MBMBaM 511: A Big, Beautiful Buick Enclave

Published on May 18th, 2020 Listen on TheMcElroy.family

Intro (Bob Ball): The McElroy brothers are not experts, and their advice should never be followed. Travis insists he's a sexpert, but if there's a degree on his wall, I haven't seen it. Also, this show isn't for kids, which I mention only so the babies out there will know how cool they are for listening. What's up, you cool baby?

[theme music plays]

Travis: Hey, y'know how we've been talking about not doing an intro?

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: Yeah. Rrriddle me piss, boys!

Griffin: Stop. No. Come on, come on, come on, come on, come on. I am actually—I've been editing this show for ten fuckin' years without complaint.

Travis: Uh-huh.

Griffin: I'm not going to... I simply won't allow this to happen. Like, I can—I'm playing the card that I feel like I am owed for that extra work, and saying like, that this won't be in the show.

Travis: Yeah yeah yeah. Y'know, yeah, I know. But... rrriddle me piss, boys!

Griffin: Justin, can you make—Justin, will you talk to him?

Justin: My name is Justin McElroy. Welcome to My Brother, My Brother, and Me. It's an advice show for the modern era. I'm your oldest brother, Justin McElroy.

Griffin: [mumbling]

Travis: I'm the rrriddle master!

Justin: That's Travis.

Griffin: I'm the sweet baby brother, uh, Griffin McElroy. And Travis, can I say something? You're obviously trying to be quiet so as not to wake up a young person, and like—

Travis: [quietly] Rrriddle me piss, boooys...

Griffin: Yeah, there's something even fucking worse about him.

Justin: It's worse. It's worse. It's worse.

Travis: [quietly] Riddle me piiiss...

Justin: It's worse. It's like he's in my ear. I hate it.

Travis: My piss needs riddled!

Justin: No, that's nothing. That's nothing.

Travis: Riddle me piss! Piss me riddles!

Griffin: We've never really gotten into what that title means. But does the riddle master... urinate in some sort of bowl, that, then, we're supposed to splash around? What's up with that Trav?

Travis: When you get the answer correct, I piss a little!

Griffin: Okay. Sweet, man. Fuck yeah. Let's do it. Now I'm on board.

Travis: [normally] This one was sent in by Jonathan. Thank you, Jonathan. "If a chicken says, 'All chickens are liars,' is the chicken telling the truth?"

Griffin: No. Next question.

Justin: Well, I'm gonna say yes. So, certainly, we've broken your spell, right? [laughs] 'Cause he said no, and I said yes, so the spell is broken. One of the correct answers is out there.

Travis: Answer: Chickens cannot talk.

Griffin: That's actually a pretty good riddle.

Justin: That's actually a good riddle.

Travis: Is it? Is it? 'Cause that seems—

Griffin: Yeah. No, and now—and Trav?

Travis: That seems like if you said, you walk up to two statues, and one statue says, "One of us always tells a lie, and one of us always tells the truth," and I'm like, ohh, I think the one on the right, and you're like, "No, fuck you. Statues don't talk, idiot."

Griffin: Yeah, bud. That's a good solution to the riddle, 'cause it's a little brain twisty. And Trav, can I say something? This bit is fucking dead, and you just killed it, 'cause that was a good riddle.

Travis: Because the—because it—

Griffin: And now, you're the asshole.

Travis: Because 'chickens cannot talk' is a good...

Justin: No, I think I want to call bullshit.

Travis: Maybe Jonathan's the asshole.

Justin: Because if you... if you say 'if' in the riddle, you are creating a reality in which this supposition is true. If, then. Right? So it would be like me saying... if my Buick... got into a car crash...

Griffin: No!

Justin: Would it still be drivable? And then, you like, thought about it, and then, I would say, "Ah, the correct answer is, I don't have a Buick." And it's like, okay, but... we've already established the framework in which the 'if' is true.

Travis: Thank you.

Justin: So the 'if' assumes that the chicken is talking.

Travis: What it should say is, if a chicken says 'all chickens are liars,' is the chicken telling the truth? Answer: chickens cannot talk, and you should probably seek help. Like, that—then, what you've established is, I know that you think that chicken said 'all chickens are liars,' but my friend... chickens cannot talk, and I am worried about you.

