of Kings. It's been a long time since I've had that much fun with a deck of cards, and there were certainly some great moments ("Delightful" and "Duck Duck Goose" seem to stick out in my mind).

After about 2 or 3 hours of Kings we hit up the disco. This was by far my latest night on the boat, considering we didn't start dancing until 2:30am. I learned a new line dance (thanks Megan), and also witnessed quite the sultry dance show put on by two MILFs.

Once 4am rolled around I was about done (of course Dave would say "Pies and Cakes are done, people are finished." But to say I was finished makes it almost seem like I was murdered, which wouldn't make sense, because then how would I be writing this? Dave's so silly.)

DAY 281 (85) - A DAY AT SEA

October 8, 2007 | Info

(Note: This post was updated to cover the last day of the cruise).

Sunday was the last day on our cruise, a full day at sea as we made our way back to Mobile. It was also my brother's 26th birthday, so Happy Birthday, Dave – I hope the cruise was as fun as you had imagined.

With the late night, I didn't get up till about 11 or so. Most of the day was spent eating and lounging around in the sun (I was able to garner some sun, and hopefully it doesn't turn into a burn). While out on the deck I did get a chance to chat with a nice lady from Alabama. According to Tim I was hitting on a cougar, but I was just holding a conversation. Plus there was the whole awkwardness of my Mom watching the interaction. Either way, shout out to hot, more mature lady I chatted with.

Before dinner, a few of us went to a demonstration on how to make towel animals – basically origami with a towel. It was fun, but ultimately lead to this picture...



Our last evening meal on the boat was quite delicious, culminating in an awesome dessert. We then did one of my favorite things on a cruise boat – went to the front of the boat and just sat and talked. The combination of the perfect weather, the stars in the sky, and the wind blowing makes for some awesome conversation. We had our fair share, and I later returned to the same spot to do some reflecting on my own, and I certainly have some things I need to work on (but that's neither here nor there, because it was on a boat).



After that we went to karaoke, which is always a weird experience. I didn't sing anything, as I didn't want to break any glasses. There were

a few people who attempted to sing, but weren't all that successful. Good for them for trying, I just hope they have the right friends that let them know, maybe they should try a different late night activity.

Once we were done sitting through some amazing musical numbers, it was pretty much time to head to bed. Though we wanted to make the best of the last night on the boat, an early morning and a 12 hour drive put a damper on that.

DAY 282 (84) - A PICTURE'S WORTH A THOUSAND WORDS

October 9, 2007 | Info Stand-Up

Well I would love to update you with all of the posts from the cruise today, but alas I cannot. I don't want to short change the posts, and want to make sure I have ample time to include appropriate pictures as I recount the various events. Unfortunately the first day back to work is often a doozie (how is that spelled?), and I didn't get home until 8:15pm. Throw in eating dinner and working out, and it pretty much sucks up the whole day.

I did, however, spend about an hour uploading all my pictures. You can find them on Facebook [here](#) and [here](#) (there's only 6 pictures in the second album).

I'll fill in all the posts tomorrow, I swear... Till then, consider this:

They say "a picture is worth a thousand words," but how did they decide that? Is that the number of words that can fill a picture, or is that how many words it would require to describe what you could see in the picture (and if that's the case, does that cliché hold true for blind people)?

The biggest Harry Potter book (the 5th one – Order of the Pheonix) contains 257,045 words (that's according to an online source, I would have no clue considering I've never read any of them). 257,045 could be summarized by 258 pictures (257,045/1,000 = 257.045). Now, assuming that it takes the average human 10 seconds for a picture to register in their mind (and this I am just completely making up), then the biggest Harry Potter book should only be a 43 minute movie (2580/60 = 43). BUT, Harry Potter and the Order of the Pheonix the movie was 138 minutes long. Mathematical proof that you wasted at least 95 minutes (138-43 = 95) watching more Harry Potter than you needed to (though I would venture to say you wasted 138 minutes more than you needed to).

DAY 283 (83) - CRUISE RECAP

October 10, 2007 | Info

Ok, so I've finally got all the cruise posts up. You'll notice that my anal retentiveness required that I go back and postdate each of the posts so that they occur chronologically.

Thinking back on the trip as a whole, I have to say I had a blast. Even the car ride home was fun (we talked about some of our favorite moments on the trip, as well as a variety of other subjects – from various religions to the worst music to make love to – I chose the Smurf Theme Song). I was also around family, old and new friends, and had a great break from the work and comedy worlds. It gave me some time to think about what I need to be doing right now (refocus on comedy, buckle down at work, eat more steak), as well as rejuvenated my motivation to get things done.

Thanks again to everyone that was able to make it down, and of course Happy Birthday to Dave, and excellent choice as a birthday party. I'm glad to say I have some new friends, that thanks to Kings I know quite a bit about. Here's to a great vacation everyone: 21, Wrinkle, Mother Hen, Alphabet, Libido, Lilo & Stitch, Sweaty Mess, Fabio, and Cougar.

Recapping the past few days, from yours truly, Babyface:

- Day 1 – Welcome to Mobile
- Day 2 – The Voyage Begins
- Day 3 – Formal Night
- Day 4 – Cozumel
- Day 5 – A Day at Sea

Also, don't forget you can check out **all the pics** from the cruise on Facebook.

DAY 284 (82) - I DON'T REMEMBER EATING THAT

October 11, 2007 | Stand-Up

Ok, with all the **cruise stuff** out of the way, it's time to get back to the funny. And what better way than to ease back into it with a relatively bland topic: throwing up (yay!).

I only bring this up because the other day I witnessed quite the event. You see, my friend Charles threw up beef the other day. Said differently, "Chuck up-chucked ground chuck." And really, what is throwing up, other than food using the emergency exit. It's sitting in the stomach, thinking "Oh God, this isn't good. Evacuate, up the ladder and to the roof." Just, in this case, the ladder is your esophagus and the roof is the roof of your mouth (which means every time you chew food you are "raising the roof").

Now the thing that bothers me about throwing up is that it's called "throwing up." (Well technically it's vomiting, but that just sounds bad.) And unless I'm doing it wrong, there's never been any throwing involved for me. Convulsions? Yes. Something coming up? Check. Throwing? Ye- wait, what? I've never really been compelled to hurl my regurgitated food (though interestingly enough, "hurl" is another euphemism for vomiting).

Moving on, I've never been a fan of throwing up. And that might seem like a "duh" statement, but there are a number of people who willingly put themselves in positions where they spend the entire night throwing up – I'm talking about people that inbibe a little too much to drink. I admit that I like the toilet, but I prefer to **sit on it to read**, not make out with it all night. And you feel so vulnerable while upchucking, not something I'm a fan of either.

But that's about enough, I'll stop with the vomit humor, I don't want anyone to get sick. If you do, don't forget to sprinkle sawdust on it. That's what they did at school and it seemed to magically disappear after that. Just like covering up bathroom stains with a newspaper – you can't argue with science...

DAY 285 (81) - SUNDAY BREW

October 12, 2007 | Stand-Up

A few weeks ago I went to a family reunion, and prior to going, we stopped to pick up some brews (so we could come bearing gifts). But alas, it was Sunday, so the gas station wasn't selling alcohol.

And I've never really understood that law. No alcohol sales on Sundays in Ohio (for some stores it's banned the entire day, others until a certain time, 11am maybe?). But I don't get it, because what's so special about Sundays that it should be banned? Religiously (though there's supposed to be that whole separation of church and state), Sunday is the day of rest. If that's the reason, why do they still sell condoms on Sundays?

I think it's all a scheme by churches. Think about it, you can't buy alcohol anywhere before 11am on Sunday? If you went to church you could at least have some wine. They're really thinking, those church folks. And being a non-drinker I don't quite understand who would be compelled to want to be drinking before 11am on a Sunday, but then again I don't have annoying kids or a nagging wife.

I guess the biggest issue is that the alcohol sales stop at 1am on Sundays, which means that if you're partying on Saturday night, you better be stocked and ready to go. Of course that's exactly what we need, drunk people driving to their nearest store, hoping to get there by 1am. Have you ever been in a grocery store at 12:58am on a Sunday? It's like an Olympic dash from the front of the store, to the beer section, to the register. I'm pretty sure it's going to be in the 2008 games...

DAY 286 (80) - BIRTHDAY CARD

October 13, 2007 | Stand-Up

I had to get a birthday gift the other day, so I went to the store to pick up a card. I walked around a bit till I found the card aisle, or rather, the card aisles. Since when do we need so many cards? Really, we need four rows dedicated to pieces of paper/cardboard with supposedly funny/romantic/meaningful messages on them?

And of the thousands of cards that were there, not one said what I wanted to say. Where are the cards that are honest, the ones that say how you really feel? No matter how hard I searched I could not find one that said "I would've spent more money on your gift, but I knew I had to buy this damn card, Happy Birthday" or "I haven't seen you in years, I think you just invited me because you wanted money. Well

jokes on you, I got you a gift certificate to a candle store." Where was that card?

The worst part about paying 3.95 for Hallmark to tell your message is that you know you could do it at home for cheaper, say what you really want to say, and not even have to stop at the store. Unfortunately there's something "cheap" about printing out your own message and taping it to the unwrapped present (because once you get past the age of 5, what's the point of wrapping a present? It's a waste of paper, time, and effort. And if you're one of those people that like surprises, then I can always put your present in an Xbox 360 box, and you'll be surprised to open it up to find it's only a teddy bear).

While I was perusing the worthless cards, I determined I could make a lot of money by starting my own card company. Because I'd sell cards that "kept in real." For example:

- Front: Congratulations!
Inside: You've got herpes – the gift that keeps on giving.
- Front: Get well soon.
Inside: But if things take a turn for the worst, can I have your car?
- Front: Happy Birthday!
Inside: I really didn't even want to come to this party, let alone get you a card, but I felt obligated since we're supposedly best friends even though all you ever do is mooch off me. That, and I figured your sister might be coming and she's totally hot. Anyway, here's a card with about 4 bucks inside. I was gonna give you a whole "Lincoln" but then I bought this 99 cent card, and the way I see it, that should come out of your gift, not my wallet. I would've rather not even given you a card, but the current societal paradigm says that I should, especially if I was too lazy to actually get you a gift, or even a gift card, and just end up giving you cash instead. I expect these 4 bucks back on my birthday, instead of some crappy "homemade" gift like last year. What am I gonna do with a collage of pictures? Can I buy stuff with that? No. I tried, Best Buy wouldn't take it. So just remember this next year, buddy. Happy Birthday.

The last one's my favorite because it works in so many situations...

DAY 287 (79) - SPELL CHECK

October 15, 2007 / Stand-Up

Have you ever been typing, and misspelled a word so bad that even Microsoft Word is like "Dude, I have no idea what you're trying to say?" That stupid paper clip pops up, mocking you, "Hi! You seem to be somewhat of a moron, may I suggest you just try using a smaller word?" Not cool paper clip. Not cool.

I was attempting to spell "peruse" for **yesterday's post**, and I wasn't having any luck. "Paroose?" "Paruse?" "Pu-rooz?" Finally I just decided to use a different word, and then 10 minutes later my brain decided to come back from break and I somehow remembered how it's spelled.

The whole ordeal did put a strain on my and paper clip's relationship. Who needs the stupid clip anyway, I have a stapler. I don't need some smarty pants paper clip making fun of me, when I have good ol' Chompy the Stapler by my side.

DAY 288 (78) - OPPORTUNITY COST

/ Random Thoughts

I spent a majority of yesterday in an automobile on a trek to see a fellow Smarty Pants member perform. A Mr. Dave Powell is currently in the grad program at Second City Detroit and he was performing in Detroit yesterday, so a few of us decided to go up and see him. The show was excellent – very funny and thought provoking – so props to the cast/writers.

There's something about spending 10+ hours in a car for just over 1 hour of entertainment that really makes you think about the cost of such a trip. Sure there were the actual expenses (gas, admission, food – all totaling about \$30), but then there's the even bigger one – **opportunity cost**. For those of you unfamiliar with the phrase, opportunity cost is the "price" you pay for not being able to do something else because of what you choose to do. Though the phrase is often used in business scenarios, it can (and should) be applied in a personal sense. So in this case, the opportunity cost was spending 10 hours in a car when I could have been working on my website, writing stand-up, watching football, etc.

It's unfortunate that most people never consider such a cost when making their decisions. There's plenty of Do-It-Yourselfers who assume that by doing something themselves, they're saving money. And while you'll almost always save in actual ca\$h, what about the costs for spending so much time on a project? Let's say you want to renovate your basement. You have a contractor come in, and he gives you an estimate for \$10,000 (I have no idea if this is close). He also tells you it will take 100 hours to do (again, no idea how accurate that is). Now you think to yourself, \$10,000 is a lot of money, I could do that cheaper. So you make a list of everything you'll need, and you find that materials will only cost \$5,000. You can save 5 grand by DIY! But not so fast. If you are to do it yourself, then surely it's going to consume a lot of your time. And unless you know exactly what you are doing, and can match the efficiency of how many ever people the contractor was going to hire, you are going to do it slower (now that I'm sure of). So instead of 100 hours, it takes you 500 to complete.

In the example above, the opportunity cost of going with the contractor is the extra \$5,000 you pay that you could spend on something else. The cost for DIY is 500 hours (less the "overhead" time of you working with the contractor) that you are now spending redoing your basement instead of something else (working more, spending time with the family, sleeping). So which option do you go with? Well that depends. How much do you think your time is worth? (This is not necessarily the same as your hourly wage where you work, but that could be a start.) If you're busy, don't really like doing construction, and feel it's worth more than \$10/hour, then the contractor is the better option. However, if you've got some spare time, really enjoy hands-on projects and value your time at less than \$10/hour, then DIY is the way to go. Why the magic number of \$10/hour? $\$5,000$ (opportunity cost of option A)/500 (opportunity cost of option B) = \$10.

So, was seeing the show worth \$30 plus 10+ hours in a car? Without a doubt, yes. Even though it may have easily cost me hundreds of opportunity cost dollars (I think highly of my time – modest, I know...), I would do it again in a heartbeat. The value of supporting a fellow cast member, seeing a hilarious show, further studying my craft, bonding more with other group members, and getting to say I've been to Detroit (ok, this might be more of a cost), was well worth the "price of admission."

DAY 289 (77) - PUN CHILDHOOD

October 16, 2007 / Stand-Up

(Ok, before I start this post, I swear I've started to talk about the subject before, but I can't find it for the life of me. So I'm sorry if part of this is posted elsewhere (but let me know if you find it). It could just be that I've written this down somewhere and have yet to transfer it to the my "master list of all of Drew's jokes" – a secret document worth thousands, if not millions, of fractions of a cent.)

I always thought I was a clever kid. And by clever, I of course mean I used to spit out puns like I was a camel. My mom and I used to refer to places with "clever" "nicknames"; like "Big Boy" was "Little Girl", "Biggs" was "Smalls", etc. Yeah, that all ended when I wanted to go Dick's Sporting Goods...

I also remember our family trip to Hoover Dam. My brothers and I thought it was so fun, because we could say dam and not get in trouble. "Dammmm, this is big." "This dam thing is pretty cool." "Hot dam, it must be 90 degrees out."

But then we started to get a little carried away. "What's that bitch doin in this dam place? I didn't think dogs were allowed here." "Aren't we near Vegas? Cuz I need to find me a piece of ass. Cuz it would ... be fun ... to ride ... a donkey?"

DAY 290 (76) - CYA

October 17, 2007 / Stand-Up

I've recently realized I say "see ya" too much. Like I say it even when it's not true. When we were getting off the boat from the cruise, I said to the captain, "See ya." The chances of me seeing that person again are worse than Bush's approval rating. So why did I say "see ya?"

I've done this before too. Graduating college – "see ya." Waitress at a restaurant in Tuscaloosa – "see ya." Uncle at his funeral – "see ya." And some of you might be thinking, "maybe you'll stay in touch with some of the people from your classes." Not likely as most of them are currently holed up in a basement playing World of Warcraft. Or you might say, "you might be back to Tuscaloosa." I'd like to try to avoid that. And if you're thinking, "Well you'll see your uncle in Heaven," then clearly you never met my uncle.

