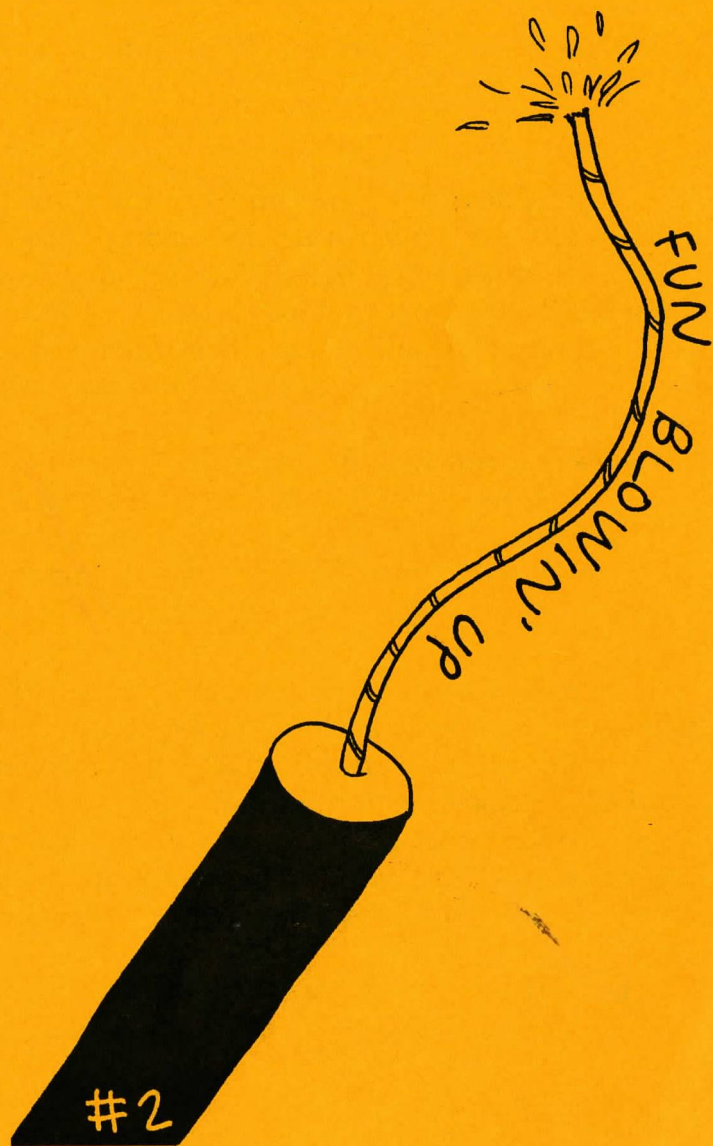


FUNZILLA



Butts, butts, super butts.

Butts are fun. They are bouncy and slaptastic. Butts are good for sitting on too. Without butts, you would suffer unbearable pain emanating from your tailbone, or as scientists call it- your coccyx. Scientists have a name for butts too, it's gluteus maximus.

Glue-tee-us max-ah-mus. Why is that so fun to say?

Sweet jeeburs, I love butts!

However, a recent fashion trend has been troubling me. It's those gym/yoga pants women are wearing, the ones that *say* things on the seat. They're hollering in my face, spitting out "Juicy," "Hottie," "Look at my ass!" Sure it's a combination of my favorite things in life, butts and reading, but it's gone too far.

I am capable of having a fulfilling life without knowing the exact ripeness of one's ass. Imagine if butts were continually advertising the stages of their maturity in fruit terms. Imagine if asses said "Bitter," "Sour," or "Not ready for picking." See how that's wrong?

I could also continue my day without knowing the temperature of one's cheeks. Could a butt be any warmer than anyone else's booty? Why the need to proclaim "Hottie" on your rear? At least be honest about it. What happens when it's cold out, and your butt temperature lowers? Do the pants then read "Tepid" or "Lukewarm"? Of course they don't, they're a collective butt farce!