Griffin: Can I—can I just dip in here real quick to assuage the audience's fears and concerns, and say that Justin does—

Justin: While you're gonna assuage the audience's fears and concerns, I'm gonna go take a nap. [snorts] I'll be back in 45 minutes once you've addressed all these concerns.

Griffin: Justin *does* have a Buick. He's always talking about his big, beautiful Buick Enclave. And I just—and I know people, when Justin said that, you were like, "Wait a minute, has he been lying about his incredible Buick Enclave this whole time?" And I just want you to know... that was—Justin, say sike.

Justin: Sike.

Travis: Thank you!

Justin: Thank you. Sike.

Travis: All of that fan art would've gone to waste.

Griffin: Of you riding around in your big fuckin' Buick, hangin' out the—

Justin: My big, beautiful Buick.

Travis: Oh, I'm sorry. I meant the fan art where people drew Justin *as* a big, beautiful Buick Enclave.

Griffin: Oh, that's cool.

Justin: Any fan art in which I am not depicted behind the wheel of my big, beautiful Buick Enclave is actually non-canonical.

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: It is only canonical if I'm like... [laughing] In the Buick Enclave with tunes blasting.

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: Sure.

Justin: And I got the pedal to the, uh, sort of halfway to the metal, at a safe speed.

Griffin: Safe speed, yeah. I saw a—

Travis: And you have a—you have a cold brew waiting for you at home, where you will not be driving.

Griffin: And that's hard to depict. An object that is that far away. But Juice, one time on Tumblr, I saw you drivin' a Chevy Cruze, and I reported it. I reported in the user.

Travis: That person's in jail now.

Griffin: The user was promptly arrested.

Justin: Yeah, I love—I love driving my big, beautiful Buick. [laughing]

Travis: We know!

Justin: [laughing] One thing I do is that I leave the passenger side airbag

inflated so I can sleep in there.

Griffin: Oh, cool.

Travis: Nice!

Justin: 'Cause I never want to leave it. Yeah. It's nice.

Griffin: That's a fuckin'—

Travis: Your family does miss you, by the way.

Justin: My family should be a Buick if they want my affection.

Travis: Sydnee called me and told me to ask you to please come inside from the garage. You've just been recording in the Buick, and eating and the Buick, and...

Justin: Well, does Sydnee have a hemi?

Travis: Y'know, I haven't asked.

Griffin: Does she go honk honk when she talk? Nooo.

Travis: No.

Justin: She get 18 city, 26 highway?

Griffin: Nooo.

Travis: No.

Justin: Is she a mid-sized luxury SUV?

Travis: No.

Justin: She's not my beautiful, beautiful Buick Enclave.

Griffin: Would you, Travis—what—what would you say, just to guesstimate,

Sydnee's towing capacity is? Is it 1,500 pounds?

Travis: Oh boy.

Griffin: Is it 1,500 pounds? Probably not.

Travis: Oh no, not even close. There's no way. Maybe 1,200?

Griffin: Jeeze. Just another way in which Sydnee doesn't really measure

up to the 2020 Buick Enclave.

Justin: I love my children. But what they don't have is a refined power

train.

Travis: That's true.

Justin: That is gonna give you a gentle ride. They have very little space for

cargo, also.

Travis: But Justin, can your Buick give you a hug?

Justin: Uh, you're missing the point, Travis.

Griffin: You don't understand, Travis. The Buick has this smart slide second

row that makes all the big groceries Justin buys every week.

Justin: [laughing] Do my—did my kids get called by US news and world report, 'a car'? They didn't, right?

Griffin: [laughing]

Justin: So no. They're not a car. They're not my big, beautiful Buick

Enclave. [laughing]

Travis: Guess that's true.

Justin: [laughing] The wor—the saddest irony is, I bought this big, beautiful Buick Enclave to tow my family around.

Griffin: Right.

Justin: But the Buick Enclave became a found family for me. I have connected myself to it in every available porthole, and sort of orifice. A car orifice that I... that it possesses. I am turning myself into a Matrix-like human hybrid.

Travis: Now, it is not a Toyota Matrix, Justin.

Griffin: No, don't...

Travis: It is a big, beautiful Buick Enclave.

Justin: Right. That's a good point. Thank you.