What really trips me out is that thinking about never seeing someone again really puts into perspective how few people you'll ever meet/interact with ("few" compared to the billions of people in the world at any one time). I just hope that in the time that I do meet random strangers briefly I can make them laugh or something – I don't need some guy named Alejandro in Cozumel spreading rumors about how unfunny I am.

DAY 291 (75) - TETHERBALL

October 18, 2007 / Stand-Up

Do you guys remember tetherball? What a great idea that was... "You know, I don't think that dodgeball can be painful enough for the kids, let's tie a ball around a pole so that they can hit someone in the face at mach speed."

Did this ever happen to you? Like you go to hit the stupid yellow ball, miss it, the rope wraps around your hand causing third-degree burns, and the ball comes back full circle and nails you in the face? And then you fly backwards, only to be caught by the rope on your arm, and then just hang there? And then you pee yourself out of shock, and the whole student body is laughing at you?

Yeah... me either...

DAY 292 (74) - SKETCH FUN

October 19, 2007 | *Random Thoughts*

I spent a total of 6 1/2 hours of my 9 hour work day in meetings today. That's a long time to be sitting there, trying to **avoid falling asleep**. Needless to say, I spent some time "note taking," and since I now have a Tablet PC, I was able to have some fun.

While enduring one particularly "interesting" part, I just started drawing for no particular reason. The result was 1) Terrible, and 2) a fun little game we can play. The idea is to guess what common phrase or saying I am trying (keyword "trying") to depict through my amazing artistic abilities. Put your answers in the comments, first person to get each one right gets a cookie (well ok, not really, unless you're talking about an Internet cookie, in which case you've probably already gotten it).

Sketch 1 – a "song" title. Three words.



Sketch 2 – a phrase depicting certainty. Six words.



DAY 293 (73) - FEELING LIKE A SINK

October 20, 2007 | *Stand-Up*

We just got back from West Virginia where we had a Smarty Pants show at the Huntington Funny Bone. The show itself went pretty well, and we always enjoy our time there.

The drive back (3 hours) was tiring, which is always weird to me. What is it about driving (you're just sitting down) that drains you of energy? My desire to be productive gradually declined as the trip wore on. When we first got in the car I was thinking, "I'll get back home, do some good work on my website, maybe read some, and then go out and party up the night." An hour in I had knocked off the reading, but was still going to work on my site and go out. After the next hour I had it wittled (sp?) down to just going out. Now that I'm back at home, I don't really feel like moving. Luckily there's some good college football on that I can justify staying in.

So, with my initiative slowly draining, I end with this thought:

Does a website for blind people look like: : : ... : ... ?

DAY 294 (72) - CLOSED CAPTIONING

October 21, 2007 | *Stand-Up*

I was at home the other day watching Mission Impossible on TV, when I somehow accidentally turned on the close captioning, you know where the subtitles come up on the screen. And if you've never watched TV with both the audio and the closed captioning on, you may not have realized that the subtitles are exact translations, and often come at a delay.

First, I didn't think it was necessary to try to phonetically spell the theme song. "Doo doo do do doo do..."

Second, I think there are certain things you can leave out, especially since there's a delay. Like if someone shoots someone, you don't really need to read "Bang!" 20 seconds later, followed by the directive [character dies]. I'm pretty sure we picked up on that considering we saw a bullet go into some guys head.

Finally, I think they should customize these captions, rather than just do a direct translation. This is especially true for commercials. Like for cell phone commercials, they should just say something like, "Well it doesn't really matter what they're saying does it?" That way the hearing impaired feel special.

DAY 295 (71) - WOMEN'S RIGHTS

October 22, 2007 / *Stand-Up*

I played two games of soccer this evening, and I think that I'm finally starting to get back to being able to run in some fashion (though it's still like a preying mantis). The second game I played was just as an extra sub for a friend's team, so I wasn't quite as vested in winning, plus I had just finished playing a close game that we won in the last 30 seconds.

Well in this second game, there was a female who played, despite it being a men's league. Which is of course fine with me, other than the fact that it would never be allowed for a male to play in a women's league. Ignoring that sexism, I'll say that she was very good, and I could see why she was on the team. So good in fact, she made everyone forget that I scored two goals in the game, all because she beat me off the dribble, nutmegged me, and scored a goal.

And that's the thing, because she was a girl, I got crap for letting her beat me like that (and deservedly so). And I'm not sexist, I'm all for equality among the sexes, but you'll have to admit that sucks for me.

Now while I'm on the subject of equality of men and women, let me point out that we still haven't achieved the right balance. There are still some cases of discrimination against women, but seemingly more apparent (at least to me as a male) is that the pendulum has swung the other way. Women want equality (equal pay, etc) yet they still want chivalry – the man should pay for the meal, open the door, walk on the side closest to the curb in case a car weaves onto the sidewalk...

Sounds to me like women want to have their cake and eat it too (as they should because what else is cake good for?). And just because you're female, I'm expected to get hit by a car for you? I'm sorry ladies, if I see a car barreling towards us on the sidewalk, I might try to push you out of the way, but I'm certainly not going to stand there and try to stop the car with my body like I'm the Incredible Hulk.

And before I get yelled out, let me digress and say that I do open doors for women, I will pick up the check, and I always follow "ladies first." But gentleman, you want to see something funny? Open the door for your woman 8, 9, 12 times in a row. But right when she's in a hurry, and expecting you to open the door, act like you're going to, and then stop. BAM she nails the door and falls out of her high heels that she always complains are too painful to wear yet constantly finds herself in. It'll keep her on her toes, and she'll learn to appreciate the times you do decide to grab the door (or leave you for a man who doesn't play games like that – it's either or really).

DAY 296 (70) - SYMMETRY

October 23, 2007 / *Stand-Up*

As I mentioned yesterday, I played soccer last night. And as you'll recall from my **long story**, I sprained my ankle a few weeks ago. While it no longer hurts to walk on, it's still sore from time to time and still needs icing after a game. And I know it's not completely healed yet because I verified with a foolproof health check – I compared it to my other ankle.

See, it's a proven medical fact that if you have something on both sides of your body, it's supposed to be like that. Symmetry = OK. For example, my wrists are the same size and have the same bumps on both sides, they're fine. My right ankle appears normal, while my left one looks like Rosie O' Donnell's cankle, so something isn't completely healed.

And you should know that this always holds true. So the quickest way to a speedy recovery is to ensure symmetry. So if you lose an arm in a freak mopping accident, just chop off the other and you'll be good to go. Nature doesn't lie.

(Disclaimer: I'm being facetious. I just made all of this up. Please don't, under any circumstances, use this theory to self-diagnose yourself. Following my advice is like listening to country music – you could do it, but why would you want to put yourself through that pain.)

DAY 297 (69) - SCATTEGORIES

October 24, 2007 / *Stand-Up*

I was watching a documentary the other day and on it they had this Russian historian talking about some event. I found it particularly amusing that this guy happened to have a lisp (a Russian with a lisp, that just seems like a cruel joke), and for whatever reason, the person writing the script decided to string as many 's'-words together as possible.

"Stho the stheep will sthleep under the stharry sthkies until the sthun risthesth." (Yes the documentary was about lambs – don't even ask why I was watching it, but now I'm embarrassed and feeling sheepish...)

But all that alliteration reminded me of one of my Dad's shining moments. I remember we were playing the game Scattagories once, and if you're not familiar with the game, you basically get points for thinking of words that start with a certain letter for a series of categories – e.g. letter 'R', category "Things you find in the kitchen" could be "Radishes." The catch is that if you use the letter multiple times, such as "Raunchy Red Radishes," you get more points, so in this case 3.

Well my Dad had the category "Reasons for being late" and the letter 'T.' His answer, netting him a hefty 25 points was:

Too tired to take the train through the tunnel to Tokyo to tell Timmy to take the trash to Tom to throw to the turtles.

(Side note: I am off to the **Slightly Drafty City** tomorrow -getting up at 5am just to make my flight- for business, and then staying the weekend with **Nate, Kyle and Moran**. I shouldn't have any problems posting, but just in case I can't get Internet access, I'm giving you fair warning.)

DAY 298 (68) - AIRPORT CHECK-IN

October 25, 2007 | Info

At what must be my earliest waking time in a long while, I got up at 4:30am this morning. My flight for Chicago leaves at 7:10 this AM, and in an attempt to be a prepared traveler, I wanted to leave plenty of time for any mess-ups in the Airport Security process (though I didn't quite shoot for the "2 hour" recommended time).

So after about 60 seconds of strongly wanting to hit the snooze button, I hopped in the shower and got ready. 25 minutes and a smoothie later, I was on the road. The one advantage to being up at this God-forsaken hour is that there are no crowds. I saw maybe 4 cars on the highways, and checking in was a breeze.

Since I had no bags to check (just my laptop bag and a carry-on), I was able to bypass the check-in station and just print my ticket at a kiosk. Within 10 minutes I had printed my ticket and gone through security (luckily I spent the time last night making sure I complied with all of the new liquid restrictions- everything 3 oz or less and it has to fit in a quart-size bag- though it should be interesting surviving on 3oz of shampoo and soap for 4 days...).

Surprisingly, the journey to get to the gate took longer than the security check. It took 20 minutes, encompassing a train, a shuttle bus, and of course my own legs (I'm surprised there was no boat, or plane to get to the terminal). But, with the flight I'm about to take, I'll have covered the planes, trains, and automobiles in one morning.

As you may have realized, a 4:30 wake-up time + 30 minute hygiene ritual + drive + 30 minute trip through security, leaves me with over 60 minutes of nothing until the plane boards. Rather than succumb to the glory that is sleep (and potentially do something embarrassing, like one of those leg-kick spasm things), I decided to blog, resulting in what is likely my earliest post to date.

Happy Morning!

DAY 299 (67) - STEP 2, GO #2

October 26, 2007 | Stand-Up

I went to the bathroom in O'Hare airport, and in the stalls were instructions. And at first, I'm thinking "who needs posted instructions on how to go #2? Does O'Hare get a lot of preschool customers? And how does it take 5 steps?"

Upon closer inspection, the instructions were describing that if you hit a button, a plastic covering will encase the seat (a toilet seat Condom if you will). Not a bad idea I suppose (saves on using toilet paper to get the job done) but what I found humorous was that the sign, posted on the back wall, was in English, Spanish, and BRAILLE.

Think about that. Imagine you're blind, and you go to use the bathroom. You sit down and find yourself sitting on some type of plastic. At this point, you're probably curious as to what the hell is happening, so you feel around, hoping for some instructions. Luckily you find this sign describing that if you hit a button, a new plastic covering will encase the toilet seat, which begs the question, WHAT DID YOU JUST SIT ON?

DAY 300 (66) - SOLAR PANEL

October 28, 2007 | Info

We made our way to an iO show last night, and it was incredible. The first group was very solid, though not the greatest group I've seen. Then, before the next group came on, they played a game called "Dream Nightmare," where they interview a member of the audience and then act out that day but having all this bad stuff happen (like it was their nightmare day).

Well, I happened to be the one selected to be interviewed, which turned out to be hilarious because I forgot to mention that I was also dressed up for the Halloween Party they were having after the show. Now I didn't know I was going to go to a costume party when I originally packed for this trip, so naturally I had no costume. Luckily, Kyle and I ran to a thrift store and I was able to pick something out – one of those shiny, silver windshield covers you put in your car. By wearing the windshield cover, I instantly became a solar panel – genius I know (and pictures to come when I get back home).

Back to "Dream Nightmare" – so they bring me on stage and see that I'm in this ridiculously bad costume. They start with the normal questions and basically they learn that I was in Chicago on business and worked at P&G – quite the juxtaposition to my solar panel costume. They then acted out a pretty funny version of my day.

After that, the last group of the night went, and they were phenomenal. While the show wasn't the funniest I've seen, it was the best, most cohesive story that I've seen told in an improv set. Thinking back on all of the themes, recurring characters, and great lines, it truly is incredible they were making it all up. It's nice because it's inspiring to see where we can eventually be if we go through the proper training.

To wrap up the night, we went to the Halloween Costume, where I am sad to say that neither I or Kyle (a payphone) were nominated for the costume contest – must have been rigged! When that ended, it was certainly time for our 20 minute walk back and to get to sleep.

DAY 301 (65) - IHOP YOU HAD FUN

/ Info

Yesterday was a nice relaxed day in Chicago. Nate and I headed down to the Magnificent Mile, just walking around. I was not aware that in addition to the mile long strip of stores outside, there are three different malls along the way.

While downtown, I couldn't help but notice the large number of incredibly attractive women walking around. And I had to wonder, did it just seem like there were more gorgeous women than in Cincinnati because there's just more people, or is the average level of hotness just higher in the Windy City?

Upon closer inspection (hey, it was in the name of science), the average is just higher here. Maybe it's because of the type of people who move to Chicago (wannabe models, actresses, etc), or maybe it's the sense of style they have, but either way, it certainly made for a great walk.

In the evening we went to an OSU alumni bar (there's a couple of them around) to watch the game. Unfortunately by the time we got there, it was standing room only, so we headed next store to a nice restaurant where we were able to sit down and watch the game. Despite just about every analyst saying that Penn State was going to win, the Buckeyes pulled out a solid victory.

After the game, it was time for a short trip back to the apartment, and then IHOP. Unfortunately, none of us have been able to make it to THE Wafflehouse lately, so we decided to have our candid discussion at its rival. It was good to catch up with what was really going on with folks, and to share with them some potentially big news for me (more on that in the next week or so).

DAY 302 (64) - SPLIT SECOND

October 29, 2007 | Stand-Up

In an effort to spruce up my bedroom, I recently hung up various pictures and posters on my wall. One of the things I hung was a pretty fancy Ohio State clock that my brothers gave me as a gift. The clock hangs directly over the head of my bed. Or rather, the clock *hung* directly over the head of my bed. That is until it fell last night right as I was laying down to sleep.

Now I feel very fortunate because the clock hit the "headboard" (it's a futon, so by "headboard" I mean the metal rail that doubles as an arm rest when it's in couch-mode), and not my head. I had the inclination to jump up as I heard the crash, so luckily the glass that shattered fell softly on my pillow, and not my baby face.

Thinking back with a clearer head (at the time I just thought, "that sucks" and rather than clean it up, I just grabbed my blanket and a different pillow and slept on the floor), I was very fortunate. I mean if it had hit me in the head, my time could've been up. Luckily I moved in the nick of time, and avoided being clocked in the head.

DAY 303 (63) - ON MY SOAPBOX

October 30, 2007 | Stand-Up

I was in the bathroom the other day (well, I've been to the bathroom since then, but there's a story behind that experience, not so much in any of the other ones), and as I was washing my hands, a guy came in, went to the bathroom, and then left. I've already mentioned that only 50% of people wash their hands to begin with, so it really shouldn't have come as any surprise.

My question is, who is so busy that they can't take 60 seconds to stave off disease? Who reasons- "hey, I certainly have time to get sick in a few days, but spare 60 seconds right now? Can't do it." I also enjoy those people who pretend to wash their hands. They just come to the sink, turn the water on for a split second, swipe their hands across the water, and then leave. If you aren't really going to wash your hands, why even pretend? Just go balls out (heh) and walk straight from the urinal out the door.

Of course, sometimes I can't wash my hands, though it's no fault of my own. It's just that those damn automatic sinks don't always work. Apparently my hands are so pale that they don't even trigger the sensor to release the water...

I decided that I'd purposefully leave an empty bottle of soap in my bathroom to see how many people told me I was out, you know as a test. Unfortunately NO ONE told me. And at first I thought about how disgusting my friends are, and then I realized, they probably all think I'm disgusting because I clearly can't be washing my hands with soap if I don't have any of it. Needless to say, that wasn't a fun week...

DAY 304 (62) - HALLOWEEN IN NYC

October 31, 2007 | Info

Happy Halloween!

After spending the pre-Halloween weekend in Chicago, I was fortunate enough to get to spend the actual holiday in New York City (more on why tomorrow). And have I mentioned yet how much I love this holiday? Free candy, a reason to dress goofy, and plenty of gorgeous women with an excuse to dress to impress (not in the evening gown type of impress, more in a provocative/revealing type of impress).

The only downside is when you compliment someone on their costume only to find out that they weren't wearing one (kind of like congratulating someone on being pregnant...). Newsflash kid on the subway – it's not normal to be dressed in old Reebok "Pump" shoes, hammer pants, and a MacGuyver t-shirt.

