

Potluck

Button - Everyone, a moment?

I'm taking the macaroni salad. It's lethargic. It was obvious when I left the house but I thought it would zazz up a bit when the plastic wrap came off.

Awful, limp noodles, no snap to the green onions. This is a failure on a systemic level.

Debbie, no. No, Debbie. I'm aware of what I've done and I won't subject you or anyone here to this monstrosity. Looking into now, it's like a mirror, you know? This is what I imagine looking at my face is like. A lumpy expanse of misbegotten elements that should mix but can't. You're left wondering if stirring it with a spoon would improve the situation or only make things worse.

Oh! Sorry, I'm going. I'm removing myself and the macaroni salad which will substantially elevate this party. Mike, I need a ride.

Camp

Tiger - Campers, gather around please.

I know it's been a tough week with the inter-dimensional rift opening in the lake, but we are just going to pivot. Why can't we still have a great summer, right?

Great, Cabin Three you are now bunking with Cabin Seven seeing as your cabin was overrun by sentient bush monsters. Anyone who signed up for archery you are now guarding the wall we built out of bunkbeds. The goop demons have broken through our first layer of defenses.

Lunch will be whatever we can find. I recommend everyone just kinda keep your head on a swivel. Look for berries. What is it? The green berries we can eat...wait no. Don't eat the green ones. We're looking for purple or red. If you see orange, back away, those are from the rift.

Finally, when you write letters to your parents this week, in your care packages you are requesting hatchets, flares, and plastic explosives. Good luck, see some of you for s'mores.

Butter

Morse - That's good. That's good. No, stop, seriously you need a bread to butter ratio for proper toast. You're overpowering the bread.

I think it's absolutely my business because bread can't speak for itself. Bread is not some vehicle for butter. It's not a cruise ship where you cram as many butter people on as possible.

Where's your crunch going to be, hmm? Will the bread retain any of its structural integrity by the time it reaches your mouth? I really doubt it. I bet anything that bread will sag when you pick it up and dissolve in your mouth amidst the deluge of butter.

Yea make a face, but you'll be making a very different face when you find yourself eating an oversold butter cruise ship rather than the brisk catamaran that is traditional toast. I pity your tongue. Actually, can I see it? Your tongue. Ah! Almost got a glimpse there when you sneered and your tongue looks miserable.

Sure. I'll stop. I think I made my point.

This is a fun date, thanks.

Oil Change

Shrub - Hey Mr. Plampons. I completed that multi point inspection on your van and have a couple things I want to go over.

So, your cabin air filter is quite dirty, looks like you or your wife is a smoker? The kids. Yeah, I get that. They never want to blow the smoke out the windows, right? I'd suggest replacing that as it's so dirty you're all smoking unfiltered at this point.

Your brakes are showing wear consistent with someone that's not really paying attention to the yellow light and then has to slam to a stop. Bet you love your phone!

Your fluids are a little low. Would it be fair to suggest that you're constantly triggering the window washer in an attempt to get the rest of a bug corpse off the windshield rather than take a moment to scrape it off the next time you get gas? No problem, we can take care of that.

Lastly, I would strongly suggest you replace the entire car. That raccoon corpse is really wedged in the grill.

Spider

Button - Okay. It's just a spider. Smaller than my thumb. A little bigger than my thumb. It's good. I got this. It's more afraid of me than I am of it. Is that true? I better search it.

(Typing) Can spiders experience fear?

(Reading) Spiders don't experience emotions the same way humans do but they can perceive threats. Common responses include freezing or running away.

Okay. It's not moving, so it sees me as a threat. Wait, stop! Why are you skittering towards me? I could crush you! I will. I'll do it.

Please stop.

C'mon.

(Typing) Do spiders understand pleading?

(Reading) Your search indicates a desperation for outside intervention. Common psychology indicates that you know this your problem and the internet can't help you. Buck up.

Fair.

Excuse me, spider? Can I use the toilet?