Travis: So this is like in Lawnmower Man, except, instead of connecting yourself to a lawnmower, you're connecting yourself to a car.

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: It's not a lawnmower. It's a beautiful...

Travis: I know! Listen, I know.

Justin: ... 2020 Buick Enclave!

Travis: Now, what if your children asked to get in the Buick with you?

Griffin: Ohh, there's a whole delousing process. It's like the Andromeda Strain. They have to walk through a sort of uh, antiseptic goo. Wade through that.

Travis: That's a good point.

Griffin: Um... 'cause I—I will say about this, about the Buick Enclave. The interior stains, like, hysterically easily.

Justin: Yeah.

Griffin: I sneezed in there, and there's been a sort of beige... spot on the passenger seat that I just can't—I just cannot get rid of.

Travis: And y'know what—

Justin: And listen, if my kids are gonna have—if my kids want to sit in my big, beautiful Buick Enclave, they're gonna have lots of options. There's three rows of first class seating in this bad boy.

Griffin: Sure, sure, sure.

Travis: Wow!

Justin: Yeah. With a chest—I got that chestnut interior. And uh...

Griffin: Oh, I love that.

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: Yeah, it's really nice. It's a beautiful... I mean, they have so many options. Except the option to come into the car and sit in it. In that—they can't sit in daddy's new wife, I guess, is what I'm saying.

Travis: Oh, okay.

Justin: But wife is so reductive.

Travis: Uh-huh.

Griffin: Yesss.

Justin: Because it's also like my father.

Griffin: Aww.

Travis: And it's also like yourself.

Justin: This car is everything to me.

Griffin: Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Justin: Do you know what you can't get with a Buick Enclave?

Griffin: What?

Justin: Within six feet of me. That's what I'm saying.

Travis: Ohh!

Justin: I don't get out of the Enclave.

Travis: Okay.

Griffin: Oh, I see. It's a large... it's a large vehicle. I think you...

Justin: Once the dining room is reopened at McDonald's, I'm just gonna drive my Enclave straight into it. [laughing]

Griffin: [laughing]

Travis: This is probably a bad time to mention this, but this week's episode

is-

Justin: There's no bad time in my Buick Enclave! Time has no meaning!

Travis: This week's—

Justin: Let me open the sun roof so I can use the included sundial to tell what time it is. And then I'll tell you if it's a bad time for this.

Travis: This week's episode is sponsored by Ford.

Justin: Wow. That is uncomfortable.

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: Oh, I guess we better start... well, anyway, I got this new, uh... 2016 Ford Explorer that's really... [strained] It makes me wanna barf saying good things about Ford!

Justin: I can't do it! I can't do it!

Griffin: I really want to do a—I really want to throw up. Uhh, 2019 Ford

Fiesta...

Travis: Do not throw up in the Buick!

Griffin: No, I would never.

Justin: It's got—this—guys, I can't stop talkin' about my beautiful car!

Griffin: Yeah, no.

Justin: It's got a 3.6 LV6 SIDI with VVT!

Travis: Whoa! Whoaaa!

Griffin: I'm—I don't want to tell tales out of school. And maybe I'll have to cut this out. But I feel like if your big, beautiful Buick Enclave...

Justin: Aw, boy. Even you saying it makes me happy and sad, 'cause get it out your mouth!

Griffin: Yeah. If it drove right at a 2019 Ford Fiesta, and a parking lot, even... you're backing up. You're not looking where you're going. You're gonna crunch one of these like a Bigfoot monster car.

Travis: Yep.

Griffin: So, this thing's a tin can. It won't protect your family like the Buick Enclave. The Buick Enclave will die for you and your family.

Justin: [laughing] The Buick Enclave—I'm talking about 0% APR for 84 months, guys! These deals are wild!

Travis: Get out. That's a steal, Justin! You're basically taking the Buick from the dealership at that point!

Griffin: And Justin, tell me about the curves, and what they do—how they satisfy you. The curves of the body.

Justin: Oh boy, they got—you can get a personalized look. They got enhanced functionality and utility.

Travis: What?!

Griffin: [laughing]

Justin: There's assist steps, if you want to go that route.

Travis: Nooo way.

Griffin: Fuck yeah!

Justin: They got universal tablet holders to rear seat entertainment. All kinds of...

Travis: Get out!