I'd love to say more, but I'm barely functioning as I've been up since 4am just to make my flight to the Big Apple tomorrow. After a long, but uberly successful day, it's time I go to bed in my slightly bigger than a closet hotel room. Goodnight!

DAY 305 (61) - AND THE REASON IS...

November 1, 2007 | Info

As I mentioned, I was in New York City all day yesterday and most of the day today. And starting in January, I'll be there a lot... as in every day. That's right, I've decided to take a transfer within P&G that moves me to the Big Apple!

The short trip the past two days was to help me decide if I wanted to take this position working for P&G Prestige, which is based out of NYC. After meeting with the team that I'll be working with (all very nice people), and getting a better feel for the city, I've decided to make the jump and leave my home town of the Nasty 'Nati.

Not all of the details have been fleshed out (and where does that phrase come from?), such as my exact move date, where I'll live, or how much wood could a woodchuck chuck, but I do know that by the middle of January 08, at the latest, I will be a NYC resident.

As you can imagine I'm pretty "stoked" about the opportunity, and expect lots of people to come and visit (I mean it is New York City). More details will come as I get them, but for now, I'm going to bed because it's been a long, and important, past two days.

DAY 306 (60) - OCTOBER IN REVIEW

November 2, 2007 | Info

So I just now realized that I never did a "September in Review." Whoops. Well, at least here is "October in Review," a look back at my resolutions:

October in Review

1. **Finish the 365 Days of Drewy Goodness Challenge paying out less than \$300.** Check.
2. **Limit the number of times I write 2006 for the date.** Check.
3. **Have 30 minutes of professional material, 20 of which is 100% clean.** Since my last review, I've probably added a minute or so, though I didn't really do much stand-up during the month of October.
4. **Create an interactive website.** I spent about a day working on things, and then not so much since then.
5. **Learn a song on guitar.** I picked up the guitar once. It was fun.
6. **Perform in front of 5,000 people total, 500 at one time.** I'm not sure what I've been doing that prevented me from performing more the past two months, mostly laziness I suppose. I had a handful of shows and am now up to 7,524.
7. **Actually tape a skit.** I finished the Internet writing course and that's about all I've done.
8. **Finish making the various "Best Of" DVDs.** I started going back and watching the footage and have about 12 more hours to view.
9. **Get 1 Ratings at P&G.** I'll find this out in about a month.
10. **Rate all of the songs in my iTunes.** All of them have now been rated, and I think I need to be a little less picky. Of the 8,000+ songs I have, only 22 of them are rated 5 stars. That's less than 1%.

BONUS: **Not hit the snooze button once.** I've gotten somewhat better, and have started getting up around 9 or 10 on the weekends, which seems to help. I've realized that the best way to stay awake after waking up is to have something that I have to go do. I can't wake up an hour early just to have more time, I have to wake up leaving myself just enough time to get to my first commitment of the day.

Overall the past two months could have been better productivity-wise, but I suppose I can't complain too much. In October alone, I went to Cozumel, Huntington, Chicago, and New York City. That's one heck of a month.

DAY 307 (59) - NYC PEOPLE

November 3, 2007 | Stand-Up

I noticed quite a bit while I was in the Big Apple, one thing being that New York City is an interesting place. It's an interesting city with interesting things to do, interesting culture, and definitely interesting people.

Some of my observations from people watching:

- Either people really like rap music, or they're all future Notorious BIGs, as there were quite a few people just rapping in the middle of the street. Not as in street performing (that's next) but as in just waiting for a bus, busting out some lines. Sadly, none of them were very good.
- I saw some interesting street performances – singing, rapping, guitarring, violining, drumming, dancing, and miming. Yes, I saw miming. I didn't realize that if you have any type of skill, you can try to do it in the subway for money. I may have to see how a "watch the amazing computer geek" ploy works, people could watch me as I troubleshoot computer issues in record time!
- A lot of people walk around wearing those bluetooth ear pieces for their cell phones and it looks like they're talking to themselves. Unfortunately there's a lot of people without those ear pieces *actually* talking to themselves. I can understand every now and then you may want to verbalize something to yourself, but why must you yell? It's not like you have to speak loud enough for you to hear you.
- There's a lot of non-chain stores and restaurants in NYC, small locally owned places. Some of them have interesting names – my favorite being "Pete's-A-Place," a pizzeria.
- People there seem to be "horny" – they seem to beep their horn at every intersection. It's so bad that they apparently have a law banning beeping at some intersections, punishable by a \$300 fine.
- Speaking of fine, there are a number of beautiful women in NYC. There's also a number of men who believe that yelling "Hey yo baby!" is an effective pick-up line. Sadly I didn't see any of their attempts at "hollering" work.

DAY 308 (58) - DAY OF REST

November 4, 2007 | Random Thoughts

I think all the traveling might be taking it's toll, as I'm coming down with a cold. As a result, today was an incredibly lazy day that involved waking up at 1:30pm, watching football for 6 straight hours, and likely an early trip to bed within the next hour or so.

And of course, when sick, it's important that you eat good, hearty meals, so I elected to feast on a huge dish of Skyline Chili Dip today (and that's it thus far). If you're unfamiliar with what that is, it's only the most delicious, non-Chicken dish that exists, a gift from the food gods. It's a layer of cream cheese, Skyline chili, and shredded cheese, scooped with tortilla chips that only contains roughly 1500 calories!

I hate to say it (of course if I really hated saying it, then I probably just wouldn't say it, but you know what I mean), but between the chili, being sick, and all the liquids I've been trying to drink, my nature phone has been ringing off the hook- I'd better go answer.

DAY 309 (57) - COMMENTS

November 5, 2007 | *Random Thoughts*

Sometimes I write funny stuff. Sometimes my readers write funnier stuff. Case in point, my brother's comment on [yesterday's post](#). I think the observation about parenthesis is great, well done brother.

In a kind of related note, once people find out I'm a comedian, it immediately changes their perception of me. The first thing they always say is, "Tell me a joke." The problem with that is that I don't really tell jokes, at least not as the meat of my act (I certainly have my fair share of dumb one-liners to spruce things up). I still haven't found the best response to that phrase. Because if I tell them one of my dumb jokes, they're likely to see me as a dumb comedian. If I just ignore them, then it's kind of rude. Perhaps I should respond with "I'll tell you a joke as soon as you [blank]," where [blank] is them demonstrating something they have to do for their job (accounting, trash removal, making fries). (Side note: this would make for some quality stand-up, if Jerry Seinfeld hadn't already done a hilarious bit about it).

And judging from that last paragraph, I don't know what my brother's talking about with the parenthesis (there's like two of em). Besides, the parenthesis serve as kind of my inner thoughts (which is odd considering that this is my blog, so the entire thing is kind of my inner thoughts), but it's a akin to Jim Gaffigan's gimmick where he talks to himself.

DAY 310 (56) - FLY PAPER FOR FREAKS

November 6, 2007 | *Stand-Up*

We've all had our fair share of bad dates, but it seems like a friend of mine really takes the cake (why there's cake made for bad dates, I don't know, but she has it). She's run into just about every "freak" you can imagine, and she's somehow lived to tell the tale. In fact, she's telling it in a book, "Fly Paper for Freaks."

I got a chance to read it while it was still in its preliminary stages, and it's hard to believe that she's truly run into this many weird people. And yes, it's 100% true, which makes it even more bizarre, but even funnier. She's currently selling the book through [Lulu.com](#), a very cool site that allows you to do some self-publishing (books, CDs, DVDs). You can check out her book at "[Fly Paper for Freaks](#)" or even see a [preview of it](#).

I've thought about writing a book on more than one occasion. I have no idea what it'd be about (comedy? my life? tactical espionage and beautiful women- oh wait, I already said "my life?"), but I just want to look up and see my name on my bookshelf (yeah it's like that). That's the cool thing about Lulu, it allows anyone to become an author. Maybe that'll be a goal for next year – write a book.

Till then, we'll stick with these posts, and great jokes like (Note: edited for political correctness):

Why did the [insert stereotypically dumb person here] stare at [insert pronoun for aforementioned stereotypically dumb person] furniture when trying to read a book? Because someone told [same pronoun as before] to look in the "Table of Contents."

DAY 311 (55) - TOILET TALK

November 7, 2007 | *Stand-Up*

I walked into the bathroom the other day, and had one of the strangest encounters of my life.

Guy in Stall: "Hello?"

Me: "Umm... .. hi?"

Guy in Stall: "Is everything ok, are you doing alright?"

Me: "... Yeah ... It's all flowing pretty well."

Guy in Stall: "Do you want my help?"

Me: "NO.. No, I'm good."

Guy in Stall: "Oh.. it's not big enough for my help?"

Me: "Alright... that's it, listen here buddy."

Guy in Stall: "Honey, I gotta call you back, some guy keeps talking to me."

How was I supposed to know he was on the phone? That could've saved me some embarrassment, plus I would've gotten to have fun with him.

Because we all think it. You hear someone on the phone in the bathroom, and you can tell they're trying to keep that a "little secret" from the person they are talking to. And we all just want to purposely make noises that make it impossible for them to get away with it. Like you flush the toilets like 5 times, make farting noises... yell at the guy.. "Damn, I wouldn't be surprised if the person you're talking to could smell that... woooooowheeee!"

I mean we all think... that... right...?

DAY 312 (54) - HANDWRITIGN FUN

November 8, 2007 | Stand-Up

I had to write a hand-written note the other day, and it reminded me of how much it really sucks when you can't use the delete ckey to fix all of your mistakes/ So i nth e So to give a shout out back to the days of yore, I've dcedided that I'm not going to tuse the delete key while writing this post. HOpefully everything will still remain readable, and that I don't drag on for too long (as I won't be dediting it back down.).

Ive heard that you're sopposed to be able to judge how much self esteem wone ahs by analyzing their ahandwriting. For example... The idea is that the bigger the person's handwriting, the bigger their self eesteem (maybe because it's realtyed to people with smlow self esteem thin k people won't read their writing if it 's small?). Well if that's the case, then I have less self-esteem than pre0buscent te/boy with acne.

My handwriting is about the equivalent of a 6 point font a computer (yes I'm a geek and that's how I'm doing my comparison), but not rnearly as neat. I've never really thought about it being because I have low self eseteem, I(think I'm pretty awesome), it's more about effieciency. You see I'm an engieneer by trade, and so it seems more efficeient to write smaller. You have less workd to do (the words/letters/linest hat make up those wletters are smaller) and it also takes up liess space. I remember back in college comparing notes with people, and where they'd have 30 pages of notes on a given topic, I'd have 2 1/2. Granted part of that may have been linked to sleeping in class, but the bigger part was that I just wronte smaller, and used the space more effectively/

I guess you might say the old saying for me should go ("the pen is mighteir than the dagger.."). I'd fventure to say that the othe r part of it was that in elemarntary school, people would always comment that my handiwriting was small. As a result, I'd be sure to continue writing small, and in fact probably tried to swrite smaller, just because of the attention it received. I imagine that ctually happens a liot. It's like some type of odd reward (or stroke if you follw transactinal/game theory). You do something weird/different, you get a reaction or attention, so you do it more often, and often more extreme (you like that sentence, I idi fo r some reason). That's probbly why people get multiple peircings, tatoors, or why Rosie Odonnell is becomeing more and more of a "not nice eperson " (I didn't want to say "bitch")...

But I'd better stop before I hurt some people's brain with my terrible typing. At firtst cglance, it seppears that my brain is thinking way to fast for my hands to type (I put in letters that belong at the end of a word at the beginning) and that I also might very well be dyslexic. And not e that I was typign at my normalspeed, not trying to slow down just to be more accurate, or speed up fto be less. This is about how much editing I need to do for a normal bpost (unless the fact that I'm seeing all my errors is making me type wrose, then it might be alitt le off.).

Mayboe I should consider a tpying course: "The big red doc jimped over the silver moon" or something like that.

DAY 313 (53) - NERDOM AT ITS FINEST

November 10, 2007 | Stand-Up

Every now and then, life likes to remind you of you are. Today, life reminded me that, at heart, I am a true nerd. There's nothing wrong with it, but it's hard to deny.

Thanks to some bad pepperoni, Totino's has recalled millions of frozen pizzas. Well I happen to be a fan of those \$1 pizzas and we constantly stay stocked up on them in our extra freezer (generally housing 6-10 at any given time). And I don't know what my friends are talking about, those things are delicious. I guess Matt has a decent point that they certainly are a good deal as a poor college student, what the heck am I still doing eating them when I'm making decent money at a "real job." It's kind of like having ramen noodles instead of actual food.

Regardless, my roommate pointed out that, despite having heard about the recall a week ago, I still had yet to throw the pizzas out. My response to him was, "Yeah, I just haven't gotten around to deleting them yet."

That's right. I no longer think of throwing things out as trashing them, but rather deleting them. Me = nerd. I guess I'm lucky that Chips

Ahoy didn't have a recall, because then I'd be "deleting" cookies. Which reminds me, in the spirit of being environmentally friendly, I've decided to start using a recycle bin. Everything I delete on my computer goes right in it...

DAY 314 (52) - I LIKE READING

/ Stand-Up

Ladies, I'll let you in on a secret.. Men love shirts with words written across the chest, or shorts with letters on the buttocks, because it gives us an excuse. But don't wear some piece of clothing that has writing and then get all mad at us when we take the time to "read" it. I'm a curious person, I see writing, and I want to know what it is says ("Oh, 'tumble dry only.'" Get it... cuz I was implying... that I was looking at her tag... nevermind).

I do think there should be limits as to what can be put on clothes though. The other day I saw a rather large girl walking down the street with the word "Anism" on her backside, "A-N-I-S-M." I didn't know what that meant, so I followed her. She finally picked her wedgie and I saw that it actually read "Antidisestablishmentarism." That's too much... TOO MUCH.

DAY 315 (51) - PHOTOSHOPPING

November 11, 2007 | Stand-Up

I get no credit. I'm forever pigeonholed as being a skinny computer science geek. Despite all the time I spend working out, I can't change people's perception of me. I took a picture where I was showing my "massive" "guns" and showed it to a friend. She was surprised.

"Wow, it actually looks like you have muscle on your arms... Did you photoshop them to make them look bigger?"

[BLANK STARE] I'm not sure which is worse, the fact that she couldn't believe that I had any hint of muscle, or that she actually thought that I would PHOTOSHOP my own arms. I mean granted, I could probably take a normal picture of myself, add muscle and a tan, and pretend like I really look like that, but I've never actually done it (I swear...).

This reminds me of the "Dove Real Beauty" viral video that came out about a year ago. It's amazing that we even find "normal" people attractive anymore, I mean I've noticed I've become increasingly more attracted to womannequins... (and yes I refuse to claim attraction to a *mannequin*).

I give Unilever (maker of Dove) some credit for such a compelling marketing idea (helping to boost self-esteem resultant from unrealistic expectations of women's beauty), except they seem to only be doing it because it's effective marketing (case in point, **their Axe commercials**). I guess their motivation shouldn't really detract too much from what they're doing, otherwise most people would never get credit for volunteering.

DAY 316 (50) - AWKWARD FACE

November 12, 2007 | Stand-Up

Have you ever looked at someone at the exact moment they were making a really awkward face? Like you look over, and they're in the middle of a yawn or something, and then you look away? So you don't see the whole yawn, just a single snapshot of it, and in normal context it wouldn't be that weird, but when it's singled out, it's the only way you can picture that person from then on?

I was walking through the hall at work today and as I rounded a corner, I looked over and saw someone in the middle of a sneeze. Within a split second, I had turned the corner, so I could no longer see the person, and now my only frame of reference for that person is this really weird face. Well I ran into this person a little later, and during our small talk about something, all I could think in my head was "Sneeze face... sneeze face... sneeze face..." I have no idea what we talked about, I just had that image in my head.

What if that someone's only mental image of you? What if I've been sitting in my car and let out a yawn, and at that exact moment some hot girl looked over and saw me with my face all contorted, mid-yawn? There could be people out there imagining that I ALWAYS look like that.

Of course this problem is only magnified when cameras are involved. Some of the best pictures (of other people) are when they're taken when least expected. I mean, people could be walking around thinking you **look like this**. Haha.

