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Kent

July 2017 #1
Volume 15, Issue 5

The Kent is Only Natural Issue

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

Brand manager Roberts: “We did some market research.”

by Kent Roberts

Question: Which came first, the *Kent* publication or the desire to spread the word about Kent Roberts?

Answer: We will accept two answers: “Neither” or “Both.” Because the inception of the *Kent* is one and the same with the first moment that I said to myself, “It is time for people to learn about me, to find out about my evolving laundry situation, to

be informed about my current sleep schedule, to hear what I have to say in one-on-one interviews with myself.”

In fact, I was able to speak with Kent Brand Manager

No one is going to clean this up but me.

Kent Roberts about this topic. “We did some market research,” he said. “We wrote

up a whitepaper. We established use cases and personas, according to strict and highly boring international protocols.”

Roberts then started furiously working his way through a pile of papers at the foot of the card table in his living room. “No one is going to clean this up but me,” he said. “I’ve got to be an adult.”

He said, “I must really have gotten it together after all, to convince myself that I have gotten it together.”

Mythical She-Kent may, in fact, be a unicorn

by Kent Roberts

First, just to clear up any potential miscues, I’m not in love with a unicorn. Also, I do not want to have any type of sexual intercourse with a unicorn. And I certainly don’t want to French-kiss one. (Hard to even

I’m not in love with a unicorn.

imagine how that would work.) Do I feel love toward unicorns? Yes. In the same way that I feel

love toward the butterfly that came and visited Kent Kingfield Distribution Point Five Watt Coffee (another unicorn-friendly organization) while I was there. For the record, a butterfly is not known for entering buildings in urban areas. The butterfly is a totem

for personal transformation. Of course it is. For the last decade, I’ve been in a cocoon. “To become a butterfly, a caterpillar first digests itself.” – *Scientific American*. Yeah, I definitely did that.

My point is that the She-Kent may be imaginary.

Kentphorism:

“Someone should pay me \$100,000 for 30 days of work writing poetry about dogs.”

bacKent

Kentphorism:

“Sometimes I sneak up behind myself and flick myself in the ear, just to show myself who’s boss.”

THE WORLD’S MOST SANGUINE & SERPENTINE BACKSIDE OF A PUBLICATION ABOUT KENT ROBERTS

Childhood memory of the issue

by Kent Roberts

Kent Friend Dan and I went to a train track one day, where they were building the bypass, at the

edge of town. We tied a raccoon carcass to a rope, the rope to an orange cone, and dangled it in front of an oncoming train. The train hit it at full

speed. The cone rode up the cement side of the overpass, and then suddenly dropped to the ground. A moment passed. Dan said,

“Where’s the raccoon?” Suddenly it slammed down in between us so hard that it bounced up again to the level of our heads.

Fact & Fiction About Kent Roberts

Fact: Later today, Kent's mom is going to hem his pants so that they don't look ridiculous anymore.

Fiction: Later today, Kent is going to hem his pants so that they don't look ridiculous anymore.

Filling the air with filler, you know

by Kent Roberts

I don’t know what I’m saying half the time. I have to dig to find what I’m really trying to say. But that

doesn’t mean I don’t fill the air with my words. Some people say, “No comment.” I say, “May I turn in my comments as a 20-30 page treatise

on the topic? Why don’t I just expand on my thoughts? Just flesh everything out? You know, just make my points by putting some additional

words down there, and just writing those words in order, and just adding more after that, because you have to finish?”

Let’s face it

by Kent Roberts

I have this dry patch on my face, in that enclave where my moustache meets my chin-beard. I don’t know what the scope of a beard is. Part of a beard is a moustache... or no? When I

say I have a beard, is it assumed that I also have a moustache, unless I’m Amish? And why do the Amish get an out? Their hair-related traditions are ill-conceived. Otherwise, I would share their facial hair

strategy. Because “when in doubt, mimic the Amish.”