Justin: ... great options to keep the kids occupied. Not that my kids are allowed in it.

Griffin: Right. I don't... I... listen. I don't want to burn myself out talking about the Buick. 'Cause listen, we have a lot of weeks of us talking about the Buick ahead of us.

Justin: They got—listen! You buy accessories for this thing online? You're gonna get free ground shipping. Y'know why?

Travis: Whoa!

Justin: 'Cause everybody at Buick loves driving around in the Buick so much, they take it as a delight. It's a treat to drive to West Virginia to hand-deliver it, 'cause that's more time they get in the Buick!

Griffin: I do say—I will say, I know I just sponsored the idea of moving on, but I will say I love it when you buy a Buick at the Buick dealership, and every time you do, everybody celebrates. Because they know how happy the Buick is gonna make you. 'Cause it makes them so fuckin' happy, too.

Justin: They say—they get—I had a bris, the first time... a traditional bris, the first time that I bought a Buick.

Travis: Interesting.

Justin: And when I came back three weeks later for another Buick? They said, "It's time for another bris."

Travis: Wait, hold on.

Justin: And I said, "I don't know how we're gonna do it twice. That's—I want the Buick, for sure." They said, "Okay, so you do want the Buick. You can't have a Buick without the bris." That's what I have been told.

Griffin: Worth it, though.

Travis: You just kind of dropped a piece of information, Justin. Do you own *two* big, beautiful Buick Enclaves?

Justin: It—two—two in the east wing.

Travis: Oh, okay.

Justin: Yes, there are two... east wing Buicks. Because one was lonely. Okay?

Travis: Oh, yeah, of course.

Justin: And I will—I am buying them a son. [laughing]

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: So there's a third one...

Griffin: A Buick son, yeah.

Justin: That—yes. It is their adopted son. They, sadly, cannot reproduce independently. I have to buy a new Buick to suit their needs.

Griffin: So I guess just like, I'm fucking disappointed in you for saying you didn't own a Buick. Like, how could you even joke about shit like that?

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: Yeah, there's nothin' funny about Buicks, as we've proven. I just, uhh... I just love this big, big car. So this is an advice show. Uh, and we help people, and here's our first question.

"Brothers, I am 25 years old. I have a college degree, and I have never eaten a pickle. I haven't been actively avoiding pickles. I've just never gotten the urge to chow down on one of those tiny, crunchy guys. At this point, I want my first pickle experience to be something special."

Griffin: Aww.

Justin: "How should I spend it to make my first real pickle eating experience something to remember? Keep in mind, I'm allergic to peanuts, tree nuts, gluten, milk, and bees."

Griffin: I mean, the good news, Jimbles...

Justin: That's from Jimbles.

Griffin: The good news is that none of those things are traditional pickle components. Oh wait... they say bees.

Travis: Yep.

Griffin: Never mind. Shit!

Travis: Now—

Justin: I'm glad they got out ahead of those allergies, 'cause my first suggestion was obviously gonna be a milk-dipped pickle.

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: 'Cause that is...

Griffin: [laughing]

Travis: Covered in nuts!

Justin: Cover it. Cover it in nuts.

Travis: Now, here's—here's—this is a good—okay. 25, right? 25 years of

built-up pickle energy.

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: You don't want to just like... pop open the like, jar, sit down at your coffee table by yourself, crunch into a Vlasic, and then just like... I don't know, doin' nothin', right? Like—

Griffin: It could kill you. It could kill you. It could actually kill you if you do that.

Travis: Well, yes. But I'm saying like, is that really what you've been waiting 25 years to do? Or is it like, we've built—this moment is 25 years in the making.

Griffin: Yeah, sure.

Justin: Yeah.

Travis: How are we going to make sure that you set it apart? Because listen, after this, when you have your second pickle, that could be nothing. Right? Your second pickle could be like, "Oh, it was on the burger and I didn't even notice." But your first pickle? That's special.

Justin: Can we—I want to raise a red flag on this one, just to sort of get it out there... you're allergic to peanuts, tree nuts, gluten, milk, and bees. Are you real, real sure you aren't allergic to pickles?

Travis: Yeah!

Justin: How confident are you that you're not allergic to also pickles?

Travis: See, I was gonna say that you might not like them. But your point is way better. [laughs]

Justin: Yeah, you won't like them. They're foul. But...