DAY 317 (49) - JUST MY IMAGINATION

November 14, 2007 | *Stand-Up*

Many people make assumptions based on my appearance whenever I get on stage to do stand-up. My button-down shirts, dress slacks, and dress shoes give the perception that I'm some middle-class kid who's always had it easy (when in reality it's often because I've just gotten off work and still in my business casual clothing).

And granted, I didn't exactly grow up dirt-poor, but I wasn't dirty rich either. Like most families we had our times of trouble, where the money was tight, and the problems were real (unlike "fake" problems rich people create – like cocaine addictions). My teachers always thought I was a bad student, not very bright. But it was my parents that told me to steal the toilet paper and bring it back home.. and the soap.. and to fill up water bottles with water from the toilet... I used to eat a lot of paste, just so I had a meal while at school. I wasn't dumb, I was a thinker.

And you can always tell when you're poor, when your mom was always telling you to "use your imagination." "Mom, I'm bored." "Use your imagination." "Mom, I don't have any toys to play with." "Use your imagination." "Mom, I have no friends." "Use your imagination..." It was always "use your imagination." I am mom, I'm imagining we ain't broke. We imagined so much stuff growing up, I might as well have been Peter Pan. "Oooh, let's play baseball... Let me just grab my bat (aka an empty paper towel dispenser)... now you throw the ball (a used tissue)... after the game we can drink our expensive sports drink (Windex)..."

We also had some good years. I remember one Christmas when my Mom was really swamped at work, so my Dad did all the shopping, and we also had some extra spending money. We got a computer (and thus my geekdom started), a pool table (just call me Jaws), and a big screen TV. Oddly enough, we were back to "imagining" things the next year when the credit card bills rolled in...

(Cheesy Side Note so you don't "get it twisted": Some of the above is factual, some of it is fictional. We did have some rough times, but we also had some good ones. All in all I wouldn't change a single thing about my childhood as it's made me who I am today.)

DAY 318 (48) - WARNING LABELS

/ *Stand-Up*

In today's "sue happy" society (that is a society with a propensity to sue people for easy money, not necessarily a society overflowing with people named "Sue"), companies are taking more and more precautions to try to protect themselves. One of the ways they seem to do this is through the use of absurd warning labels.

Companies will try to warn about anything, to the point of absurdity. "Curling Iron: Not to be used as a phone." What happened to "Survival of the Fittest?" Do we really want to keep some Einstein dumb enough to use a curling iron as a phone alive? Shouldn't we just let nature take care of them.

My favorite are the warnings for things that have a .0000001% chance of happening. The gas station is the worst, have you seen the warnings they have at these places? "Avoid static electricity." "Don't use your cell phone." "Don't drench yourself in gasoline and then light a match." I know what you're thinking, drench yourself in gasoline? No one would ever do that. And I agree, not at these prices. Now if gas drops to \$2.30 a gallon, it's a bit more appealing.

But seriously, avoid static electricity? Are there people out there, rubbing their feet on the ground and then touching the pump? And cell phones? We should probably take care of the whole problem with people being on cell phones while driving before we worry about someone using one while filling up. I am curious though, if you call someone while their at a gas station, and it blows up, have you just committed murder, or just found an amazing loophole as to how to knock someone off?

DAY 319 (47) - AURAL ABOMINATION

November 15, 2007 | *Stand-Up*

It's everywhere. Shopping malls, restaurants, the radio. How could they let this happen? Who authorized the playing of "Holiday" music (oh, who are we kidding – Christmas music) already? Really?

I mean I enjoy Christmas as much as the next guy – time spent with the family, spreading joy, getting boatloads of presents – but do we really need to have this damn music playing before Thanksgiving (and in some cases, before Halloween)? It's not that good of music, and it's way too early. And it's getting worse every year. By 2010, we'll be hearing "Jingle Bells" right after the "Star Spangled Banner" on the Fourth of July.

Christmas music should be reserved for the week leading up to the actual day of Christmas. If we're lucky enough for Christmas to fall on a Monday, you get two days – Sunday and Monday – and then no more "Noel."

No other holidays are this absurd. Radio stations don't switch to only playing Martin Luther King Jr. Day music for two months. No one goes around caroling for St. Patrick's day. And how are there not more songs for Easter?

If you think about the supposed reasons for celebrating Christmas and Easter, it's hard to believe Christmas is the bigger holiday. For the sake of argument, let's say Christianity is the one true religion (hey, we are all entitled to our beliefs, I'm not saying one is right over another). Christmas is the day of Jesus' birth – the day the son of God comes into this world. That's a pretty good reason to celebrate.

Easter, on the other hand, is the day that Jesus, the son of God, COMES BACK TO LIFE. Let me repeat that. A man dies on a cross, is stowed away in a cave, and is out walking around 3 days later! Sure the birth of a Savior is pretty impressive, but hey, I was born too. This guy CAME BACK TO LIFE. I don't know anyone that's done that. And Christmas is a bigger event, and has more songs and festivities, than Easter? I mean, surely it can't be because Christmas includes mass consumer spending and getting a lot of gifts, and Easter is about Chocolate. Certainly not, no...

(PC Side Note: This is not meant to offend or even attempt to share a religious position. This is more of an observation on our current society. And if you're a believer and still upset, don't be. God has to have a sense of humor. Why else would we have a duckbill platypus?)

DAY 320 (46) - DESIGNATED NON-LIKED FRIEND

November 16, 2007 | Stand-Up

Every group of friends has that one person that no one *actually* likes (this isn't a new observation, Dane Cook says they're often named "Karen"). Their sole purpose is to give everyone else someone to make fun of (or is it "of which to make fun").

Logic might beg the question that if you have that friend, why wouldn't you just get rid of them? But you don't want to do that. You see, every group **MUST** have one person to make fun of – it's a law. And that means if you lose that person, the group has to find a replacement... and that replacement could be you. Think about the last time your designated non-liked friend (DNF) was gone for an extended period of time, what happened? You started picking on someone else; someone else was the temporary DNF.

The positive side of this social law is that it gives hope to the DNFs. The general standard is that there is only one DNF per group. This isn't always true, but if the quotient of DNFs to cool friends (CF) is too high, the whole group is thrown into chaos and balance must be restored. The simplest solution is that the cooler of the DNFs (i.e. less socially awkward, sometimes makes funny comments, provides the most value) is promoted to CF status. This leaves the group with the right balance, and now gives the new CF reign to talk about the DNF.

So if you find yourself in the unfortunate position of DNF – just find someone to take your place. This isn't as easy as it sounds, however. A DNF only works in a group if he is somewhat close the status of the CFs. If the gap between levels of cool is too far, the person is not seen as a DNF, but as an Incompatible Acquaintance (IA). Therefore, finding a suitable DNF can prove challenging, because the candidate must be cool enough to hang with the group, but not so cool that he trumps your status, lest you just add another CF to make fun of you.

It's all pretty complicated, but believe me it's true – it's all psychology, or maybe sociology, or maybe fiction?

DAY 321 (45) - SUP HOME-Y

November 18, 2007 | Stand-Up

I hit another "you're kind of an adult now" milestone today. A fellow recent hire of mine (same age, we started about the same time, also went to the same great school), had a gathering, or "party" at his fine home this evening, and was incredibly adult-like. There were a variety of appetizers and desserts brought by various guests, plenty of nice drinks, classy music fluttering in the air.

This wasn't the first time that I'd been to such a party, though I do admit a majority of the fiestas I've attended in recent years have been closer to the **White Trash** one awhile back. But what made this a milestone was that it was thrown and attended by my peers. This wasn't one of my parent's parties that I went to, or an older friends; this was someone my age.

And don't misinterpret that to mean it wasn't fun – I had a blast. It was great talking to folks, enjoying good conversation, playing **Bohnanza** (much more fun than it sounds). It's just a little weird to have those experiences that signal you're growing up (like when you're tall enough to ride the Vortex, you pay for your own insurance, or someone calls you "sir" for the first time).

I do have to say that I am a tad bit mad at the host though. Again, this is a guy about my age, started about the same time as me at work, and yet he somehow has a very spacious house, with each room nicely decorated. He's setting the bar way too high. He's giving people

the idea that we (singles guys in mid-twenties) could all potentially have places like that, screwing us when our lazy efforts pale in comparison (kind of like how Romance movies/novels give girls unrealistic expectations about how we're supposed to swoon her off her feet). I could never take a girlfriend to his place, because I'd only be hearing about how nice it was, and how crappy my place was (in fact some of the married couples there this evening were jealous of the bachelor's pad).

And the thing is that I couldn't even have that type of decorating style if I wanted to. I can't sit in an empty room and think, "You'd know what'd look great here: brown walls, a bronze statue and a Mexican painting." (Note: By "Mexican Painting" I meant a painting with a Mexican theme/picture, not an actual Mexican in the act of painting). I look in a room and think, "Well stuff could fill this space, I guess let's just see where the boxes end up."

So thanks a lot, pal, for setting the standard so high and making me feel bad that it took me 14 months to hang some pictures in my current residence.

DAY 322 (44) - MY DOWNFALL

/ Random Thoughts

Note: The post tonight is part 1 of a 2 part series, and is a fictional story set four years in the future. My Downfall represents a worse-case scenario of my weaknesses getting the best of me. My Rise is a best-case scenario where my strengths lead to greatness. Again, both cases are fictional, and are meant merely as a creative writing exercise and possibly as lessons for me to remember in the future.

MY DOWNFALL

"The keenest sorrow is to recognize ourselves as the sole cause of all our adversities." – Sophocles

Fresh off a move to New York City, a year of excellent ratings at work, and some strong stand-up performances, I was feeling on top of the world. On the verge of 24, everything seemed to be lining up just right, and my confidence was soaring. I had achieved and surpassed a number of my goals in 2007, and knew that 2008 was going to be an even better year. With a slew of accomplishments-professional, comedic and personal- under my belt, I was ready to go.

The move to NYC was a draining one. I had committed to delivering my key projects with excellence, and long days turned into long nights just to fulfill that commitment. By the time the 2007 Holidays were done, my projects from the prior role were wrapped up, and I was settled into my Manhattan apartment, I was mentally and physically tired.

Over the course of the next couple of months, I allowed myself a break. I spent a lot of time just watching TV, surfing the Internet, reading various business and comedy books, giving myself excuses not to do any real work. I justified my (in)actions by reflecting on my past year's successes, not the challenges that lay ahead.

The comedy was the first thing to suffer. You can't just stop showing up to a corporate job without their being immediate repercussions- there's people there expecting to see you, coworkers and bosses that will hold you accountable. You don't have that person looking over you in your hobbies, especially not comedy. A club manager isn't going to call you and ask why you haven't been showing up to the open mics, or why you've yet to sign for an improv class. In a city like NYC, it's hard enough just to make it into the comedy scene, let alone break through it. And you certainly won't do it sitting at home.

But at the time I wasn't thinking about that. I told myself I'd get back to doing comedy once work settled down, once I got to the know the city, once I finished my website. Yeah, that was it. The "amazing website" I was supposed to create to make myself more marketable. I had a number of great ideas for it: a constantly updated blog, cartoons representing some of my stand-up bits, games based on my stories, videos and audio of me in action, merchandise. I was going to get my piece of "Internet fame" through YouTube videos, and creative applications. It was going to help set me apart.

The problem is that it never happened. And I had told myself, till the site goes up, I'll stay off the stage- that was going to be my motivation. But I'd come home from work, tired from the mental drain of trying to learn a new job and still deliver results. I'd plop down on the couch and watch "Inside the Actor's Studio," because that's kind of like working on comedy, trying to learn from the people that made it. But day by day, "Inside the Actor's Studio" turned into NBC's Thursday night lineup because it's comedy, which turned into sitting down and watching whatever was on. All the while my website stayed in it's unfinished state from 2007.

In addition to TV, I read a lot. It wasn't fiction, but business books like "The World is Flat," productivity books like "Getting Things Done," and comedy books like "Truth in Comedy." In my mind, reading was "work." "So what if I didn't get on stage this week, I read three chapters of 'Improvise.' This will just make me better the next time I do get on stage (or need to manage my time, or get this project done)." The problem was "next time" didn't happen.

The social life was the next to go. I had done a pretty good job of getting out and making new friends when I first arrived in the Big Apple. The city was still very exciting, I was the new guy in the office so people made it easy by offering up things to do. And my friends and family were still on the top of my mind, with plenty of people staying in touch, talking about how much they'll visit.

But the big city life started wearing off. The twenty minute subway ride to various entertainment spots started getting old, and the allure of the TV, Internet and books in my apartment started to take hold. With no roommate or close friends to pull me out of the house, I easily slipped into a comfortable pattern of spending weekends alone. At first it was nice. It was a great way to relax from the move, and to really plan for the future- to figure out what I was really going to do with my life.

I had a lot of plans, like those for comedy. I also had plans for doing even better at P&G, for building a huge social group of friends, for being and staying happy. I had a lot of plans.

"Never mistake motion for action." – Ernest Hemingway

Eventually the same cancer that destroyed my comedy and social life infected my business world as well. I started off strong, leading one of my first projects to overwhelming success and setting the roadmap for another great year. But I started getting complacent. I leaned on my success from the past year for justification. The internal humor blog slowly started dying, shoved out of the way because of "too much work." My network started crumbling as the effort to maintain and grow it from NYC in a Cincinnati-based company was "too high."

Over time the highly productive 8, 9, 10 hour days, turned into 6 hour stints more reminiscent of "Office Space." ESPN.com started replacing the internal company site, RSS Feeds replacing corporate email. At first, no one really noticed. I had learned my role, and my boss' schedule, well enough that I could fake doing a good job. Fortunately at P&G, you can't do that for too long.

As the three core areas of my life from 2007 started declining, time started to blur. The first year passed and I received average ratings at work. I blamed them on my recent move. I had only been on stage a handful of times. I blamed it on the "stressful" work. I failed to stay in touch with a lot of my friends, some of my family, and didn't really meet and stay connected with a new group of people in the city. I blamed the other people.

By 2009, I was no longer a comedian. I was still decent at my job- some projects finished on time, others got delayed, and I rarely went "above and beyond." I had returned to my more introverted ways of my middle school years- talking only to a small group of people, making no real attempts to meet others.

A bipolar self-esteem did little to help. One day I'd look in the mirror and think "Girls want me. Guys want to be me." The next day, I'd think "What's wrong with you?" A mix of anger and depression started to seep in as I failed to achieve results like I had in the past. What others offered in encouragement, I took as expectations. Off hand remarks that I'd "someday be the CIO," meant I was failing when other people from my new hire class got promoted before me. Quips of "I'll be seeing you on the Tonight Show" meant I was lazy for no longer doing comedy.

My anger at myself for not meeting such "expectations" turned into anger at other people for "expecting too much." I started down a "woe is me" mentality where I proclaimed my life was so difficult because people had always expected me to do great things. It didn't matter what was true, it was what I believed.

After my second year in New York City, I transferred back to Cincinnati. Having found moderate success while gone, I was still viewed as a solid employee and welcomed back to the Queen City. The return to familiarity provided a brief jolt to my demeanor, and things were looking up. But after a few tough projects, failed stand-up attempts, and a shaky social life, whatever cancer grew in NYC returned.

With my friends and family struggling to try understand what had changed in me, I fell into a deep depression. I turned to alcohol for the same reason I had grown to hate it, the same reason I had avoided it for 26 years – I used it to escape reality, responsibility and my problems. Though I had come to terms with other people drinking, and had realized it wasn't evil like I thought it was growing up, the fact that I started drinking served as a catalyst to deeper despair. I would get drunk to try to drink away the fact that I drank.

On November 18, 2011, it all came to a head. After two straight years of low ratings, my manager had no choice but to let me go at work. I had gone from being a "go as high as you want to go" standout employee, to no longer working at the company. Stand-up was a distant memory, relegated to YouTube clips of open mics, and "Best Of" DVDs from my college years. Socially I had only a couple of friends who maintained the relationship, and I remained in a single, depressed state.

I was escorted out of work in the early afternoon, and stopped by a bar, as had now become habit. I drank anything the bartender would give me, thinking about what I was going to do next- who I could call for a job. In a drunken stupor, I decided to head home. The 5 o'clock rush hour had just begun, and I grew angry at all the people able to keep their jobs. I flew down an entry ramp to the highway, determined to get home and pass-out, forgetting all of my troubles until another day. By now, the shots at the bar had settled in, and I failed to notice the stop traffic. At 70 mph, I crash into a stopped car, careening through the front windshield.

