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**Errands, Communications,  
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Under the Blankets Nut Job:**  
Kent Roberts

# Kent

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*The "Who the Hell Knows  
Anymore? Well, I Do" Issue*

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*a publication by and about Kent Roberts, and for the global community*

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## Kent, Kent, Kent and Kent Talk Politics and the She-Kent

*Transcription by Kent Roberts*

**Kent:** I feel that I offer something transcendent to women, and they just think I'm selling smoke and mirrors, like some frog-faced guy in front of 10 flags of his country, using something for which many people, on both sides of the equation (primarily the other side) literally gave their lives as a device to direct attention away from his history as a swindler who repeatedly screwed over the little guy.

**Kent:** I think you're right, but I also think some of the things you say could get you put on medication.

**Kent:** Hate stuff? There's a medication for that.

**Kent:** Want to cure your billionaire-manchild-sociopath era, I-want-to-die fever? It's simple. Put a gun in your mouth. And pull the –

**Kent:** What's with this disturbing darkness, Kents?

**Kent:** When madness overcomes us, it becomes impossible to see one another. And it's the only part that interests me is that vulnerable part of people. I want to help them.

**Kent:** You don't talk like a man, Kent. And you don't talk like a boy either. Sort of like a manchild, but that's not quite right either. You're like that white-skinned alien kid in *Powder*. You can touch people and heal them, sure. But it's also the case that people think you are an emotional con-man.

**Kent:** Do you  
have social  
anxiety disorder?  
Spit it out!

**Kent:** Hang on, fellas... You keep crying in your cupcake like this, word gets out, it's going to be almost impossible for any of us to get laid.

**Kent:** Geez. That's disgusting.

**Kent:** I'm raw. Like a ... non-high fructose corn syrup, artisanal marshmallow that hasn't been cooked yet. Nobody ever cooks it. It's just left on a shelf, and then, for your 27<sup>th</sup> birthday, it's bronzed and put inside a glass case directly in the middle of

your living room, like it's a museum exhibit.

**Kent:** For whose 27<sup>th</sup> birthday? We're all 39. It's ageist, I know. But we only hire 39-year-olds around here.

**Kent:** Yeah, you should diversify.

**Kent:** Who, me? I should diversify? Dude, I'm in sales. And we don't have anything to sell really. Except the subscriptions. Sorry, I take a lot of naps. My point is, I'm just a cog. Just another face.

**Kent:** I've got a pretty good topic of discussion.

**Kent:** Do you have social anxiety disorder? Spit it out!

**Kent:** Yeah. I may have just met the She-Kent. I'd gladly sign on as a He-Her in order to get her signed on in the role of the She-Kent.

**Kent:** "Signed on"? What are you, a business executive of your own romantic life?

**Kent:** That's exactly what I am, douchebag. I'm the Vice President of Romantic Development at Kent Media, and we're about to start open recruitment for the She-Kent position if this Potential She-Kent, who is frankly a kind of amazing person –

*(Continued on bacKent)*

