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Kent

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

Plant’s needs not considered in Kentroom policies

By Kent Roberts

It might be fair to think that a person should gear up for a child by getting a pet to make sure they have responsibility toward something outside themselves. However, a pet deserves a training precursor as well: a houseplant. Perhaps this flow from plant to pet to person is less deranged than going from a bag of flour to a person. To be clear, my only real care training *was* for a flour bag, received when I was in eighth grade.

I say this as somewhat of a justification for my behavior with the plants in my room at KMHQ¹. When I moved in, there were two plants in the room that were in good health. Just over a month later, the only thing that is confusing is why there is still one plant in good health. I suddenly noticed while cleaning that the plant at the back window was starting to look more yellow than green. I immediately realized that leaving the blinds closed was probably not appreciated by the plants (who are big on sunbathing and are generally nature-lovers).

I opened the blinds. And *I saved that damn plant’s life*.
And don’t worry: Kentroom policies and procedures are being

I saved that damn plant’s life.

adapted to better meet the needs of all residents, moving away from the previous Kentcentric focus.

KCF Avocado reminds Kent how lazy he can be

By Kent Roberts

Kent Cat Friend (KCF) Avocado is currently in solitary confinement in the bathroom at Kent Son

Mother (KSM) Amanda’s place. He is being quarantined for his fleas. When Kent came to see Kent Son, he heard Avocado calling out from

his cell. Kent entered the room and crouched. Avocado approached. As he rubbed himself against Kent’s hands and legs, Kent realized the cat was

being kind enough to *pet itself* – needing no help. “You could not get away with this with a dog,” he said. “Those fools have to ask for hand handouts.”

SheKent search confused by scheduled move to Austin

pppppppppp
By Kent Roberts

A potential SheKent has emerged in Minneapolis. While that might

ostensibly be a good thing, the difficulty is in SheKent migration. Often the migratory behavior of potential SheKents and Kent will

differ. It causes a great deal of strife among the staff as they get carted around the country, away from would-be SheKents.

Fact & Fiction About Kent Roberts

Fact: Kent is trying to become a more patient driver and a generally more patient person.
Fiction: Kent is working on becoming more impatient and having a constant sense he is on a tight deadline.

Footnotes: 1. Kent Mother Headquarters, formerly Kent Parent Headquarters (KPHQ), which is currently also serving as Kent HQ; 2. Kent Mother Judy.

Kentphorisms:

“All you need is a bunch of orange cones, and you can get away with pretty much anything.”

“Don't get me wrong: sometimes I'm right.”

bacKent

Kentphorisms:

““Stop, drop, and roll” is a good policy to follow, whether you're on fire or not.”

“The squirrels have it right. We should be burying some of our food.”

world's most user-friendly, rigorously tested and energetically developed publication about Kent Roberts

Walking habits assessed, similarities to KFK reviewed

By Kent Roberts

I walk freakishly fast. It is likely that anyone who walks faster than I do is in a speedwalking race. I was passed by someone in general foot traffic in downtown Minneapolis one day – a woman actually – and I immediately diagnosed her with a mental disorder. This is because of KFK³. KFK was better

able to walk at breakneck pace because of his longer legs. When KFK and KMJ walked together, she often struggled to keep up – but surely KFK was not walking at top pace. Early on, KFK was the tallest kids in his class. He grew to 6'2". It's become clearer to me lately that I adopted the behaviors of a tall man. I somehow don't realize that my 5'10" means I can't ultimately be the alpha

male. Or can I... See, I'm delusional. I immediately go back to thinking it's possible. Napoleon Syndrome. Thinking one is the giant other people are standing on the shoulders of. Thinking I can be physically unintimidated by everyone. When I have no ammo but my charm – and that is really not chasing much.

My assumed expertise in all things

By Kent Roberts

Who has a study? My dad does. It's weird to grow up the child of a professor, and maybe especially I'm thinking of that male aspect – the father-son relationship between an academic and his progeny. My dad taught sociology of the family classes; that was one of his specialties, so I was to some degree a labrat. One of his other specialties was sociology of education. My dad was concerned about merit-based pay because he did not want his role as a scholar to be turned into a cog in a wheel of a machine that was somehow self-perpetuating (even though that's the ultimate in AI machine learning).

He had a study because he much less wanted to relax than to treat everything he did with full-frontal *rigor*.

I've started to look at ways I picked up certain traits or habits or views from KFK. Specifically, I realized in a KSMS³ talk with a long-term

No creating sacred rituals centered around me!

potential SheKent that I often deliver sermons or lectures on topics I know little about.

Me, I like to opine but don't necessarily have any

expertise. When I give a sermon, it is not because I am an ordained minister but because I claim to have a connection to the gods, or even *with* the gods, if that doesn't sound arrogant.

I meanwhile do not have a PhD and cannot claim real expertise in any subject... I suppose I know a craft really well, writing – Or do I? Maybe I'm just a good salesman of myself or lecturer on my perspective even though it is not necessarily well-informed. Like, "Living in Europe is better than living in the United States." From a guy who has never been to mainland Europe.

And I rarely talk about writing – I am usually talking about things I know virtually nothing about. Other than

what spirits have whispered in my ear.

If you pressed me on my spirit sources, I'd tell you seriously that perhaps I'm a medium for knowledge – that someone who has knowledge of certain sorts might be able to speak through me – *but that's what they all say*.

I look at myself sometimes and see the same characteristics as L. Ron Hubbard. Maybe Napoleon is using my body as a vessel.

Let me make this clear, people: No baddies in my body! No creating sacred rituals centered around me! Only spread the word of me. So that I can afford to move out of my mom's place.

Footnotes: 3. Kent Father Keith, who passed to the other side during the longest full lunar eclipse of the century; 4. Kent Short Message Service.