"Being defeated is a temporary condition. Giving up is what makes it permanent." – Marlene vos Savant

My body lay like a torn up rag doll. I couldn't move, and everything seemed surreal. I knew immediately that I wasn't going to make it to see the next day. I thought back to how I ended up there on the pavement. I thought back to how I got into such a situation, when 4 years prior I seemed poised to fulfill my alma mater's catchphrase – "Do something great."

As people gathered around to help, just as others had done throughout my life, I blocked them out of my mind, like I had during the my mounting troubles. I thought about the cancer that ultimately lead to my demise. Though it wasn't the same cancer that had taken some of

my friends and family, it still lead to the same result. It wasn't a cellular growth, but rather a mental one. It was a growth of complacency, selfishness and laziness. It was a growth of excuses, instead of action. I closed my eyes for the final time, and finally understood my sickness.

I had wanted so desperately to be successful that I failed to act. Sometimes out of focusing on the wrong things, sometimes out of hubris from already having had small successes, sometimes out of fear of failure, I failed to take action. As the world around me started to fade away, I thought, "Do something great? Hell, just do *something*."

DAY 323 (43) - MY RISE

November 19, 2007 | Random Thoughts

Note: The post tonight is part 2 of a 2 part series, and is a fictional story set four years in the future. My Downfall represents a worse-case scenario of my weaknesses getting the best of me. My Rise is a best-case scenario where my strengths lead to greatness. Again, both cases are fictional, and are meant merely as a creative writing exercise and possibly as lessons for me to remember in the future.

MY RISE

"A journey of a thousand miles must begin with a single step." – Lao-Tzu

Fresh off a move to New York City, a year of excellent ratings at work, and some strong stand-up performances, I was feeling on top of the world. 2007 had been a very productive year, but things were about to get even better. The confidence I gained from surpassing most of my goals, and the support I received from others, helped 2008 become my springboard into success. A product of The 8th Floor, and my new belief that "You can't escape the 8" should have told me '08 was going to be my year. If I only knew...

Just living in the Big Apple was exhilarating for me. I was in the same city, on the same streets, doing some of the same things as people like Seinfeld, Jay Z, and too many countless others. I saw the same comedy clubs Chris Rock worked on his material in, I was on the same streets as Notorious BIG, I passed the same buildings that appeared in so many films. The energy of the city was enough for anyone to become inspired.

After spending some time settling in and getting adjusted, I started to focus. The corporate job was the first area to take off. Having just achieved some "Big Wins" in my last few days in my last assignment, I was determined to show a new set of co-workers the type of work I was capable of. I had been fortunate in my first role to have things that I could do well and people that were strong advocates for me. But the move to a new city, with a different culture, and a separate required skill set meant I had to start all over again.

It started with the help of some peers, helping me to quickly get up to speed on the current environment. Through a number of one on one discussion I learned what I needed to know and got the lay of the land. This knowledge, plus some creative thinking, landed me strong supporters right from the get go.

In addition to executing with excellence on my key initiatives, the fear of losing some of the exposure gained in my first year at work pushed me to step up my commitment to becoming the Corporate Humorist. In addition to blog posts about how and why to bring humor into the workplace, I started creating humorous podcasts that began to spread within the company. My eagerness to stay involved in some big ideas, even while not in Cincinnati, allowed me to explore comedy even further and reach more people. Before long, the self-proclaimed "Corporate Humorist" title was becoming my moniker across the company.

As is often the case, the success in one area of my life lead to successes elsewhere. With a stronger focus, available training via Upright Citizen's Brigade, and a ginormous number of opportunities to perform at open mics, my comedic skill grew exponentially. Long, efficient days at work were followed by late night hours at the comedy clubs. Spending few hours at home other than to sleep, I was wishing for more hours in the day just to spend on my various projects. Weekends were my time to re-energize, and were plenty given the passion and excitement that grew with each success. Even minor setbacks turned into greater opportunities and learning experiences.

With ever growing confidence, and just a hint of cockiness, I couldn't help but become more socially adept. Luckily good friends and renewed connections helped to keep me grounded, and the success of other 8th Floor members pushed me to match their achievement for achievement. In a sense, it became a competition to see who could "make it" first.

Connections at work turned into a strong starting group of friends. As did my fellow classmates at UCB and others on the comedy circuit. Friday and Saturday nights quickly became booked with adventures exploring the city, great parties, and of course, good comedy. Lunch dates were the norm, as I learned to "never eat alone," save when I wanted a bit of time for reflection. The weekend afternoons became great times to work on my comedic projects – videos, games, the website, and general podcasts.

With the weeks filled with hard work, loads of fun, and personal records in productivity, the first year in NYC flew by. As Christmas '08 approached, I achieved my biggest goal of the year and Featured at a comedy club back in Cincinnati. Friends and family alike were impressed with the improvement I had gained from so many open mics while I was gone.

2009 started much the same as 2008. After such a chock-full year, I gave myself the month of January off from most of the extracurricular activities. During that time I caught up on shows that I missed and books that I hadn't gotten a chance to read. I also spent more time with a girl I had been casually dating and a full relationship bloomed. Luckily she was also into comedy, and her encouragement only led to a spectacular return that February.

A group of fellow UCB graduates and comedians started working with me on short, comedic movies. Our videos were soon getting 100,000's of views on YouTube and traffic at our group's website sky-rocketed. Through the help of some great friends and connections, stand-up opportunities started popping up in various places on the East coast and Mid-West. Before long, all vacation from work was used to travel doing comedy- a welcomed circumstance.

The corporate job continued to get better as well. With a year of understanding my role under my belt, producing results became easier and almost second nature. Several smaller projects I started in 2008 started kicking into gear in 2009, including some ideas that spread globally across the company.

The end of 2009 brought a difficult decision. As my 2 year assignment in NYC began to reach it's end, and with a promotion offer on the table, I had to make a choice. Comedy was beginning to present more and more opportunities, and work provided a number of options that certainly seemed interesting. A decision I had been avoiding since starting with the company in 2006 was now right in my face.

"The harder I work, the luckier I get." – Gary Player

Ultimately one of the many acquaintances I had made through various networking opportunities saved the day. I took a part-time, location-free role that allowed me to work anywhere I had an Internet connection and phone line. The work, though still challenging and exciting, was limited to 20-30 hours per work. The rest of the time I could spend on comedy, in whatever city I chose.

Maintaining my home-base in NYC, I started doing more and more comedy shows across the country. UCB afforded the opportunity to continue performing improv, while stand-up began taking off with more and more Feature performances. As 2010 quickly approached on the horizon, a few good friends made the leap from Chicago to NYC, ready to take over Saturday Night Live.

In the Spring of 2010, a number of former 8th Floor members were reunited while all living in New York. Their arrival brought a renewed sense of dedication to comedy. My work role turned from one of a project manager to that of consultant, specializing in revitalizing how ideas were delivered and best being described as a Humor Consultant. Thanks to a growing fan-base, a number of advocates in the comedy industry, and the encouragement of my friends, headlining opportunities started popping- the first was in a hometown club where great turnouts helped kick off more jobs.

2011 brought forth the realization of a long-time dream of many of The 8th Floor Alum. Some fresh off the stage at SNL, others from the mainstage of Second City, and myself performing stand-up, united together and created an 8th Floor Comedy tour. A mash-up of improv, sketch, and stand-up comedy, the tour gained national recognition traveling throughout the states. The last date of the tour was November 18, 2011. The location – the Schottenstein Center, Columbus, OH – Ohio State main campus.

The sold-out show proved to be the best of all of our shows to date. Afterwards, as people left for the after-party to mingle with fans, friends, and family, I took a seat on the now-empty stage, in the now-empty arena. Looking into the thousands of empty seats that were filled just moments before, I thought back to how it all began. I thought about my alma mater's catchphrase – "Do Something Great." I smirked to myself, feeling like one part of that had been accomplished.

"I ... will ... not ... lose ... ever ..." – Jay Z

I didn't know what lied ahead of me or what was next. Continued stand-up? An attempt into TV? A return to the corporate world? A focus on starting a family? I wasn't sure, but I knew one thing, I'd be successful. By now I had learned the ingredients as to what made me tick. I had become obsessed with finishing what I started, delivering with excellence. My social network was my greatest asset, as they challenged me constantly, provided me support, and birthed new opportunities. If I ever started getting complacent, I'd remind myself that nothing was guaranteed, and nothing was owed to me. Regardless of how I fared compared to others, better or worse, I could always improve. I couldn't control what other people did, or what would happen around me, but I could always strive to be a better me.

Every day I had taken steps to get better. Every day I achieved small successes, always moving forward to a new goal. As people around me got caught up in details, or spent time wishing for things to happen, I took action. I thought back again to that catchphrase. If only people knew the real secret: "Do something great? Hell, just do *something*."

DAY 324 (42) - HIT EM WITH THE PUN-CH LINE

November 20, 2007 | Stand-Up

It's been far too long:

- Why does Odysseus hate getting pulled over by the cops? He can't stand the Sirens.
- The disaster didn't occur during Geology, it happened (in the) aftermath.
- What do you call an obnoxious marsupial? Kangarude.
- I tried get a job to carrying Tiger Woods' clubs, but he said I was too catty.
- What do you buy for a kid who listens to Fall Out Boy? A "Tickle Me Emo" doll.

DAY 325 (41) - KING OF POP DREAMS

November 21, 2007 | Stand-Up

I fell asleep listening to Michael Jackson's "Number Ones" last night, and I think it affected my dreams.

The dream started at the **Break of Dawn**. I had apparently just woken up because I was staring at the **Man in the Mirror**. I was dressed in **Black or White**, I can't remember, and wearing **Billie[s] Jean[s]**. Which is weird because I don't know any Billie's, but I was feeling like a **Smooth Criminal** since I apparently got away with stealing his jeans.

I then leave my house and am walking down the street when I hear someone say, "**You Are Not Alone**." I turn around and there was this homeless lady, who they called "**Dirty Diana**." She repeated herself, "**You Are Not Alone**." And I'm thinking, "Well obviously, you're standing right there." Then she said it again, "**You Are Not Alone**." Now I'm not to be rude, so I thought, "I'll give her **One Last Chance** to explain herself." But again, she just said, "**You Are Not Alone**." By this time I was getting irritated so I told her to just **Beat It**.

So I keep on walking, when I get to a park. As I'm walking around admiring the beautiful **Earth[,] Song[s]** just keep popping up in my head. But they aren't Michael Jackson songs, but rather Janet Jackson songs. And that's when, out of nowhere, Janet Jackson shows up. It felt like I was in a **Thriller** movie because she just started to **Scream**.

She runs up to me and proclaims, "Where have you **Ben**?" Naturally, I'm confused. She continues on, "You know **I Just Can't Stop Loving You**," which is weird because I didn't know she ever started. She keeps going, "You give me **Butterflies** by **The Way You Make Me Feel**. **You Rock My World**." And I'm still somewhat stunned, because after all, it's Janet Jackson. So I reply back, "I like to **Rock With You** too."

Then I discovered what **Dirty Diana** meant, because Chris Hansen stepped out from behind some bushes, screaming, "You just **Don't Stop Til You Get Enough**." And that's when I turn to see that it wasn't Janet Jackson professing those things, but Michael Jackson. And I'm not just an average Joe, but an undercover cop posing as a 12 year old boy.

Needless to say, I won't be listening to any more Michael Jackson before going to bed, or R Kelly for that matter. Nope, from here on out it's the Pussycat Dolls.

DAY 326 (40) - HAPPY THANKSGIVING

November 22, 2007 | Random Thoughts

Thanksgiving – who doesn't love today (except maybe Native Americans)? Family, thinking of things for which to be thankful, boatloads of delicious food (namely turkey and mashed potatoes). Today also starts the seeming 8-week streak of having some form of turkey to eat at every single meal.

I do really enjoy the Holiday because it's good to stop and think about all the positive things going on in your life. And I would be remiss if I didn't mention some of things I'm thankful for (and I'll be honest, not 100% sure of what it means to be remissed).

- I'm thankful for ... my family who's so supportive and fun to be around. They've encouraged me and helped me along the way, plus have provided plenty of inspiration for material.
- I'm thankful for ... my friends who are much funnier than I, though not always intentionally.
- I'm thankful for ... all of my fans, readers and audiences that have allowed me to entertain through stand-up, improv, and my blog (hint: that's you guys).
- I'm thankful for ... puns.
- I'm thankful for ... the ability to think of funny things to say.
- I'm thankful for ... thinking of thanking the ability to think of things to say on Thanksgiving.
- I'm thankful for ... the people who appreciate (approximate) alliteration.
- I'm thankful for ... my boyish good looks, and the ability to laugh at the various quirks about myself.
- I'm thankful for ... the opportunities that I have professionally, comedically, and personally.
- I'm thankful for ... chicken (it's so delicious).
- I'm thankful for ... a whole host of other things (life, liberty and the pursuit, etc) that are far too numerous to mention here.

- I'm thankful for ... the people who won't get mad (or supposedly it's "angry") if I didn't mention them in the above list.

DAY 327 (39) - BLACK FRIDAY

November 24, 2007 | Stand-Up

Black Friday – the biggest shopping day of the year (supposedly) and the start of Holiday shopping for many. Not for me. Most people wake up at 3 o' clock in the morning to make it to the stores by 4am to get all the crazy door buster deals, often as gifts for people for Christmas. Not me. I do all my shopping online whenever I happen to be up, and most often it's stuff for me. It's not that I'm selfish, it's just that it's way too early to be thinking about Christmas gifts for other people, you save that till the 22nd or 23rd (of December).

I think the origin of the name "Black Friday" is pretty interesting. It makes sense to me, I just think we should reapply to other days. For example, the day after Christmas should be "Returns Day," the day after New Years should be "Still Hungover Day," and the day after Halloween should be "Oh please let the girl lying beside me be a consenting adult *dressed* as a Girl Scout (and not really a Girl Scout) Day."

In a somewhat related note, I also think we should celebrate the day 9 months prior to one's birthday, but give gifts to our parents instead. 9 Months may not be exact, but unless you know the specific date you were conceived (which, honestly, would be a bit weird), it's the best you got. They should at least get some kind of present for having the balls (and lady parts too) to have a kid. Maybe get them a card "Mom and Dad- thanks for screwing. Love, your son."

(And if you're wondering- yes, I just grossed myself out.)

DAY 328 (38) - HATS OFF

November 25, 2007 | Stand-Up

I went to the mall today (again), and while I was there, I stopped in one of the many hat stores (sadly they had no top hats). I've been looking for a specific hat that I saw Chad Johnson wearing on TV a long while back, and finally found it today. It's an orange Cincinnati Reds hat with a white 'C' – it looks incredible.

Naturally I was excited to see that they had it in stock, and despite it's \$32 price tag (which baffles me as to how a baseball hat can cost as much as pair of shoes in some cases), I was set on buying it. Luckily I tried it on before doing so, as in my giddyness over seeing it, I forgot that my head is not particularly well shaped for the wearing of hats. I have a decent sized melon, it's just that it's more in the length of my head rather than width, leaving me looking like a 4 year old when I wear anything on my head (instead of the normal 12 year old look I shoot for). Incidentally, it's also the same reason I can't get my hair cut too short, as it starts to look like I got my shrunk (and I don't mean I visited a psychiatrist).

So my search for this great hat must continue, hopefully next time I see it I'll find it in a kids size (which surprisingly makes me look more like an adult).

DAY 329 (37) - LAUNDERED THOUGHTS

/ Stand-Up

I bought a few dress shirts this weekend and in hopes of keeping them in good shape, I actually looked at the washing/drying instructions. This spurred me to look at the instructions for some of my other clothing as well, and I didn't realize I've been doing laundry wrong all this time.

The first thing every label says is "Machine Wash." Good thing I read that, I was getting ready to get my washboard out and start scrubbing away. There is some variance as to whether or not you should use warm or cold water (basically jeans are cold, everything else says warm), so I guess it's important to know that.

It also seems that everything should be washed "with like colors," which to me means everything that's not white is a "like color." Good thing too, because it's not like I have a whole smorgasboard of pinkish clothes, and I have to wash my Smarty Pants shirt at some point.

