

## Issue Staff:

**Editor-in-Chief:** Kent Roberts  
**Director of Writing Down Tasks and, Less Often, Checking Them Off:** Kent Roberts  
**VP of Mission-Critical, Randomly Selected Odds, Ends, Evens & Middles:** Kent Roberts  
**Outgoing Ghostmaster-General:** Kent Roberts  
**Interim Ghostmaster-General:** Kent Roberts

# Kent

**Superintendence Issue**  
**Oct. 2018 #4 / Volume 16, Issue 16**

**Kenternet:** TGIKent.com  
**Attempts to convey indescribably strong passion toward Kent:** tgikent@gmail.com  
**Court-drawing-style art of fantasy Kent meetings:** PO Box 6434, Mpls., MN 55406  
**Handshakes:** If you're lucky.

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

## Superintendence challenges: Air conditioners

*By Kent Roberts*

I am basically the superintendent at KMHQ<sup>1</sup>. And I need to bear the responsibilities of that position, to the extent I choose to acknowledge and embrace that part of my humanity – the "real estate manager" part. I know I need to get the air conditioners out of the windows. It's

Halloween, and it's Minnesota. But I am not good at this stuff.

What do I mean by "this stuff"? I think I mean "necessary tasks to allow basic functioning." And now someone handed me this superintendent job, and I think my basic question is, "Does anyone look at credentials around here? Or run a

basic psychological evaluation of potential superintendents?"

Because my methods are unsound. I am clearly unfit for the position. Today: delayed ACs. Tomorrow: Heads on spikes. I've seen it happen (although technically Col. Kurtz's downfall started with his frustrated efforts to *invent* air conditioning).

## Behind the Scenes: Survival baffling to staff

*By Kent Roberts*

So many things are dead. And somehow Kent Roberts is not. This is a subject of great confusion at times at Kent HQ. "What's remarkable is that I've been a completely brazen dumbass," noted Kent Associate Risk Analyst (KARA) Kent Roberts. "I feel like I've almost died several times." And maybe that several is more like hundreds or thousands, an analysis reveals. These near- deaths have been

almost entirely of my own doing and for my own self-interested reasons. I have not nearly died "in service to" my country for instance, or even for a political or social cause.

I believe I have supernatural powers. I also know that makes me sound psychotic. That's what works to me, fundamentally, about *claiming* supernatural powers: the only possibilities are that I'm right and that I'm crazy.

I guess it is reasonable that a selflication editor

might develop a psychological disorder in which they become convinced they are important and that they have superhuman powers. It's fair that there would be at least a small piece of L. Ron Hubbard in me, to start this publication. "I believe I have superhuman capabilities yes," said KARA Roberts, "but it is also true that I believe I am inept and incompetent at said capabilities if I do in fact have them."

So as I'm describing this I'm realizing how funny

the perspective of Kentself is: I believe I have mystical powers. But that I have yet to harness them. Which is why I am unable to fully prove to myself that I have said powers. I just see things. I *cannot prove what I see*.

So it's all subjective perception that preaches greatness to myself in a closed loop. The logo of my transcendence is a dog chasing its own tail.

## Fact & Fiction About Kent Roberts

**Fact:** Kent does not enjoy having the sun beat down on his face when he's trying to think.

**Fiction:** Kent appreciates coffeeshop design that allows, at certain times, sunlight blowout of 100% of seating.

Kentphorism:

“Definitely should have thoroughly washed my hands before I did that.”

# baCKent

Kentphorism:

“My Sistine Chapel is a grocery bag.”

*world’s most time-sensitive, clock-interdependent backside of a Kent Roberts publication*

## Kent claims God controls his life in every way

*By Kent Roberts*

**Kent:** Stop staring at me.  
**Kent:** What do you mean?  
**Kent:** It's all this scrutiny.  
**Kent:** OK sure. You think I scrutinize you too much.  
**Kent:** It's... ceaseless.  
**Kent:** Isn't that what this is all about, self-analysis?  
**Kent:** “*What this is all about*” - I mean, you think there's some deeper purpose behind –

**Kent:** Ooh, sounds like you don't believe in God.  
**Kent:** Wait you think your whole life has deep purpose – every part of it?  
**Kent:** You must think God falls asleep at the wheel sometimes huh? You think he cuts corners?  
**Kent:** You believe God is controlling all aspects of your life? That's absurd.  
**Kent:** I think of God as the core of a

supercomputer. And we're all nodes. Like the Matrix.  
**Kent:** Seriously?  
**Kent:** Hey we all have our own right to our opinions.  
**Kent:** No. This is a consensus-defined self.  
**Kent:** If you can't respect my right to worship Matrix CPU-God, you don't have the required 21<sup>st</sup>-century sensitivity.  
**Kent:** I'm going to talk to a doctor about removing

whatever part of my brain is you. I'm fine losing some cognitive skills if I must take a hit.  
**Kent:** You're the one Matrix CPU-God warned us about. You're the one.  
**Kent:** I hope you're done. We're out of space. I'm out of here immediately if not sooner! [*closes laptop and runs down the street*]

## Cyborg Minute: cyborg telecommunication port insight

*By Kent Roberts*

Being a cyborg can be tough. You might, for instance, arrive at a cyborg telecommunication port (CTP) and be inclined to sit facing another cyborg. Said cyborg might start to hammer at its mental masturbation and functionality equipment like a wild animal,

signaling its very real human component, to let you know that your cyborg presence is disrupting its cyborg productivity. Then you get up to move across to the opposite end of the CTP, and right as you've gathered all your objects for cyborg effectiveness (OCE) and migrated them across the room to another

worksite, the cyborg gets up and *migrates its entire*

Said cyborg might start to hammer at its equipment.

*operations outside the*

CTP. What a hit to efficiency. Don't let anyone ever tell you that cyborgs can't cry, or that they don't cry when their forward progress is obstructed by issues related to unnecessary OCE transfers (as well as misplaced OCE, the top cause of OCE-related cyborg error at Kent Media Enterprises).

## PhilosophiKent >>> Gratitude: I can't afford it

*By Kent Roberts*

Gratitude demands taking a breath and ceasing the perpetual Hungry-Hungry-Hippo gobbling routine that takes up most waking hours. When

you have been riding along barely getting by for a long enough time, you don't feel like you can afford to appreciate what you have. The hippo wins that recognizes, at all times and in all ways, its own insatiable

hunger. I'm worried, folks, that if I don't gobble while the gobbling's good, I'm gonna suddenly look down at some point and see that all the hippo food is gone. And that'd be total bullshit.