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# Kent

**Kentbook Issue**  
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**Kenternet:** TGIKent.com  
**Letters to ed. & photos of you reading Kent to pigeons:** tgikent@gmail.com  
**Copies of your personal diaries:**  
PO Box 6434, Minneapolis, MN 55406  
**Handshakes:** Handthrottles also available.

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

## Book commemorates this-publication experience

### By Kent Roberts

For almost two decades, I have been putting out the publication you are now reading to yourself out loud, slowly, in a public park, *Kent* (although sometimes called *The Kent* and *The Kent Bulletin*).

Thankfully, this situation is unlike a child throwing a hamburger at the wall. In that case, as noted by Kent Friend Mike (KFM), you can't ask the child why. You simply ask what they did – and what they're going to do about it. (For instance, maybe they are throwing meat all over the place to protest the Meatrix, and they're going to respond to the

situation by raging against the meatchine even more.)

For me, I know exactly why I have thrown the hamburger of *Kent* at the wall – to spread the word of myself to the community. First it was my local community, contained within the safe space of my college campus, where I only worried that people might think I were utterly insane.

Now (now-ish, technically), I am releasing an ebook of the *Kentbook*, *eKentbook Lite*, on December 31 at 11:59 p.m. EST. All 100+ issues since 1999, provided I can find a couple that are, um, missing. Plus the first-ever publication of the Kent Staff Handbook. The real deal, the (100% recycled) paper *Kentbook*,

will be available February 2, Groundhog Day, alongside the unabridged *eKentbook* – both of which will include Internal Critical

I only worried that people might think I were utterly insane.

Reviews for each issue and a Glossary of Terms & Names. The first issue of *Kent* was released February 1999. *Kentbook* – all versions pay what you can – marks *Kent's* 20-year history. Huzzah!

## Being Kent Roberts: opening a door

### By Kent Roberts

I search around for a lot of coffeeshops – and the fact is, I sometimes do not know what I'm getting into. A few days ago, after dark, maybe 8 p.m., I drove off to some neighborhood where I'd

never been, chasing down a high online rating.

I initially approached the café and turned back, saying to myself, "Looks a little urban." What I meant was that there were a bunch of people, but no Caucasians.

I went toward my car, checked the address – and

it was correct. Arriving at the café, I stepped inside and said, "All right..." out loud. Everyone was African-American. The women wore hijabs. Talk was in a foreign tongue.

It's strange to be an outsider. No one was friendly to me – no eye contact. I thought, "They

probably want someplace they don't have to feel like an outsider."

But then I started singing "Hakuna Matata," and everyone joined me, including Elton John, who emerged from the back room to play the piano.

## Fact & Fiction About Kent Roberts

**Fact:** Kent Roberts has never gone to an invite-only event for people with publications named after themselves.

**Fiction:** Kent has intimate weekly conference calls with Steve Forbes, Arianna Huffington<sup>1</sup>, and Oprah Winfrey.

<sup>1</sup> Kent did once try to send his publication to Arianna Huffington, but he got the address wrong. So then he gave up.

Kentphorism:

“I would say I'm grossly incompetent, but I'm not sure what my field is.”

# bacKent

Kentphorism:

“Don't make eye contact in the mirror, or you might get the wrong idea.”

\*\*\* world's most nostril-flaring, eye-twitching, ear-wiggling backside of a Kent Roberts publication \*\*\*

## Kenterview: From dork to asshole and back again

By Kent Roberts

**Kent:** Big plans for the new year?

**Kent:** I have to enforce rigid production quotas if I want to generate strong Q1 growth.

**Kent:** You never stop.

**Kent:** Indefatigable. Except when napping. When I nap, I get tired.

**Kent:** When are you going down to Texas?

**Kent:** Hadn't I told you? I guess not.

I'd rather talk to myself than you, frankly.

**Kent:** Look, you keep a lot of things to yourself.

**Kent:** Really?

**Kent:** Some of us hardly hear about anything.

**Kent:** I guess my intent is to always make sure everyone on staff knows these key things.

**Kent:** Well some of us just feel in the dark.

**Kent:** OK... I... The move should happen on March 1.

**Kent:** Do you have good reason for this? You're making consistency difficult.

**Kent:** Remember that Kentson lives in Texas.

**Kent:** Of course, yes.

**Kent:** That's the reason.

**Kent:** Right.

**Kent:** I'd rather talk to myself than you, frankly.

**Kent:** You mean Kentself?

**Kent:** And now you're policing my language. You, of all people.

**Kent:** It's called *standards of excellence*. It's called *organizational compliance*. It's called –

**Kent:** Who died and made you chief dork?

**Kent:** Well, KFK<sup>2</sup> was a dork, in a manner of speaking. I think he watched football to prove to himself he wasn't just a scholar.

**Kent:** *Scholar* is even a dork term.

**Kent:** [sigh] Assumedly my language is polluted with dorkdom.

**Kent:** Wait, does dorkiness just imply linguistic precision?

**Kent:** Is it impossible for you to say anything that doesn't make you vaguely sound like an asshole?

**Kent:** An asshole with *je ne sais quoi*?

**Kent:** Yes, you're a sort of bewildering asshole. *From Dork to Asshole: The Kent Roberts Story*. Coming to a bookstore far from you.

**Kent:** Right.

**Kent:** It's about personal growth.

**Kent:** Dork.

**Kent:** Revision: *From Dork to Asshole and Back Again: The Unauthorized Autobiography of Kent Roberts*.

**Kent:** OK, wait, you do have a new book, right?

**Kent:** Yes. The *Kentbook* is about to come out, which is notably not the sequel to *Portrait of Yo Mama as a Young Man*. I'm not your mother, or a dated trans-unaware title.

**Kent:** Because you're an asshole.

**Kent:** You're making my head spin.

## Speeding ticket math creates Kentsternation

By Kent Roberts

I was driving along beside the river<sup>3</sup> and was maybe laying my foot down a bit too hard. Soon I saw the lights of a siren behind me. I pulled over.

The police officer approached.

“Do you know why I pulled you over?” the woman asked. “For speeding?” I asked. “Do you know how fast you were going?” she asked.

“No, how fast?” I asked. I liked keeping these things efficient.

When I saw the ticket was \$128, I initially was pleased it wasn't over \$200. But then I realized \$128 is \$2<sup>7</sup>.

Knowing that the ticket is the same cost as taking a cup of coffee to the seventh power fills me with an undeniable sense of Kentsternation.

2 Kent Father Keith; 3 Mississippi (could've mentioned in article, but I like to write the word *Mississippi* really small).