Chlorine bleach seems to be the black sheep of the laundry world, since no clothes want to get involved with it, and using Mr. Sun or hang-drying seems to have lost to the much more popular "Tumble Dry." I do own some (not many, but some) clothes that recommend "Dry Cleaning Only." From what I can gather, that means "Never gets cleaned." I think I've used dry cleaning once in my lifetime, and that's only because Mom said to.

There's also some blabbering at the bottom of most tags mentioning something about ironing, but I only own wrinkle-free clothes (or clothes that aren't really affected by wrinkles like jeans and t-shirts), so I just skip that part.

The last part of the tag is the most confusing, as it's just a bunch of icons. Apparently there are people out there who understand what those 1mm pictures mean. I just imagine it's for all the fine citizens out there that still know hieroglyphics.

DAY 330 (36) - OFFICIAL FUN

November 26, 2007 | Stand-Up

As is my usual custom on Sunday, I watched a lot of football yesterday. As a person who never played American football in any type of organized fashion (unless you consider the fact that we drew up plays for backyard football to be "organized"), I never really understood the differences between the different officials reffing/umpiring/judging the game. Luckily Wikipedia is there to save the day.

I've always wondered if the other officials (umpires, linesman, and judges) were jealous of the Head Referee. Like is that what you try to work up to? Is that the QB of the officiating core? Do you start out in the "minor leagues" of officiating? Is there a draft?

I'd have to guess that the biggest perk to being the Head Ref is that you get to announce the penalties. Have you ever noticed how upset they get if their microphone isn't working? They're in it for the glory. I especially enjoy the refs that really get into the announcements, almost as if they're hoping to parlay their skills into a voice acting career. They add dramatic pauses and tonality to the standard calls:

"Hoooooolding, Nummmmmmmmmber 75, offense. Tnnnnn yard penalty, repeat ... FIRST DOWN!"

I think their announcing is great, I just wish it would be reapplied elsewhere. And I don't mean in other sports necessarily, that might get annoying in baseball to hear the ump announce balls and strikes every 30 seconds; I mean outside of sports. Like when cops pull someone over, rather than make us try to rubberneck to see what's going on, they should be announcing updates over their loud speakers:

"Speeding, Red Corvette, vanity plate SPDY2GO. \$150 fine, congratulations on being late to wherever you going."

Or maybe:

"Driving Under the Influence, Ford pick-up truck, vanity plate GITRDUN. \$300 fine plus night in prison, enjoy sitting down while you still can."

Or better yet:

"Driving While Incredibly Hot, Black Eclipse, vanity plate 2HOT4U. Damn your fine, what are you willing to do to get out of a ticket?"

DAY 331 (35) - SHOWER HOUR

November 27, 2007 | Stand-Up

I had a late soccer game last night (it didn't start till 11:20pm, and in the corporate world, that's later than a pregnant girl...), and rather than go to bed immediately upon my return, all sweaty and disgusting, I decided to shower before hitting the old hay-er-roo. This isn't particularly interesting, but it reminds me of a debate from college – is it better to shower at night or in the morning?

I've always been a morning showerer. It wakes you up, makes you feel more alert, gives you a fresh clean body to start the day, and seems a natural part of the morning ritual. An evening shower helps you cleanse away the day's grime, and gets you clean for a nice, refreshing slumber. So which one do you do (as doing both wouldn't be very green- water doesn't grow on trees you know. Incidentally, the next time someone tells you "Money doesn't grow on trees," concede that's true, but also proffer that it is made from trees.)?

Back to the point, I normally shower in the morning, so this morning, it seemed strange not to shower. All morning it felt weird not having stood under hot water for 15 minutes to start the day. I washed my face of course, but it still wasn't quite the same- kind of like brushing your teeth with your finger instead of a tooth brush when you spend the night at a "friends" house unexpectedly: it kind of works, but you still feel dirty.

So to concisely share my views on morning vs. night showers, I thought I'd try to come up with a clever saying, like "Red skies at night..." or "Beer before liquor..."

Showers at night, not a pretty sight / Showers in the morning, make you horny.

Ok, that doesn't really make sense... as showers at either time of day could make you horny. Let's try again:

Showers at first light, feels just right. / Showers after dark, it's like the rain coming before Noah builds the ark.

That's a little better, and the end is kind of witty, but it's a tad long. Once more:

Showers before bed, smell like the dead / Showers after rise, what a pleasant surprise.

I guess it's better than nothing. So there you have it, my motto for when to shower.

DAY 332 (34) - SIMPLY CONFUSING

November 28, 2007 | Stand-Up

If you read the comments to a number of my posts, you'll quickly find that my brother is constantly correcting me on grammatical errors and the like. Over the holiday break, he and I had a brief discussion on this, and realized that the difference between our styles of writing (his is more "error-free") is based on two things: 1) I'm a comedian and try to write how I would talk, and 2) I studied Engineering in school, and he studied more liberal artsy stuff.

You see, as an engineer, I was taught to write simply (why use "utilize" when you can just say "use") and to get your point across in a way to minimize confusion. My brother was taught to be eloquent with his writing and use big words to show how smart he is, as well as educate his readers. So I ask, what's better: communicating your message as simply as possible, or being grammatically correct?

I wish I could say that it's clearly better to remain simpler, but even I don't stick to that. One aspect of comedy is specificity and word choice- it's funnier to say "I was perplexed" as opposed to "I was confused." Why? I don't know. Maybe it's because comedy is based on the concept of surprising the audience and the word "perplexed" isn't used as often. Maybe it's because there's an 'x' in the word.

Plus, there is such a thing as simplifying too much, even if you do get your message across. If I'm talking to a "fly honey" (translation = attractive female), I could say "You and Me" and then thrust my pelvis back and forth. She'd likely gather what I was suggesting, but would undoubtedly decline by smacking me. Alternatively, I could say, "Your beauty surpasses that of Athena's, may I cordially invite you out to dinner, a cinematic feature, and a night of copulation?" (though it may also lead to a smacking "no.")

Ultimately I think it lands somewhere in the middle. You want to show that you are above the intelligence of a caveman, but also not a grammar Nazi bent on correcting everyone and trying to use big words to impress (or in a way, belittle) those you are communicating to (or rather "those to whom you are communicating"). So if you combine my general attempt for easy communication, with some (but not all) of the corrections from my brother, you'll probably find a happy medium.

(Side note: I have yet to figure out the middle ground for the example above. I *can* tell you that it's not, "Hey baby, you up for boning?")

DAY 333 (33) - GROSSERY SHOPPING

November 29, 2007 | Stand-Up

My roommate and I went on our "once every two months" grocery trip today (luckily I **didn't go hungry**), and I think that's one of the things I'm going to miss while in New York. From what I understand, if you live in the city, you do your grocery shopping on a daily basis: you buy what you're going to cook that night on your way home for dinner.

That's quite the change from my current setup – we go once every two months, and it's generally only about 90 minutes round trip, hitting up Sam's Club for the bulk stuff (and bulk of the stuff), and then Bigg's for the smaller items. By splitting the grocery list in half according to store layout, my roommate and I are able to get in and out **like a Kevin Kline movie** (I'm referring to the title, not the plot).

It's such a nice feeling to open up the fridge and see it stock full of various foods and beverages, notably a copious amount of Gatorade. And that's the beauty of Sam's Club, what's generally meant to stock vending machines or be used in restaurants makes for a great amount for the home. Of course it's one thing to have and go through 48 bottles of Gatorade in two months, quite another to gorge on a gallon of mayonnaise over the same period (incidentally if you were to consume that whole gallon of mayonnaise for some reason, you'd be having about 2500 grams of fat – yum). I'm not suggesting I eat that much mayo, I'm just saying I'm sure there are families that do.

But that all changes with the move to NYC. Though I'm hoping that such a change will lead to me eating a greater variety of foods (there's

so many great restaurants there), and eating healthier (no fear of fruits and vegetables spoiling). This is unlikely to happen, but hey, you can always hope.

DAY 334 (32) - NOVEMBER IN REVIEW

November 30, 2007 | Info

It's hard to believe that November is already over (ok, it's not really "hard to believe" – November is 30 days long, it's been 30 days, poof, it's over. I guess I'm just trying to say it's just amazing how quick it went by). Naturally, it's time to review the **resolutions**:

November in Review

1. **Finish the 365 Days of Drewy Goodness Challenge paying out less than \$300.** Only 1 month to go.
2. **Limit the number of times I write 2006 for the date.** Done.
3. **Have 30 minutes of professional material, 20 of which is 100% clean.** I'm afraid I don't think this one will be accomplished. I've certainly produced some quality stand-up this year, I just haven't spent enough time on stage to see if it's "professional level." Hopefully NYC will help speed that up.
4. **Create an interactive website.** This is one I'd like to finish before the end of the year. There's just a boatload of stuff to get done before then.
5. **Learn a song on guitar.** I kind of know "Hey Ya."
6. **Perform in front of 5,000 people total, 500 at one time.** I don't know that I performed at all during the month of November- how sad is that? I'll likely have 1-2 shows in December, so it's a good thing I've already got this one done.
7. **Actually tape a skit.** I'm working on some skits for use at P&G, so this will be done- I just don't know if they'll be made available to the public.
8. **Finish making the various "Best Of" DVDs.** Only 2 shows left to watch for the "Best of Season 2." Given the setback, I'll probably only finish that DVD, leaving the Season 2: Summer Edition, the 50th Show, and the Send-Off Show still to be done.
9. **Get 1 Ratings at P&G.** I should know soon.
10. **Rate all of the songs in my iTunes.** Done.

BONUS: Not hit the snooze button once. This is like my drug problem- I've went into relapse with the snooze button. The only positive to sleeping in later than I want is that it gives me motivation to be more productive during the day (a kind of punishment for not having discipline). I also went ahead and bought a Select Comfort Sleep Number bed, despite not completing the bet, so hopefully that will somehow help.

Taking a look back, 2007 has been pretty solid so far. I still have a month to try to knock off a few more of these items, so hopefully we'll end strong. I've already started thinking about what's in store for 2008, but I'm going to need some help from you guys. Stay tuned for an easy survey to fill out that will help me set my direction for the upcoming year.

DAY 335 (31) - MINE YOUR BUSINESS

December 2, 2007 | Info

This post is making it's way to you from the lovely town of Morehead, KY. My brother has been attending college at Morehead State University on and off for the past seven years (undergrad and now grad school). In that seven years I've visited him exactly once prior to the trip this weekend, so it seemed about time to come back down again before heading off to NYC.

Morehead is quite a different experience than that of a school like Ohio State. OSU has 50,000 students, Morehead's more like 9,000. At OSU, people go to bars, or to the movies, or hang out at parties. At Morehead, people go visit abandoned mines that are possibly the grounds for satanic rituals and sacrifices. Oh, and by "people," I mean my brother and his friends.

So naturally on my visit here, "we" decided that I "had" to see these mines, because after all, "a mine is a terrible thing to waste." Normally I'm pretty smart about the activities in which I choose to partake, but I guess the "whiteness" got the best of me, because I agreed to go.

The mines are up an old, creepy road in the middle of nowhere. Naturally my brother and his two friends, Alphabet and Lilo & Stitch from the **cruise**, decided to "hype up" the mines on our way there. Apparently in addition to the possible satanic rituals, dead bodies have been found there and it's illegal to even be near the place- two great things to find out as you're starting to get out of the car.

As we approached the entrance, we heard a car drive by – causing all of us to drop down to the ground and for me to reconsider why the hell I was there. After the car passed and we recovered our wits, we continued forward. With our trusty flashlights and a camera, we ventured into the depths of this mine, looking at the remnants from when it used to be a facility for storing mushrooms. As a mine should be, it was pitch dark aside from the small beams of our flashlights, and quiet save for the dripping of water – quite enough to freak me out.

We walked back a ways, being sure to be talking at all times to avoid the creepiness that was listening to the natural sounds. We reached the "Doorway to Hell" and took a look into the "Kitchen," and after seeing a supposed altar, it was time to high tail it out of the place. I noticed our pace out of the mine was a lot faster than the pace into it- our own imaginations creating images of what could possibly be in store for us (and of course our imaginations were in overdrive since someone decided it would be a good idea to watch **Vacancy** before this whole little excursion began).

Back at the car, with the heart still pumping, I had a little bit more time to reconsider why I agreed to go. In a way, putting yourself into a scary situation makes you feel a little more alive- it's another way to get a "rush" (like getting on stage or riding a roller coaster). And even though our fears may have been unjustified, or were self-constructed from our thoughts and willingly putting ourselves in such a situation, they were very real (at least at the time).

So yeah, that was my Saturday night. What'd you do?

DAY 336 (30) - SUNDAY DRIVE

/ Stand-Up

There's something relaxing about driving on your own for awhile. But only for awhile, because then it gets old. But for that brief time, being on the road by yourself with just some music and your thoughts can be just what you need after a hectic week.

With the trip down to **Morehead**, I had plenty of time for thinking, rocking out to music, and listening to stand-up. The nice thing about the drive to MSU is that it's pretty easy and there's very little traffic. The only real stress comes from when you get stuck behind someone going 7 miles under the speed limit.

I've never been a fan of passing people on a two-lane road, but sometimes you just have to do what you've gotta do. And even though it's perfectly legal (assuming you have the dotted line on your side), it still feels like you're breaking the law- kind of like if you're a 25 year old dating an 18 year old – technically legal, but it doesn't seem right.

But aside from that 5 seconds I lived on the edge and passed the slow driver in front of me, I was completely relaxed for the 4 hours I was in the car this weekend. I got an opportunity to think of some new stand-up ideas, sketch ideas, a to-do list of what I need to get done at work, and work on my freestyle skills (cuz you know how good those are).

The rural scenery also provided for some humorous observations. Being from a bigger city, it's new to me to see signs outside of towns touting famous people who have come from that area ("Littletownsburg – Home of Major League Baseball player Joe Schmoe" or "Evensmallersville – Proud home of former 10th place finisher of American Idol"). I also enjoyed the names of some of the communities there. Like one neighborhood was called "Utopia Hills," and that seems a little cocky for a tiny group of houses in a small, remote part of Kentucky.

And that's one thing I can't believe. I can accept that **Hell** is in Michigan, but I refuse to believe that Utopia is in Kentucky.

DAY 337 (29) - BOWL CHAMPIONSHIP STUBBORNNESS

December 3, 2007 | Stand-Up

The Buckeyes are back in the National Championship Game, 1 year after getting beat by Florida. We play yet another SEC team, and a heck of a good coach, so it'll be a tough game. And there's been a lot of talk about the BCS yet again this year – there's no real clear #1 and #2, and the Buckeyes made it to the big game by not playing for the past 2 weeks. Clearly, something needs a fixin'.

The popular opinion seems to be that College Football needs a playoff, but there are a number of people who also say that would be a bad thing. I mean just because EVERY OTHER MAJOR SPORT has a playoff, whether it be Pro Football, Baseball, Basketball, Soccer, Hockey, or College Baseball, Basketball, Soccer, Hockey, Curling... (yes, curling has a playoff), doesn't mean it would be good for College Football right?

Now I could go into how the playoff should work, but I pretty much agree with everything said **here**. Makes sense to me, how does the BCS not see it that way?

And the only thing I can think of is that it comes down to stubbornness, something I know a little bit about (as I've been accused of being stubborn on occasion – of course those people have no idea what they're talking about). But it's older people stuck in a old system, not willing to change.

I agree that change isn't necessarily always good- I'd love it if gas prices were the same they were 5 years ago. But change can also be much needed, such as with that whole slavery thing. Which reminds me, when will people in the South realize that they lost? There's no need for the Confederate flag any more, let it go people.

(Of course I don't mean to suggest that the state of the BCS is as bad as slavery was, but it could certainly stand some improvement.)

DAY 338 (28) - PUN

December 4, 2007 | Stand-Up

I've never quite understood what people have against puns. Comedians can get on stage and talk about sex, drugs, rock 'n roll (and I'm not entirely sure how rock 'roll stacks up with the other two); they can curse, and use words that would otherwise never be used in society, and on and on, but you say one pun – and you're done (sorry Dave, "finished" doesn't rhyme with pun).

I've never punderstood that. I mean, what's the pun in having no puns? Will I be punished for using puns, will someone punch me in the face? I think puns are a punderful thing, and that's a punderstatement. So I say, if you like puns, laugh even if you're the only pun, because at the end of the day, what's pun is pun. Pun.

