

ISSUE STAFF

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# Kent

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*The She-Kent Defiance Issue*

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

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## Spreading the word about myself, one issue at a time

*by Kent Roberts*

It's time, yet again, for an update on my life – with particular focus on my laundry situation, sleep schedule, Kentphorisms, and

an important Kent Fact & Fiction. However, the primary focus of this issue is, again, the She-Kent, the mythical love of my life who has yet to arrive (whether by UFO, city bus, or an imaginary portal).

As always, please direct all potential She-Kent sightings and other concerns to tgikent@gmail.com or the Kent Headquarters / Kent Presidential Sandwich Fund Hotline: 727-667-8229.

## Laundry situation

*by Kent Roberts*

I'd like to say the washing machine drum is half full but what I'm really seeing is that it's half

empty. I say this for two reasons: 1.) Disarray – The clean and dirty clothing had begun to intermingle on my bed to such a degree

that I had to smell-check everything before starting this week's load; and, 2.) Neglect – I had to restart a load of laundry this week

because I failed to move everything from washer to dryer.

**Resolution: Do better.**

## Sleep schedule

*by Kent Roberts*

I hardly ever sleep in my bed. I sleep on a loveseat that Kent Brother-in-Law Brett and I moved into Kent HQ a couple months ago. I sleep on this loveseat, even though I have to bend my knees to fit on it, because Kent HQ is a duplex, and its landlords are on the other side. The bedroom of the

landlords, a couple that is younger and more financially savvy than me, is only separated from my bedroom by a thin wall. It's more important to me, apparently, that I have sufficient space than that I can stretch out my legs or sleep in the furniture that is truly intended for lying down and resting. When I go to sleep, I position my body so that my

feet can extend off the left side, which is about 18 inches off the wall, as opposed to the right side, where there is an end table. That way I don't knock something off the end table in my sleep. This arrangement affects my sleep because, for some reason that I haven't properly explained to myself, I always go to sleep without shutting one of the blinds.

**Kentphorism:**

*“Get a magnetic key holder and put it under your car, but don’t bother putting a key in it.”*

# bacKent

**Kentphorism:**

*“Sit in the corner quietly, making eye contact with people out the window, to freak them out.”*

THE WORLD’S MOST PUNCTILIOUS, METHODICAL BACKSIDE OF A PUBLICATION ABOUT KENT ROBERTS

## Fact & Fiction About Kent Roberts

**Fact:** When Kent runs, sometimes it starts to hurt a little bit, so he stops for a while, because who cares.  
**Fiction:** When Kent runs, even when it starts hurting, Kent pushes through, because effort yields results.

## Reasons why potential She-Kents should keep their distance

*by Kent Roberts*

Readers of *Kent* often say to me, “I hope you’re able to work things out with the She-Kent” (a) or, “I can only imagine the bevy of beautiful women who wait on your every whim because you have effectively hypnotized them with the power of your words, so maybe the She-Kent is basically every woman, and your inability to ‘find the She-Kent’ is more about your inability to connect with other people than it is about your trouble finding this one elusive, mythical, and perhaps wingéd creature” (b) or, “Have you ever considered that the She-Kent might be a He-Kent? Because your masculinity is, frankly, on the low end of the spectrum.” (c) To those people, I say different things. And I’ll get to those after I discuss why the She-Kent should keep her distance. There are actually 7 reasons – well really more than

that, but this will at least cover some compelling ones – why the She-Kent should keep her distance:

- 1.) I drive the lowest end Nissan that it’s possible to drive, the base model that only exists for the purposes of salespeople having something to sell against;
- 2.) I am so lazy that I will sometimes park my car and just sit in it, doing absolutely nothing other than staring out into space for maybe 30 seconds, before I get out.
- 3.) I make to-do lists every day, and I never get rid of the old ones. I just stack them up and then eventually form a huge pile on my card table – which has voluminous papers with no organizational scheme whatsoever. I’ve just been describing to you the main piece of furniture in my living room.
- 4.) The décor in my apartment could be described as “pre-industrial solitary confinement cell.”

- 5.) I have an amazingly small amount of self-awareness for someone who writes a publication about himself (if that is, in fact, an activity that might lead to greater self-awareness).
- 6.) I might date you for two years and never play you the piano, even though I’m really good at it, simply because I can’t be bothered to go find one. Don’t worry, though: I’ll tell you that I can play the piano really well. I just won’t ever play it. It’s all description. Description without action. Like the screenplay that I’m supposedly writing about my trip with my friend to find Kurt Vonnegut on our high school senior year spring break... I like to talk about how I’m writing it more than I do actually write it. I’m not so much a writer as I am a commentator on writing, who just so happens to focus on himself as a subject. Descriptions of what I would be writing if I weren’t so busy

describing the writing that I’m supposedly but not really doing. Or the standup comedy that I never do for more than two weeks at a time.  
7.) This is kind of all I do, with any consistency, is *Kent*. And what I mean is that it is the only *thing* out of all possible things at which someone could be consistent – not just the only creative thing.  
**Now for those answers:**  
a.) Let’s be honest: we really shouldn’t egg me on.  
b.) You’re completely right, except for the wings. That’s possible and would be great, but I won’t count on it (a wingéd She-Kent).  
c.) Are you saying gay people aren’t masculine? I will admit that I once wore a shirt that said, “I’m gay. Stay away.” But that, like the right-hand Kentphorism, was meant to freak people out. Seems to be my favorite activity: potential She-Kents, please be advised.