Travis: Whoaaa!

Justin: Sorryyy.

Travis: Last episode, we talked a lot of mad shit about vegetables. And I was willing to let that slide. But pickles are great. Now, not... ooh, not whatever those sweet pieces of shit are. But a nice dill? A nice, crunchy dill? Ooh. That's heaven, my friends.

Griffin: I think one thing you could do...

Justin: Griffin, settle it. Make a ruling that we all have to abide by.

Griffin: About whether or not pickles are good?

Justin: Yeah.

Griffin: I like a little pickle. Like, when I get served like, a whole fucking pickle spear with my sandwich, I'm like, "This is wasteful. I just want like, a bite of pickle as an amuse-bouche."

Justin: Okay, okay. Stop the show. Stop the show. I need to talk about this.

Travis: Oh, I stopped my recording.

Justin: Isn't it weird, as you get to be an adult... you learn about this secret class of food. [laughing] And it is between foods that you like to eat, and foods that you don't like to eat. Right? There is this weird subclass where it's like, I can eat... a bit of this food. But too much of this food, and I don't like it anymore.

Griffin: Right.

Justin: That's wild! But I get it, right? Like, uh, I feel that way—y'know the one I feel that way about? Mayonnaise. If there's a thin kiss of mayonnaise, I do enjoy a little bit of the—

Griffin: Right. I go crazy for it, yeah.

Justin: The wet—[laughing] You go crazy for it! But if somebody just slops it on there, it starts to make me wonder like, maybe I *don't* like mayonnaise. Because it's very present and very assertive in this sandwich.

Travis: That is one of the hardest things about getting my toddler to eat, is she's like, "Oh, I don't think I like this." And I'm like, "Oh." What I want to say is like, "That's fair." [laughing] Like, okay, yeah. Sure. You're a human being with thoughts and feelings all your own, and it's uh... it's okay if you don't, say, enjoy... I don't know, celery. That's fine.

Justin: It is weird. It's weird. I feel—I always feel compelled to give my kid a pass on like... Charlie wouldn't eat cooked carrots a few nights ago. And she was like, "Do I have to eat these?" And I was like, "Absolutely not. They're foul."

Griffin: They're gross.

Justin: They're so dis—they're so gross and sweet and mushy!

Travis: I like a cooked carrot!

Justin: I don't care, Travis! You're not her father, if I have to tell you

weekly!

Travis: I know.

Justin: I don't care how you feel about cooked carrots!

Travis: I'm just sayin'.

Griffin: Um, I wanna pitch this. And this is actually—this is a pretty good blanket solution to a lot of, um... I don't like food. I don't like X food or drink questions that we get. And it's—

Justin: Not that this is one of those, but go on. [laughs]

Griffin: It's kind of one of those. They don't—they're pretty sure they don't like them, or else they would've eaten them at this point. They're afraid of pickles. So like, let's start there and move on.

Uh, you get a big jar of pickles, and just that, and you go out bouldering in the lovely, picturesque canyons of Utah state. And then, you have a accident and fall in a ravine and get your arm trapped by a very heavy rock that you can't move or free yourself from the situation.

And you're gonna spend some time there. I'm going to say... slightly more than 120 hours, and...

Justin: Okay.

Griffin: And what's that in your pack? It is the big jar of pickles. And after a while, like, you are gon—you and that jar of pickles are going to be fucking road dogs. Do you think if Aron Ralston had a big jar of pickles, and didn't like pickles, and was trapped in that fateful canyon, he would be like, "Aw, but I don't like these pickles," and he would smash them to the ground? Probably not. He would probably get the nutrients and like 'em.

Travis: So wait, Griffin. What you're saying is... [laughs] You cannot say you don't like a food if you would eat it rather than starve to death?

Griffin: Um... no. I'm not—I'm not putting labels on it. I'm saying, this is a good way—and then, you get saved by the park ranger, or uh, you... you do remove your arm with like, a credit card or whatever the fuck. Um, and then you will be so grateful to pickles. Pickles will now be your favorite food. Five years from now, you get a email like, "Hey, I can't stop eating pickles. They saved my life in the picturesque canyons of Utah state."

