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# Kent

Jan. 2018 #1 \* Vol. 16 Iss. 1  
The Compassion Issue

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

## Why don't I just stop all my whining & whimpering?

By Kent Roberts

I perhaps can relate to people who struggle because I am such a loser. I have made my own life excessively difficult; and that has seemingly been pointless. Then again though, maybe not. Maybe, for instance, the reason I ran out of gas and then lost my car when drunk and walked around for 5 hours in 10 degrees last year was so I could be better psychologically prepared to soberly run around for 20 minutes during snowfall in -10 degrees, looking for Kent Mother Judy (KMJ) after my phone died. Because a starting point for any possible macrocosmic sense of

compassion is ensuring the reasonable comfort of KMJ.

I have forever been a self-saboteur, so I am prepared when life sabotages me. And I relate to sabotage both internal and external. And when I monologue about sabotage, I drop the shades on the windows to my soul, and I howl at the moon – because I'd rather howl than whimper. Have compassion for me, as for my three-year-old niece.

She lets everyone know when she gets the slightest injury. I let people know about my food sensitivities. With my suffering on display, people can see that I have a weak point for their wounds.

"Hey, you get me, don't you?" people's eyes ask me.

And I always answer yes (which may in part be because I have never logged any one-on-one Nazi face-time with Charles Manson).

Which is why, in the spirit of human brotherhood, I invited a homeless man to spend the night at Kent HQ back in the spring.

I feel somewhat stupid about this, like I did something wrong. Like I wasn't watching out for myself. But the fact is, just about anything you do can end up with you getting chopped into pieces.

Anyway, he told me the reason he came to town was that he had murdered a man and had to speak with the parole board.

And I said, "That's intense."

## Resistance corner

By Kent Roberts

One of my extended family members told me I should start feeling more compassion for "middle Americans" – that the problem was that I did not understand their boggle-headed

concerns, and that if I did, I'd have a better point-of-view. What needed to happen was that I should become a *centrist*. I asked him if half of what he wanted me to believe was the popsicle-stick propaganda of Breitbart.

He said that MSNBC was just as bad. I paused, shell-shocked, partially because I don't watch TV and resent the idea that everyone is supposed to pick a channel, partially because that's such an idiotic thing to say. He

jibber-jabbered more about being a *centrist*.

When he left town, I thought about what he had said, carefully considered his perspective, and affixed an "Impeach Trump" bumper sticker to the Kentmobile.

**Kentphorism:**

*"Eye yourself suspiciously in public mirrors, with an elusiveness that permeates your self-perception."*

# bacKent

**Kentphorism:**

*"It's unfair to wait for your plants to tell you that they're thirsty."*

WORLD'S MOST TOP-HEAVY, TRIPPING-OVER-ITSELF BACKSIDE OF A PUBLICATION ABOUT KENT ROBERTS

## Childhood memory of the issue

**By Kent Roberts**

I am not always the person I want to be in terms of my compassion. The thing to remember, I suppose, is that pure compassion is an ideal that is impossible to meet at all times. Think of someone who hurts you – can you feel compassion for them, or does it make you feel vulnerable? I tend to move toward compassion. I have evidence that I do this to a pitiable degree in a key childhood memory.

I went to Huron, Ohio, with Kent Brother Justin (KBJ) and some friends to see our old hometown and go to the amusement park. When we got there, there was a party going on on the beach, facing Lake Erie. There was a bonfire. Basically the only thing

that was missing was psychosis.

Then, Kent Nemesis David (KND) arrived. KND was at the bonfire, it became clear, because he was super high on drugs and was stalking Kent Boyhood Piano Teacher Carol's Daughter Erin (KBPTCDE).

KBJ, in a show of compassion for KBPTCDE, asked KND why he was going to look for her. KND responded with agility and aplomb, telling KBJ that he would punch him in his face if he didn't get on his knees in 3 seconds. I then, either showing compassion for KBJ and/or KBPTCDE, and/or just being a glutton for punishment, stepped forward next to KBJ.

KND proceeded to count down – 3, 2, 1 –

and then very rapidly but yet almost methodically punch KBJ and then me square in each of our faces. It was dark, so there was virtually no preparation time once he hit zero. It was effectively a sucker punch in real-time because there was no visual cue that it was incoming – it was simply a fist in the face.

That's how I processed it:  
Beat 1: KND says, "Zero."  
Beat 2: Fist in KBJ's face.  
Beat 3: Fist in my face.

Immediately following Beat 3, I descended with madness on him – but it was "broken up" by a girl in the group who was, one can imagine, tired of seeing KND ruin events.

I walked back to the house to clean my

wounds. I was shocked. I had never been punched in the face.

I thought about it and was certain there had been a misunderstanding. I took the side of compassion: he felt that by standing up next to my brother, I was attacking him. I had to feel for someone who believed I had taken up arms against him.

I walked back to the bonfire. "Dave," I said, "I just want to say –." I was thinking diplomacy. But he was still thinking war. And he ran at me. And I fled with my ideals between my legs.

I still have a scar above my nose that I consider a lesson, reminding me to continue stepping forward and getting more scars as necessary, if only as a way to get to learn more lessons.

## Fact & Fiction About Kent Roberts

**Fact:** After giving \$100 to a homeless man, Kent experienced a bit of buyer's remorse.

**Fiction:** After giving \$100 to a homeless man, Kent then hit him up for cash when he had to pay rent.