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experiments with bad drugs, bad sex, and bad ideas. But none of these desperate young minds has counted on the intrusion of a punk named PuNk and his potent sex drug. This wild herd of teenagers gets caught up in the gravitational pull of The ladicrous and hilarious implosion. boring bori

A hen the mysterious gray book that drives their twisted relationship goes missing, Ollister Adelaide lose their postmodern marbles.

He plots revenge against art patriarch Ulit Allatynus, while she obsesses over their anti-love affair. Meanwhile, the art school set



he beer came from the keg, which they had inexplicably just begun to charge for. They being VIRGINIA and JANUARY, whose porch this was. Whose party this was.

their art and that of a number of their less-lazy friends. They had also talked some local indie rock 'it-kids' into contributing their crappy sketches that upped the profile of the party considerably. A few important people had come, early in the evening. People with money, or gallery owners. Despite the fact that it was at their house, it was well publicized, and the attempt was at something legitimate. For publicized, and the attempt was at something legitimate. For publicized, and the attempt was at their house, it was well for what it was: dirty kids, bad art, and cheap alcohol. for what it was: dirty kids, bad art, and cheap alcohol. for what it was: dirty kids, bad art, and frustration to January early on. January didn't understand what her friend expected to happen. Things were now as they should be: all the same stupid people at the same stupid party. It even had a lingering air of the intended pretension.

She looked out at the sea of ironic haircuts with a mix of weariness, affection, and disgust. She knew everyone here. Not just that, she knew everything about them as well...



This is a small part of a book called boring boring boring boring boring boring boring.

It was written by ZACH PLAGUE.

zachplague.com

mostly blank these days.

MARGO DECARAUX was editivix of the local feminist rag, though she would object to it being called that, doubly. She had survived a childhood with an absent father, and a nearly-alrays-topless mother, and had come out the other end swinging. She liked motor-sports but not dykes, lare but not dresses, and death but not weapons.

given him kidney stones.

so much if one has a lot of money.

ART MORTIMER only wore his pressed white suit, no matter the weather. He was obsessed with groups of the concerning the ex-president in some magazines for stories concerning the ex-president in some way. He wanted to revive his celebrity. He could no longer way. He wanted to revive his celebrity, he could no longer est cheese, as over-consumption of it, and little else, had everyone.

an older one, from Boston. She had been young and off her medication, but she didn't regret it.

She had a genuine fear of were works and could only sleep with lots of bright lights on.

Boyfriends continually disappointed her.

But she found that lots of things don't matter

vell as lighting technician for the low-end rock club SNOT BLOCKER. His line of work once got him punched so hard in the throat he fainted. But it also got him laid once. He had a gas mask collection to rival even the most fanatic NAZI memorabilia collectors. And he had been writing a punk rock mystery novel in his head for years.

while working at the Velveteen Gallery. She used those same hands to masturbate violently and paint pictures of her cat, PuppySurprise. One time her boyfriend took her car to pick up a friend and crashed it, killing both himself and, metaphorically, the car. Jolene was more upset about the car because it never cheated on her, farted under the covers, or laughed at her French shoes.

thirteen when, having been caught shoplifting in Saudi Arabia while vacationing there with his parents, a righteous shopkeeper had cut both his thumbs off, ending his precocious thieving career. The incident also destroyed his dreams of becoming a photographer. However, thumbs were not necessary to squeeze tubes of frosting, and he had since become one of the top cake decorators in the region. He also liked camping.

There were droplets in the cool night breeze, whether from the sky, or whisked from the canopy of leaves above, it was impossible to say. vireinia passed out. The party was becoming boring boring...

porno easting call lines. She worked at a coffee shop and didn't much care for anyone.

July green then three indie rock records had been dedicated to her. And then used to seduce her. After an accident at the cookie bakery where she worked singed her eyebrows the cookie bakery where she worked singed her eyebrows off, she began her studies in humility and selflessness. Her girlfriends blanched as she threw out clothes, make-up, phone numbers. She stopped shaving her armpits and phone numbers and complete transportation. She felt began to eat fast food on public transportation. She felt

vivica richardson was a darling sock collector. Both the socks and herself, darling. She would tone it down a bit to go watch underground street fighting matches, or spy on porno casting call lines. She worked at a coffee

sparkly. She obsessively collected gemmed or bedazzled clothing, snow globes from around the globe, and used glow sticks from Halloweens long gone by. She played XYLOPHONE in an experimental all-metal new-thrash art band called Tar the Shitfucker. Her grandfather had an old WWII tattoo of tits on his bicep, pale and lonely green. She loved him but hated all his children. One of them gave her that awful name.

PAOLO MERCEDES' house was empty. It wasn't that he was too cheap to buy furniture or that he had some strictly minimalist aesthetic. It had just never happened. It was clean, though, and that encouraged his girlfriend to stay over often, even if his mattress was saggy and they spent all sweaty night long pressed together by gravity. He called her "TRUCKER" in private, and she did not know what exactly he did at work all day. She knew he was an 'assistant nurse' at the MUNSING HOSPITAL just down the road. But the secret was feces, bowel evaluations, diarrhea, constipation, phosphate enemas, bloody stool, and occasionally vomit. He spent his twelve-hour shifts gently wiping down wrinkled old thighs and buttocks.