Travis: That would also be—

Griffin: By the way, did you guys—did you guys know if you Google 120-something hours to figure out the name of the movie, you also—you will find out it's 127 hours, and you will see the top Google question, which is, "Is Aron Ralston's arm still there?"

Travis: [laughs]

Griffin: Which is so cool. I love that. I love the idea of park rangers, like... one of 'em—like, just like, two of them standing under a ravine, looking up at this arm, just like, "Ah, fuck, I don't know. Take your hat off. Can I throw your hat up at it? Nope, that didn't work. Shit!"

Travis: [laughing]

Justin: I... do you think, at hour 126, he started to get sentimental?

Griffin: Like, "I'm gonna miss this."

Justin: This hasn't been fun through a lot of it, but...

Griffin: [laughing]

Justin: I can't believe I've only got one hour left of this.

Griffin: [laughing] 'Cause he knew. He knew. He got trapped in there, and within seconds, he was like, "In 127 hours..."

Travis: [laughing] The timer starts now!

Griffin: "I'm cuttin' my way outta here."

Justin: I want—

Travis: And y'know, if he had made it to 128, he would've won that

boulder.

Justin: I want to dig into, "I haven't been actively avoiding pickles, I've just never gotten the urge to chow down on one of these tiny, crunchy guys." I feel like pickles, more than... I mean, literally any food... pickles are the food that are like, I open something, getting ready to enjoy it, and a pickle is like... "I'm here too. Hello."

Travis: Oh yeah.

Griffin: [laughing]

Justin: [in a French accent] "I've already, uhh... I've already got your sandwich a little pre-moistened. Come on in! The water is fine!" Like, the pickle is... I cannot tell you—there are so few foods... [laughing] That... I can't think of, actually, any others. Where like, you get a food, and it's coming to you, and then you open it, and then a pickle is like, [in a French accent] "I have—I have also joined! I have come along for the adventure of a lifetime!"

Travis: It is, like every restaurant, when they were opening, like, every accidentally ordered some pickles. That's what I always think when someone like, brings you your sandwich and chips... and a pickle. It's like, "Okay, but this wasn't listed in the menu. It wasn't like, it comes with a random pickle."

Justin: [in a French accent] "I see your—the plate has chips. You would not want to forget me! I'd love to ensoggen some of those beauties!" There's

just—there's just no way that you haven't had a pickle confronting you, where you're just like, "I don't know what to do with this. This weird salty garnish."

Travis: It is possible, you don't know what a pickle is? And you've eaten a pickle on a sandwich, but you didn't know—you were just like, "That's just wet cucumber. I'll have that salty cucumber, yes please!"

Griffin: Maybe they watched that funny Rick and Morty episode, and they think that the pickle has to be able to walk and talk and have a face and be funny. And say really irreverent shit.

Travis: Isn't it weird that he's not called Rickle?

Griffin: That's funny too, Trav. Fuck.

Travis: Yeah, I know, right? Get that portmanteau.

Griffin: What a generous concept, Pickle Rick. Can I do a Yahoo?

Justin: Yeah. I just do want to say, there's no fuckin' chance that Pickle Rick is not in the new Tony Hawk remake. Just, 100%, right there, right now.

Travis: Like a playable—

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: Definitely happening.

Travis: You think playable character, or...

Griffin: Oh, for sure, for sure, for sure.

Justin: Oh, yeah yeah yeah.

Travis: Or like, an NPC you get a quest from, or... I've never played Tony Hawk.

Justin: For sure for sure for sure. Pickle Rick, Baby Yoda, um... I don't know who else. Maybe Jessica.

Griffin: Jared—fuckin' Jared Kushner.

Justin: [laughing] Jared Kushner's in there. He's playable.

Travis: And he's smokin' weed, and that's like, the thing, y'know? 'Cause kush.

Justin: Bad at all the tricks.

Griffin: Fuckin' Billy Crystal.

Travis: And he's doin' crystal meth.

Griffin: Um... Graham Robuck sent this one in. Thank you, Graham. It's Yahoo Answers user Savannah, who asks... and this is a good question. "How do surgeons remember each step during surgery?"

Travis: Thank you.

Griffin: "How do they remember each step when they perform a surgery?" Updated one day ago. "But sometimes your brain can forget things, and you can't always remember everything." Really walkin' us through the concept of the question there. Takin' our hand. I appreciate that.