Butts, the pure mounds of smooshy flesh that they are, have never needed gaudy textual representation.

Butts should be understated, only measured by the volume by which it fills out tight jeans. All I'm saying is that butts should just speak for themselves.

Presenting an excerpt of poetry:
"Baby Got Back" by Sir Mix-A-Lot

I like big butts and I can not lie
You other brothers can't deny
That when a girl walks in with an itty bitty waist
And a round thing in your face
You get sprung, wanna pull out your tongue
'Cause you notice that butt was stuffed
Deep in the jeans she's wearing
I'm hooked and I can't stop staring
Oh baby, I wanna get wit'cha
And take your picture
My homeboys tried to warn me
But with that butt you got makes me feel so horny
Ooh, Rump-o'-smooth-skin
You say you wanna get in my Benz?
Well, use me, use me
'Cause you ain't that average groupy
I've seen them dancin'
The hell with romancin'
She's sweat, wet,
Got it goin' like a turbo 'Vette
I'm tired of magazines
Sayin' flat butts are the thing
Take the average black man and ask him that
She gotta pack much back
So, fellas! (Yeah!) Fellas! (Yeah!)
Has your girlfriend got the butt? (Hell yeah!)
Tell 'em to shake it! (Shake it!) Shake it! (Shake it!)
Shake that healthy butt!
Baby got back!





· **Been Doin' It**

It's no secret that Converse® declared bankruptcy in 2001. What can a company expect when the kids who bought their sneakers can't even afford to get into a \$5 show? When they went bankrupt, they cut 1,000 of the 1,200 jobs that were still stationed in the States and the manufacturing of Chuck Taylor® All Stars® were moved to overseas sweatshops. Then in 2003, Nike bought out the company who have been making your beloved shoe. They were the canvas sneakers that told everyone within kicking distance, "Fuck obsession with labels and \$200 basketball shoes!"

But now it's time to take a look down at your tattered, beer-stained, icon of punk rock's lo-fi lifestyle and come to terms with the fact that you are wearing Nikes. Come to terms with the fact that in pledging blind loyalty to a shoe, A BRAND, that you have become just another consumer receptacle for marketers. We are all so obsessed with rebelling against the sameness of mainstream culture that we have become a target market whose subculture has been co-opted and sold back to us, and we're too lazy to do anything about it. How subversive are a pair of shoes when over 750 million pairs of them have been sold?

I guess in the end "Just Do It" isn't just a corporate slogan, it's basically DIY ethos, right?

BUTTER SPREAD CENTERFOLD

We're standing in aisle 14, it's almost midnight at the 24-hour grocery store. Our eyes scan side to side, up and down over yellow splashes on blue and red brick-sized boxes. Our skulls have morphed into empty microwaves and they're all vying for precious radio wave rays.

The Requisite: Butter, Butter Lover, Movie Theatre Butter

The Body Conscious: Light Butter, 94% Fat Free Butter

The Corporate Tie-In: Cinnabon Cinnamon Butter

The Exaggerated: Extreme Butter, Blast O Butter, Ultimate Butter, Butter Licious

The Sugar & Spice: Buttery Kettle Corn, Jalapeno Butter, Honey Butter, Sweet 'N Buttery

The Newman's Own: Butter Boom [!]

Finally, the American: White & Buttery

I interrupt our awed silence, "Dude, honkies are so into butter."

"I never thought about it that way," Durt Boy says.

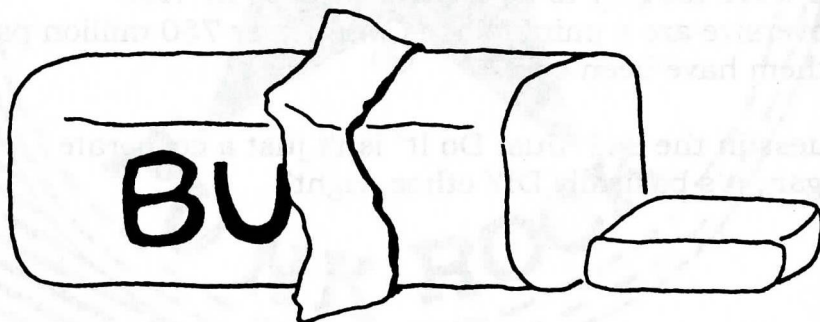
This was just the microwave popcorn.

