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The Legwear Issue

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

The *I Can't Believe It's Not* Kent challenge

By Kent Roberts

“The word for the day is butter. The thought for the day is spread the word.” Kent Friend Chris Barnes’ father Bob told me that when I was in high school. Bob and I agreed that spreading the word was important. Once I got to college, I wondered if I might

be able to *be that butter* – in which case I might then spread myself on the bread of the culture – forming a delicious and sometimes surreptitious mind-snack of myself for intellectual cannibalization by my college classmates, the populace of the US, and the entire global community. In other words, I wanted to join

Jazzercise, Phil Collins, and I Can’t Believe It’s Not Butter as household names. And it occurs to me that I will know I have “arrived” when there is an alternative publication out there called *I Can’t Believe It’s Not* Kent, a publication about the life of a non-Kent that is so tasty, it is difficult to distinguish from the real thing.

Music playlist side-notes

By Kent Roberts

I associate music heavily with emotion, which is perhaps particularly common for people who have played music – as I have the piano, flutophone, and

kazoo. Some of the music that I connect with emotionally is that by Johnny Cash, Tom Petty, Arcade Fire, and Father John Misty. In other words, gay hippie manchild rock (I even listen to “Let’s Be Still”) with

some red-blooded deceased Vietnam-antipathist cowboy thrown in. Also, I classify as Johnny Cash’s best song, by far, “Spiritual.” So I’m at the very least a Christian-sympathizer if not a closet or latent

God-lover; but I am also describable as female genitalia, the gateway to life. Sometimes I listen to the king of huh, Beck, but I get confused that he’s an L. Ron Hubbard mafia apologist.

Romantic future looking foggy

By Kent Roberts

Perhaps this is the foggiest my romantic life has ever been. I can’t even see anybody. If

anything, I might end up running into someone and causing two cases of whiplash.

Fact & Fiction about Kent Roberts

Fact: Kent's personality vacillates between starry-eyed dreamer and starry-eyed screamer.

Fiction: Kent's personality vacillates between starry-eyed dreamer and starry-eyed fracking enthusiast.

Kentphorism:

"Take caution not to let more than 40% of your houseplants die within any 30-day period."

bacKent

Kentphorism:

"Cross and uncross your legs while driving to complete a bicycle trick with emissions."

THE WORLD'S MOST BALLERINO-FRIENDLY BACKSIDE OF A PUBLICATION ABOUT KENT ROBERTS

Repurposed napkin re-repurposed as napkin

By Kent Roberts

I just transferred a bunch of jotted notes written on various scraps of paper to my

computer. One was a napkin I had picked up I believe in the fall of 2016, based on its contents. After getting the notes off the napkin, I saw a coffee

spill on the table and realized immediately that this napkin-turned-note would again make an effective napkin. And I was correct.

Wardrobe status

In this, the first installment of the instant-classic column "Wardrobe status," we discuss a key concern in my walk-in-and-hit-head closet and on my legs: pants.

By Kent Roberts

The pants inventory is a bit shabby at present. I have only 5 pairs, 3 of which are *lounge pants* – which I did not know were something a person could own until Former Kent Girlfriend Andrea bought me 2 pairs. The 3 pairs that I can wear outside the house are:

#1 – Grey Jeans

This pair of pants doesn't fit very well. More disturbingly, the button at the waist popped off of them; however, I can still keep them up with the belt.

#2 – Blue Jeans

There has been an ink stain on the left leg, at the base of the pocket, for the past couple months. There is also

a hole in the right knee that has been growing and gradually revealing more of that joint – like a keyhole shirt except instead of cleavage, it's just some guy's knee. The ink stain was recently joined by a brown stain on the right leg. On the upside, these pants fit more tightly than a mitten. They are my favorite pair of pants, and the ones I

look best in, even though they really do look pretty awful.

#3 – Black Slacks

Kent Mother Judy has not yet hemmed these pants, despite my previous report, so one leg still hangs lower than the other. There is also a hole in the right pocket that is large enough that it must be completely avoided.

Kombucha incident highlights need for additional pants

By Kent Roberts

I currently have hardly any insurance against spills built into my wardrobe. I'm on a high-wire with a bonfire below me, and someone is sawing through the wire. My perilous clothing situation became more

apparent when I was driving and opened a kombucha. It started spilling all over me. I said, "Oh God," dejectedly, exemplifying the learned helplessness of dogs in sadistic experiments that stopped moving in response to electric shocks, just allowing it to pour

all over me as if I were wetting my pants. When I arrived home, I realized the other pants were also dirty. When a kombucha can sideline you, you have to start asking some hard questions about your financial priorities, such as, "What the hell are you doing?"