DAY 339 (27) - DON'T BE JUDGIN' ME

December 5, 2007 | Review - Performance

I performed stand-up in what will likely be my last public show of 2007 (I say public because I'm doing a private event next week). It was good to get back on stage after a month-long hiatus; it's always a challenge to try to get back into the flow of performing. What I didn't realize about the open-mic was that it was actually a judged-competition – something I wasn't aware of when I decided to do 2 minutes of still "in-progress" bits and a minute of entirely new material.

I'm not entirely sure how I placed (it wasn't in the Top 3), but I did receive my scores. Overall I thought I did a decent job, started off strong, got a little shaky in the middle, but the new jokes went great and I ended strong. According to the judges I did average to slightly above average. It's always great to receive feedback about a performance, (in addition to the feedback of laughter, or lack thereof, that you have in each performance) but it sucks when the only feedback is a number. And the weird thing is that each of the judges rated me differently. One judge thought I was a 2 in Originality (the scale was 1 to 5, 5 being the best), while others thought I was 4.

Unfortunately I didn't have the opportunity to talk with judges afterwards, as I'm always curious as to why I received what score. And it's not out of pettiness, or belief that I was better than other people who rated higher (comedy is subjective, what one person thinks is better might be worse to someone else, plus I understand that I might be a little biased), I just want to know how I can improve. If I'm a 2 in Originality, what didn't seem original? Jokes about my voice, why Michigan sucks, the Alphabet Acronym?

All in all (where did this phrase come from?), I had a good time tonight, did decent, and received some feedback about my performance. I would have loved to learn more details, and thought that I should've done a little better, but in the end, it's all about stage time and doing the best you can.

DAY 340 (26) - 5 MINUTE COUNTDOWN

December 6, 2007 | Stand-Up

I've just started a timer to see what I can come up with as a post in 5 minutes. That's 300 seconds to think of an idea and get it down on "paper."

Ok, so whenever I'm in pressure situations, and don't have time to think, I just start doing and then try to make something of it later. For instance, I still don't know what I'm going to say, and I've almost used up an entire 60 seconds of time. I like to think that I'm like Queen and thrive "Under Pressure," but that's not always the case. Whenever I get into some type of competition, I never seem to bring what needs to be brought, ya dig?

Yesterday was one example, but an even more painful memory of not being able to deliver the goods was when I was in the Semi-Finals of the Amateur Comedy Night Competition at OSU. There, in front of about 200 people, and Mark Curry, Jo Koy, and Daniel Tosh as my judges, I forgot the middle part of my set, and mumbled "Uh... um" for 30 seconds. It was the longest 30 seconds of my life as I searched for whatever it was I had planned to say, and the event still causes anxiety today whenever I'm performing new material.

Well... time's about up and I still don't have a solid joke, except maybe:

How much would a British person pay to see H2O go from below 0 degrees Celsius to 100 degrees Celsius? A li-iquid.

(Yeah, that's the best I got.)

DAY 341 (25) - LESSON LEARNED

December 7, 2007 | Stand-Up

They say you learn something new every day. This is what I learned today:

If you are at work and are going to be leaving your desk for a short period of time, never leave AOL Instant Messenger up on your computer without first locking it so that no one can see your screen. Nothing gets you weird looks quite like a friend trying to be funny and sending you an unsolicited message commenting on how gargantuan his genitalia is.

DAY 342 (24) - SURPRISE!

December 9, 2007 | Random Thoughts

I'll admit – I was had (interesting that there's no present tense of the phrase). In what is quite a feat to pull off, my brother (with the help of my other brother, mother and friends) was able to pull off a double surprise party for both my Dad (his birthday) and me (going away party). Both of us were quite surprised, so it was a job well done (it rarely seems that surprise parties are actually surprises, as the surprisee always seems to manage to find out).

Thank you to everyone who was able to make it there tonight, it shows you really care (or like parties and free food/alcohol). To those of you that couldn't make it – I see how it is (I'm kidding of course).

It was nice to not have a clue what was going on, but I am a little mad I wasn't able to piece it together (guess I wouldn't make a good detective). Looking back now there were of course some clues that could have tipped me off (a side comment at soccer, various people being in town, Matt's car parked on my street), but I didn't make the connection.

So thank you to everyone that was involved and made it possible (whether in planning or in showing up). It was a great surprise and great gift to see so many people wishing me well as I prepare to embark on a journey to New York City ("New York City?"). But with a late night last night, and a busy day of work tomorrow, it's time for me to get some beauty sleep (which sounds like, but is not quite as good as, booty sleep).

Side note: yes I just realized that every sentence in this post has a parenthetical comment (even this one).

DAY 343 (23) - CONCRASTINATING

/ Stand-Up

The one advantage to having a looming deadline that you are avoiding at all costs is that you generally are productive in other facets of your life. In the time that I probably should have been spending on a key project for work today, I've done some laundry, worked out, written some stand-up, written a sketch, copied some videos to my computer, had a meeting for a cool opportunity at work, and worked on some potential business ideas. Oh, and now blogging.

I guess procrastinating isn't quite as bad if you're being productive with it. Of course I'm no better off on my deadline on Wednesday, but there's still plenty of time left. Unfortunately if you subtract all of my current commitments over the next three days, it may be getting a bit tight.

And that's the internal argument you always have with yourself.

Side A: "Oh, there's plenty of time, you've got 3 days."

Side B: "Oh crap, I've got 2 soccer games, a handful of meetings, and would generally like to sleep sometime in the next 72 hours."

Side A: "But you work better in pressure situations."

Side B: "I'm not in college any more, there are more drastic consequences for not executing properly than just getting an A- in class."

Side A: "Dude, stop your crying."

Side B: "Ok, you win. Let's go defrag the computer."

DAY 344 (22) - WANNA READ SOMETHING FUNNY?

December 10, 2007 | Stand-Up

I'm getting tired of people lying to me, so I've decided to start calling them out on it. I'm specifically talking about people who add a little preamble to something they're going to say, and it's a lie.

For example, people like to start a story by saying "Hey, you guys wanna hear something funny?" Nope, not me, who wants to have fun? Of course I want to hear something funny, who doesn't want to laugh? I could use a hearty chuckle, a reduction of stress, and the burning of a few calories right now. The problem is that most people are liars, and they don't deliver on the goods as promised. Their "funny story" turns into a 10-minute epic about their cat.

That's why I've decided to start speaking up. "Golly Sam, that does sound like a *personal* story about your cat getting stuck in a tree for 8 hours only to be rescued by your 8 year old neighbor, but I'm not sure that it qualifies as being a *funny* story. You see, a *funny* story generally evokes laughter from the people listening, so you got my hopes up because I was expecting to laugh, yet that just didn't happen. Now I'm not saying I didn't want to hear about 'Jingles,' I'm just saying let's not lie about the quality of the story."

Other false preambles include "Want to hear something interesting?", "To make a long story short," and "Great news- I'm pregnant." So next time you hear one of these phrases, do your part to help people lie less and call them on it.

DAY 345 (21) - A WEALTH OF FUN

December 11, 2007 | Stand-Up

I can't wait till I'm rich – I mean filthy, stinking, you-can-hate-me-now type of rich. And it's not really for material possessions, or status, I just want to have some fun. Of course I'll help out my family, and donate to charities (yeah yeah, whatever), but you could by yourself (and the general public) a whole lot of fun with a good amount of money.

I think one of the first things I'd do is buy a bunch of billboards in various places, and rather than advertise anything, I'd just display comic strips, funny jokes, or random pictures. That, or just have my picture with various un-endorsements of products, and have them displayed right next to billboards for that product. Like I always see Chipotle Billboards that say "Our Chicken and Pork is naturally and humanely raised." I want to put up a billboard right next to it that says, "So then what do you do to get the steak?"

The next thing I'd do is buy a College Football Bowl Game. I don't think this would actually require all that much money, considering how many bowl games exist out there. It'd be called the "Pride Bowl," because I would invite the two most disappointing/embarassing teams of that season to put it out in a loser takes "Biggest Loser" title home. This year would clearly be Notre Dame vs. any team that finished with less than 2 wins.

And the last thing I'd would be to pay insanely hot people to do incredibly bad jobs. There'd be the supermodel fast food worker, the Victoria's Secret Angel bus driver, and the Playboy Bunny Garbage Man. Not only would this be great for the sheer number of double takes people would have when seeing them performing the job, but also the slew of euphemisms that could finally be heard for these professions – "I'll give her a Biggie Size," "I'll pay \$1.10 for a ride – caching," and "Rehn Rehn Rehn – I hope she backs it up."

DAY 346 (20) - INCORPORATED COMEDY

December 12, 2007 | Review - Performance

I performed stand-up at a corporate show (for P&G) today, and it's amazing how different it was from a normal gig. I had the pleasure of working with Rajiv Satyal (the **Funny Indian**) and he says that corporate shows are the hardest to do. I can see why.

The thing about corporate comedy is that people are often afraid to laugh (it also doesn't help that it was in the middle of the afternoon, after a long meeting, and before any alcohol). They're afraid because they're not sure if it's OK for them to. It's kind of like how a room full of white people will look to the one black guy in the room to see if they can laugh at a racist joke – except for here the audience is looking at their upper management.

But despite what my preambles might suggest, the show actually went pretty well. I did about 10 minutes – a mix of normal stuff and P&G specific material – and was solid the whole way through. I could have been more polished, but overall was very happy. What was bizarre

was where I got the biggest laughs – it was all on the more ad-libbed stuff and always on the stuff that was specific to P&G. And I guess in a way it makes sense, as the P&G stuff was more relateable and everyone was thinking about it, but how do you enjoy an off-hand comment about Casual Fridays over an Alphabet story?

Rajiv followed after me (or rather I opened for Rajiv – the first way I said it made it seem like I was the “big act”), and did pretty well as well, which was swell if you couldn’t tell. The toughest part about a corporate show is knowing how to walk the line of appropriateness, or even finding wear that line is, and Rajiv was able to pull it off.

Overall it was a good day, and another milestone passed – a corporate stand-up comedy gig. Let’s hope to having more in the future.

DAY 347 (19) - IN THE NYCK OF TIME

December 13, 2007 | Random Thoughts

Well I’m **back** in NYC again, this time with a mission: find a place to live (but more on that tomorrow since that’s when I’ll actually be looking at apartments). In the meantime, let’s talk about the **airport some more**.

Whereas on my previous trips I arrived with plenty of time to spare before my flight, this time I cut it a little too close. Again my waking hour was 4:30am, but this time it was for a 6:45am flight out of Dayton. With the time it took to shower and drive up to the future Cincinnati suburb, I was walking into the airport at 6:15am. As I was impatiently waiting behind a group of senior citizens who clearly haven’t flown since their days at Kitty Hawk, I remembered why I like to try to be early to things – I don’t need the added stress related to potentially missing my flight.

By the time I arrived at my gate, the ticket takers were clearly giving me the “You’re the last one we’re waiting for” look, which threw me off a little as it was only 6:40am. But then when you consider 6:45 is when they want to be pulling out of the gate, and that there were only 8 other people on the plane, I guess they might be ready to leave as early as possible.

And as I sat there as the plane taxied, trying to de-stress a little (as I’m sure tomorrow will hold enough of that for me), I returned to an argument that I had with myself in college – Is it better to do the best you can at all times, or to get acceptable results with as little effort as possible? During my senior year at OSU, I went back and forth between trying to do my absolute best (and getting say a 99%, or 103% in some cases, for the quarter), or is it in a way smarter to do just enough to get a 94% to still get the ‘A.’ In the context of flying – do you get there just as the doors are closing, minimizing the time you spend waiting, or do you arrive early to account for any possible delays?

In the end, I think I’m the type of person that would rather have reduced stress resulting from overpreparation than to barely squeak by (and no that’s not a comment about my voice). Which is also why I don’t think I could ever cheat on someone I was dating, I don’t need the added mis-**stress**.

DAY 348 (18) - NY APTS

December 14, 2007 | Random Thoughts

It’s been quite the tiring day, spending a number of hours viewing apartment after apartment. In total, we looked at 8 different places in a 5 hour span, walking and subwaying throughout the East side of the city.

Some of the places were moderately sized with some decent amenities, some of them... were not. It was great to see such a variety and really see the types of places that you think of when you picture small NYC apartments, we saw it all.

My two favorite “what?” moments of the day were:

1. An apartment that was “painted” in mirrors – rather than have regular walls, there were floor-to-ceiling high mirrors everywhere you looked. And I know I look good, but I’m not sure I need to be reminded of that every 2 seconds.
2. A “kitchen” smaller than most closets. You could span the entire length of the kitchen in a single stride; it was the width of a refrigerator on one side, and a half-oven + small sink on the other. I may not be Emeril, but I at least need a little bit of space to cook.

In addition to the not-so-good places, I found a few that could be potential living quarters for the next 2 years. I’m looking at more places tomorrow, so we’ll see how that goes.

DAY 349 (17) - NY APPS

December 15, 2007 | Random Thoughts

Round 2 of the **apartment search** has now completed, and I'm a little closer to finding a home for the next two years.

It's quite the arduous process to get a place here in the city, and I'm happy that I'm relocating with a company that helps you through it. Not only do you have the ridiculously high rents, but there's the whole broker's fee, apartment finding fee, a potential agent fee, security deposit, credit check, first-born child, and 10% of your soul.

I think the most ridiculous aspect of the apartment application process is that they require you to make at least 40-50x the amount of your monthly rent; that is if you want to live in a place that's \$3000/month (which gets you a decent sized place in Manhattan, where "decent size" means slightly larger than a White Castle box), you have to prove you make up to \$150,000 a year. Money may not be able to buy happiness, but it's required if you want to live in the Big Apple.

But after a long search again today, it's time to head out and party with the people. Tomorrow brings another important day, let's hope it goes well.

DAY 350 (16) - NY UPPS

December 16, 2007 | Random Thoughts

It's now **Round 3**, and I think I've come up with a decision. After looking at a handful of places today, revisiting some from the **previous days**, and spending some thinking and talking with people, I've decided to move to **Normandie Court**, on the Upper East Side of Manhattan.

The apartment search process has been long, and a little stressful, but my realtor (agent? broker?) that I've been working with has really made it a lot easier and manageable. The Upper East Side seems to be a good option as it is a popular spot for Young Professionals, is one of the cheaper areas in Manhattan, and has a lot of residential services.

Normandie Court was chosen because of its long list of amenities, proximity to the subway, and size-to-cost ratio for its type of building. Though there are some disadvantages to the NC (such as distance from UCB, **poor reviews on management**, and longer elevator wait times), the positives make it a solid choice. Of course, knowing me, I **would likely end up being happy about any place that I chose**.

With the hard part out of the way, I'll have tomorrow to do the whole application process and start to get a sense of when I'll be moving in ... to my apartment. Weekend Task: ~~Done~~ Completed. (Happy Dave?)

DAY 351 (15) - NY UMPS

December 17, 2007 | Random Thoughts

A few people have asked me what I'm doing with my car when I move in January, and my trip this weekend just reaffirms that I need to do whatever it takes to get rid of it. Traffic is so bad that even when there's no "big event" going on, many of the major streets have traffic cops helping direct traffic between the hours of what seem to be 8am-8pm.

In Ohio, you would think that all of these traffic umps tooting their whistles would suggest a concert or sporting event is happening. In NYC, it just means that people are trying to go to work. Luckily they have a great public transportation system that can get you anywhere in Manhattan (and the surrounding burroughs) – it just takes a matter of time.

The weird thing has been that 30 minutes on the subway seems like nothing, but driving 30 minutes in Cincinnati feels so far. I guess the aspect of being able to read, or text, or sleep is better when you're not annoyed with having to pay attention to driving too.

DAY 352 (14) - NY AMPS

December 18, 2007 | Random Thoughts

In another installment of "Only in NY", a buddy of mine bought a rap CD from a random person while using the restroom in a McDonald's in NYC. Somehow, in the short amount of time it takes to go to the bathroom, rapper "ManChild" was able to convince my friend to pay \$3 for his CD – now that's a salesman.