I'm eating a glistening slice of cheese pizza when I offer Durt Boy a bite. While chewing he says, "It'd taste good with some butter."

My eyes widen, "Don't you think there's enough grease on this?"

"Butter isn't grease. It's flavor!"

"The flavor of grease?"



Buttery facts

Totally inefficient: it takes 21 pounds of cow milk to make one pound of butter.

Butter sluts: it was so highly coveted, that during the super olden days, butter was banned during Lent.

Asian invasion: Tibetans celebrated the Festival of the Butter Gods. No wonder the Chinese are all up their shit.

A-bomb retaliation: a derogatory term for Westerners in Japanese is "bata-kusai" which means "butter stinker."

Lists of Lists

Totally Unsexy Lower Back Tattoos That a Fetishist Might Dig

- Portrait of Stephen King
- A KFC Original Recipe drumstick
- A wizard smoking a bong that has a picture of the wizard on it so that it looks like the wizard is smoking himself. Get it? Chaaa...
- A Wal-Mart ad for detergent
- 20" rims
- The W2 from the year after you graduated college

Asian Food or Dog Breed?

1. Chow Fun
2. Pinakbet
3. Lowchen
4. Oleang
5. Saluki
6. Shiba Inu
7. Jin Dui
8. Akbash
9. Bulgogi
10. Puli
11. Basenji
12. Lassi
13. Chinese Foo

Dog: 3, 5, 6, 8, 10, 11, 13.

Asian Food: 1, 2, 4, 7, 9, 12.

Hey, Guess What?

- Chicken butt.
- I dunno...
- Keep the door shut.
- Uh, stuff.
- What?
- A punch to the gut.
- I sneezed on the donut.
- Seriously, I don't fucking know.

Things To Take Into Consideration (In Order of Most to Least Considered)

- The cost.
- The weather.
- The number of minutes left on your cell phone.
- How long it has been since you last did that.
- How much you have had to drink.
- Your weight.
- The length of time you would have to wait.
- His allergies.
- The elevation.
- How that might look to someone else.
- Her feelings.

Zilla Endorsements:



ZILLA VS. TIME

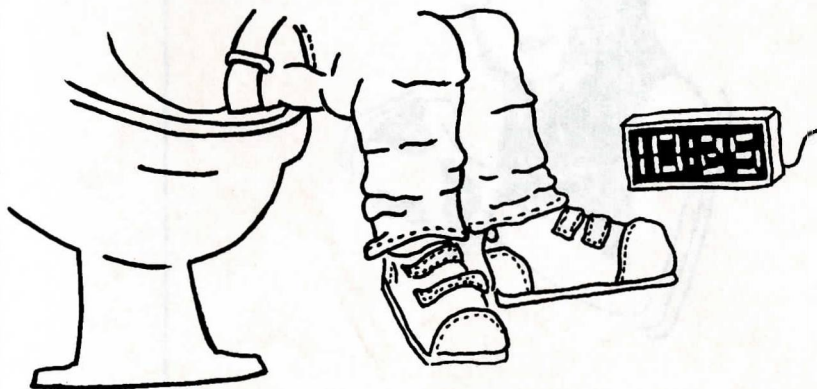


"Hello, spicy tuna roll!"

Sometimes you just wanna put your chopsticks down and savor the flavor of life. You want time to slow and make every millisecond count. You just want that taste to last forever.

ZILLA VS. TIME

Sometimes you just wanna get it over with and the seconds can't tick away fast enough. You want time to speed up so you can move on.



"Goodbye, spicy tuna roll!"

FUN MANIFESTO!



Rule #8:
PUMP FISTS ON A REGULAR BASIS



amyadozie@gmail.com