So today, during our 12 hour journey back to Cincinnati, we listened just to see how "crappy" the CD was and, much to our surprise, it was

actually pretty good. (And did you see what I did there with "crappy"? It's a double pun – crappy because it's not good, and was sold in a bathroom, and was *rap*.) While it was no Jay Z, it was pretty solid.

Of course "ManChild" was only one of the many "talents" that we ran into while in the city. Limiting ourselves to only entertainment found in the subway, we witnessed:

- A full drumline.
- A single drummer.
- A flutist.
- A rapper.
- An accapella group.
- A karaoke singer.
- An accordion player.
- A guitar player/singer.
- A mariachi band.
- An opera singer.
- A group of "subway gymnasts."

Add that to the list of people I saw on my list trip, and you cover just about every facet of the arts just by riding the subway.

DAY 353 (13) - XMAS SHOPPING

December 19, 2007 | Stand-Up

After a productive, but somewhat taxing stay in NYC, it's good to be back home. The past few days have seen a range of activities (from Apartments to Music: APTS -> APPS -> UPPS -> UMPS -> AMPS), and I'm happy to be in familiar settings. Plus we're less than a week away from Christmas, and I'm done with all of my Christmas shopping... Ok that's a lie. But "haven't even started" is close to "being completely done," right?

When I think about why I always wait to the last minute before getting gifts (after all, Christmas is always on the 25th, it's not like it changes from year to year like Chanukah), I think it comes down to "deadlines." The "deadline" (which comes from the old Roman days where if you missed a delivery date you were killed by a line of lions, or lions if you will...) for Christmas is December 23rd (not much is open on the 24th). The deadline for some of the other things I need to get done is sooner, so shopping falls by the wayside.

Now some of you might be thinking – "Doesn't waiting till the last moment to get people gifts mean that you don't really care about them?" And I say no. Survival is important to me, and to survive, I must have to food. To have food, I must have money to buy food. To have money, I must work. To work, I have to deliver on projects. To deliver on projects, I have to meet deadlines. Therefore, if I procrastinate on things pertaining to my own survival, clearly that's what I do with things that are important to me. My family is important to me, so it's only natural that I wait until the last minute to get them gifts. In fact, to get gifts early would be to say that I didn't love them.

So take that all you over-ambitious early gift givers trying to make me feel bad. Take that.

DAY 354 (12) - PERSONA OR PERSONB

December 21, 2007 | Random Thoughts

I saw a great show at Go Bananas Comedy Club tonight, and I'm talking fantastic. The MC did a solid job getting the show rolling, and then the Funny Indian (Rajiv Satyal, who I've mentioned before, recently did a show with, and was part of the inspiration for this blog) came and tore the place up. And you may think that I'm biased, but many of my friends thought he did well as well and that he was good enough to have been the headliner – but tonight he wasn't. Instead it was a man named Isaac Witty.

If you're like me, then you probably haven't even heard of Isaac, but after tonight I won't forget the name. I think there were two or three separate occasions that I had tears coming from my eyes from laughing so hard – his delivery and content were just so well put together. I will say, however, that not everyone may laugh as hard as I did. He's got that quirky + awkward persona that I think can be hysterical, but other people might not enjoy. But to me, it was a great night of comedy.

And given that Isaac's character is so well defined, it makes me wonder what my own on-stage persona is and should be (and no I haven't figured it out yet). When people ask what type of comedy I do, I generally say it's a combination of two things:

1. Observational Storytelling – I take random observations I make and turn them into stories. Rather than just say "Did you ever notice

that...", I generally put the observation in the context of something happening to me.

2. Being cleverly dumb – If you think of some of my more popular jokes (like the Alphabet, Dog House, or even some of the puns), a lot of times you'll think "That's just silly." But if you think about it further, you realize there's thought behind it. The actual context of the joke might be dumb, but the execution is more clever.

The problem is that that's my perception of my persona, but perhaps my peers perceive me differently. And peers here really means my audience, and everyone else that's not me (I just said peers because I was purposely using p-words). But I'm hoping that you all can help me in my **previously alluded** to survey I'll be setting up. So be ready in the next couple of days to help me figure out my persona, so that I too can be funny like Isaac Witty (who, if you were wondering, does happen to be witty).

DAY 355 (11) - FRIENDSOUP

/ Stand-Up

Pop quiz: What do you do if you are out to eat with a friend, and you see a strand of hair in his soup that he's already started eating? Do you:

A.) Warn him about the hair before he accidentally eats it.

B.) Ignore it and pretend you didn't see it.

C.) Secretly take the hair out when he's not looking.

If you answered 'C', you are correct. As a friend, you don't want him to accidentally swallow the hair. But at the same time, you don't want him to know about the hair, because then he's just gonna be upset, get all mad at the restaurant and not finish the meal. And if he doesn't finish the meal, then there will be no chance of him eating the maggots that you strategically placed in the soup to begin with.

DAY 356 (10) - THE MOURNING AFTER

December 22, 2007 | Stand-Up

The only pet I remember having growing up was a goldfish named Subby. I was so proud of him because I won him at a State Fair. Unfortunately little Subby didn't last too long, so my mom had to teach me all about the circle of life and help me through the experience of the death of a loved one. We had a ceremony and everything, as we flushed little Subby down the toilet.

The other day I was baby sitting my little cousin, and he came crying to me because his guinea pig was motionless in his cage. Sure enough, precious Jumbalya had passed on. And just as my mother had done for me, I helped my little cousin understand the circle of life and mourn for the loss of his first pet.

I just wish I would have realized that not all pets can fit down the toilet.

(Note: None of this morbid story actually ever happened. I never owned a fish, and I didn't flush a guinea pig. We cremated it.)

DAY 357 (9) - WEIRDO

December 24, 2007 | Stand-Up

Well thanks to my need to read while I go to the bathroom, some guy at O'Charley's thinks I'm some kind of weirdo. My family and I went to the fine dining establishment for lunch today, and as is normally the case for me, I had to use the facilities at one point.

Upon entering the bathroom I noticed that O'Charley's did what all good restaurants should, and put newspapers up for each of the urinals. I didn't want to make a **mistake I've made in the past**, so I took a look at each of the papers to make sure I picked the right one to read.

It was at this time that another gentleman entered the restroom, finding me standing there, belt undone, standing in front of both urinals, trying to make a decision.

Yeah, some guy at O'Charley's thinks I'm some kind of weirdo.

DAY 358 (8) - X MARKS THE MAS

December 25, 2007 | Random Thoughts

Christmas – what a day. I remember the excitement that used to fill the air, the anticipation of presents in the morning, the mandatory trip to the relative's house that only interrupted your time with your new toys, the complete disregard for what the holiday was initially intended. 'Tis the season.

Now that I've grown older, some aspects of the Christmas season are still appealing – getting together with family being the biggest. It's nice to have a reason to "force" everyone to get together to celebrate. Other aspects of Christmas are now just annoying – crowds at stores, places having limited hours, people wavering between wishing others "Happy Holidays" and "Merry Christmas."

But given the spirit of the season, why focus on the negatives? Merry Christmas, Chappy Chanukah, Fabulous Festivus, Joyous Kwanzaa, Awesome Omisoka, or any other Happy Holiday you might choose to celebrate.

DAY 359 (7) - MARY CHRISTMAS

December 26, 2007 | Stand-Up

It's Christmas day (well was, as it's now technically 12:20am), so in honor of the holiday:

What do you get God for Christmas? Omnipresents.

(And yes, I purposely wrote Mary instead of Merry.)

DAY 360 (6) - BEDDER SLEEP OPTIONS

December 27, 2007 | Stand-Up

Inspired by my upcoming move to NYC, I decided that it was time to go ahead and actually get a real bed. In addition to the bed, I decided that it was also time to upgrade my bedding with it. Who knew that stuff was so expensive?

Just to get started you have to get a comforter, duvet cover (FYI – the duvet cover covers the comforter, not a "duvet" which apparently doesn't exist... makes sense...), sheets, and pillows and pillow cases. The middle tier adds on a bed skirt, shams, and weird shaped pillows. Anything else above that is just adding more and more pillows, which is good if you like to go to sleep feeling like you're in a giant vat of marshmallows. All of these things add up to well over \$300, and much higher depending on cryptic attributes such as "thread count."

I bit the bullet and got all of the stuff for the middle tier, but I'm waiting until NYC to actually put it on my bed, so I have no idea how it compares to what I have now. I guess at the end of the day, it makes sense to go a little above and beyond for the place that you sleep, considering you spend so much time there. My only fear is that getting a nicer bed and better bedding will only make it that much harder for me to wake up in the morning. If that's the case, I may have to switch to a bed of nails (which isn't nearly as good as a bed for nailing...).

DAY 361 (5) - PACKED HOUSE

December 28, 2007 | Stand-Up

The movers came today, which means for the next 8 days I'll be living out of a suitcase. Luckily I'm relatively low maintenance (just need a good lubin' every 3,000 minutes... where "lubin" is showering you perverts), so it's not too big of a deal.

Today reminded me of how fortunate I am to be working for a company that is helping with the moving process. As I sat on my couch watching TV, the movers packed up all of my belongings and loaded them into a truck. At one point I thought, "Man this is kind of taking awhile," and then I remembered there are three of them doing it, I have a good amount of stuff (though not the entire amount of it is good), and that I was *sitting there watching TV*.

Even though I didn't have to do any of the physical labor, the entire process is still a stressful ordeal. I had to somehow determine everything that I was going to need for 8 days, and make sure I set it aside. And these aren't any normal 8 days – there's work days, travel

days, days off (hopefully not off days), birthday gatherings, apartment movings, and the whole dropping of the ball (not me finally going through puberty, I mean New Years).

But, hey, when you've got a positive goal at the end of the tunnel (moving to NYC), it's all worth it. And just for fun:

I heard Micheal J. Fox started his own moving company. It's called, "Movers and Shakers."

DAY 362 (4) - HELP NEEDED

/ Info

One of the most important things for a comedian is his or her persona. Their character defines their comedy, and is the foundation of their entire performance.

2008 is also quickly approaching, so I am naturally beginning to think about my goals and resolutions for the new year.

If you combine these two things together, and add in the fact that I'm a P&Ger and subscribe to the idea that you need to do market research, it's obvious as to why I'm reaching out to you for help.

I've created a survey of questions centered around my persona, comedy, blog, and thoughts for 2008. I need your help to start to get an idea of what I want to focus on in the upcoming year – what I'm doing well, what I can improve on.

I know your time is valuable, so I've limited the survey to 20 questions, which should take between 5-10 minutes to complete all of them. You can answer as many, or as few, questions as you'd like, but the more data I have, the better analysis I can do. And don't worry, all of your responses are anonymous, so be as brutally honest as you can.

And yes, I understand that this is cheesy, and I understand that not all of you will respond, but I'm confident that whatever type of response I get will help me in 2008.

You can find the survey [here](#). Thanks again for your help.

DAY 363 (3) - BARF

December 30, 2007 | Stand-Up

Well it's been a long night, and it's about time for bed. **Thank you to everyone who's taken the survey**, preliminary numbers are looking good (and yes I'll be posting some of the findings in the next couple of days).

Given tonight's night of bar hopping, I leave you with this joke:

Why aren't good lawyers good designated drivers? Because they always pass the bar.

DAY 364 (2) - 12 MONTHS OF POSTS

/ Info

Wow – only 2 days left. It's been a heck of a ride. Since tomorrow will naturally be a "Year in Review" post, I decided tonight would be a good time to share with you my 12 favorite posts from the past year.

1. **365 Days of Drewy Goodness.** This is the post that started it all.
2. **New Years Resolutions.** Having goals is great. Having 10 of them that are public to the world and that are reviewed once a month is even better.
3. **The Weekend in Review.** It seems like so long ago that I performed in the 8th Floor "Send Off Show," but at the same time my memories of the night are so incredibly clear.
4. **Bonnie & Clyde.** Even though I go through the process of coming up with a joke on a daily basis, I had never really thought about the major steps involved till this post.

5. **Love at First Sight.** An eye-mazing series of puns bundled in one little story.
6. **Nerd Rap.** When going back through my posts, this one made me laugh the most. I don't know how I don't have a record deal yet.
7. **PDW – Summary.** For a change a pace, I focused a bit on Personal Development. It was a fun week and may be the inspiration for some bigger PD projects in 2008.
8. **Assignment 8 – Twin.** The culmination of an 8 week Internet writing course and my favorite sketch that I wrote all year.
9. **Handwritign Fun.** While this wasn't the funniest post I wrote, I did find it interesting to see how many mistakes I made. Conclusion: a lot.
10. **My Downfall.** 10 & 11 mark my two most personal posts all year. My Downfall was an exaggeration that calls out what I see as some of my weaknesses that I need to make sure I work on.
11. **My Rise.** The second of the two personal posts, My Rise highlights the strengths that are going to help lead me to success.
12. **Year in Review.** Ok, so technically this one isn't finished yet, but it's only appropriate to include the last of 365 consecutive posts.

Only 1 more post to go. Thanks for reading, and I'll see you tomorrow.

DAY 365 (1) - YEAR IN REVIEW

December 31, 2007 | Info

Fin. Done. Finished. Completed. 2007 wraps up in 4 hours, and the 365 Days of Drewy Goodness are now over. The natural end of the year is reviewing how I've done compared to my **resolutions**, so let's get started with the Year in Review:

1. **Finish the 365 Days of Drewy Goodness Challenge paying out less than \$300.** The most important challenge of the year finishes with only one blemish out of 365 days (damn you MySpace). This was definitely the most life-altering change of 2007 as it required me to write every day, gave me a reason to try stand-up ideas, review vacations, share random thoughts, and write skits, and overall gave me a medium in which to improve myself. 1 for 1.
2. **Limit the number of times I write 2006 for the date.** This was the "gimme" on the list. I wrote 2006 twice I believe, but whether or not I completed this is somewhat irrelevant. Either way, I'm currently 2 for 2.
3. **Have 30 minutes of professional material, 20 of which is 100% clean.** Technically speaking, I didn't reach the two goals here. I certainly made some great progress, and would guess that if I *had* to perform 30 minutes, I would be able to do pretty well. I don't count this as completed however as I only have about 18 minutes of stage tested material. 2 for 3.
4. **Create an interactive website.** Unfortunately, this isn't finished. I have the domain registered, and I've started some of the work, but the site is nowhere near completed. This will be one of my first projects of 2008. 2 for 4.
5. **Learn a song on guitar.** Though it's not quite what I had it mind, I do know "Hey Ya" on the guitar. It's not always the cleanest performance, but I'm saying it's completed. 3 for 5.
6. **Perform in front of 5,000 people total, 500 at one time.** This one was finished just about halfway through the year – a great surprise for me. (Note: I'll update this with the actual numbers when I get my other computer back.) 4 for 6.
7. **Actually tape a skit.** As I think back to what I've worked on, I have to say I did what I wanted to do here. Between the "Jingles for Pringles" ad, helping a few friends with a sketch, and our Send Off Show tribute, I'll say this is covered. 5 for 7.
8. **Finish making the various "Best Of" DVDs.** I have to say that I'm most disappointed at not having completed this challenge. I waited too long to work on it, ran into a few problems, and then was unable to finish even the "Best of Season 2" because my main computer is correctly in a semi-truck somewhere. This is also one of the first priorities for 2008. 5 for 8.
9. **Get 1 Ratings at P&G.** I still haven't technically heard, but I did everything I needed to do to try to make this possible, so regardless of the final outcome, I consider it a success. 6 for 9.
10. **Rate all of the songs in my iTunes.** This too was an "easy" goal, but still was important to me to get finished. 7 for 10.

BONUS: Not hit the snooze button once. My greatest weakness, my Achilles' heel, my brown spot in the back of a Hunter (Halo nerd reference). I wasn't even close on this one, though I did have a good streak going for awhile. Naturally I'll be attempting this one again. 7 for 11.

7 out of 11 goals, ~ 63%. I have to say I think that's pretty good. Sure it's a F if you go by academic measures, but compared to how many resolutions most people actually stick to, I'm happy with my accomplishments.

Of course with 2008 starting shortly, it's no time to rest on my laurels (not that I would be able to if I wanted to – I have no idea what they are). And as is the case for all successful people (which is what I'm striving to be), I have to push myself to stretch even further next year.

With that being said, have a safe and Happy New Year. We'll see you tomorrow with a fresh list of goals and an open slate for 2008.