Travis: In the last two weeks, I have baked six loaves of sourdough.

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: And each time, I have had to check the steps of the recipe.

Griffin: Fuckin' samesies with literally everything I cook. I've cooked, uh, curry out of a box, probably... close to a hundred times at this point in my life. Every time still, though, I get out that box like, "How much water you put in it?" I should—I know it, but I'm so afraid to ruin dinner. And this is like... ruining... a pancreas or something! Like, a human pancreas!

Justin: Now, Trav, you said you've baked six loaves of bread, and you still have to look at the recipe.

Travis: Correct.

Justin: If a surgeon told me, "This is the sixth one of these I've done, I don't need to look at anything," that wouldn't fill me...

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: Six is not like, a lot, if you think about it.

Travis: Okay, but Justin, counterpoint – if you go in and like, before you go in, the surgeon is like, "I do need to set up a little, like, music stand here with some step by steps on it," I don't think you'd be like, "Cool, cool. Let's do this, doc."

Griffin: Yeah, man. Awesome. Cool.

Justin: That's why they have the fuckin' ear piece in.

Travis: What?

Griffin: What?

Justin: You never noticed that? They got a ear piece. Every surgeon has. And then they got a—there's a boss surgeon, telling them the different things they have to do. And, occasionally, ribbled jokes.

Griffin: [laughing]

Travis: Oh my god.

Justin: When the mood is dour.

Travis: Here's the problem – Justin's married to a doctor. I have no idea if

this is true or not!

Griffin: No idea. Alright, Dr. Bibbin, it's me, your favorite supporter. I—

Justin: [laughs] Dr. Pippin?

Griffin: Dr. Bibbin, and I'm here on support, and this time, I thought I would deliver the steps to you in the form of a very fun rap that I have written.

Justin: [laughing]

Griffin: So, it goes a little something like this. Tracheotomy, not a lobotomy. Cut that throat and cross the mote. That's what I call... the river of blood. [laughing]

Travis: [laughing]

Griffin: If you've made a river of blood, clean it up. Get it out. They've died.

Travis: [laughs] Oh! I skipped a step.

Griffin: [laughs] Oh no.

Travis: There has to be a moment, right? If—even if it's like, your 300th time performing that surgery, that maybe you're like... it's like after you've driven a route a lot of times, where like, suddenly, you're just home, and you're like, "I—huh."

Justin: Absolutely not. I hope to fuck you're wrong. I hope to fuck you're wrong.

Griffin: [laughing]

Justin: I know what you're saying, Travis, and like, point taken. But I absofuckin'-lutely hope you are 100% incorrect.

Travis: I guarantee that there's—

Justin: The last thing I need is the dude's like, "Hey, I know this gall bladder's givin' you problems, but I'm puttin' this bitch on cruise control!"

Griffin: [laughing]

Travis: That's the thing, right? There has to come a point where like, it's an hour later, and they're like, "I did that one thing, right? Yeah. Yeah. No, I did. Yeah. I definitely did."

Griffin: I just—it's a terrible picture you've painted, Travis. If I was a doctor—if I have to drill a hole in my house, in the wall of a house to like, put in a drywall anchor or something like that... I check my shit... a hundred—like, I will have marked it with a pencil, and have the drill bit up against it, and stop and be like, "Let me just do the stud finder. Let me just check this again. Let me check this again."

'Cause once I put this hole in my wall, that is going to be a hard thing to undo. I'm imagining me with scalpel on somebody's like, arm or whatever, just like, "And it is this arm, right? They wanted it on arm? There's something bad with arm? Okayyy..."

Travis: That is—imagine waking up. Like, you were put under for a gall bladder surgery, and now you're waking up from the anesthesia, and you're like, "How did it go?" And the doctor's like, "Y'know, I didn't do it. I think I just need a little more time to get ready to just get in the right headspace. We're gonna do it tomorrow."

Justin: "I fuckin' chickened out. I'm sorry."

Travis: [laughs]

Justin: "I got in there, and everything was so wet and red."

Travis: "Yeah, it was gross."

Justin: "I just bailed. I'm sorry."

Griffin: "I had a tutorial up on the YouTube, but our internet's being so weird today."

Travis: [laughing] "It was really laggy, and I was so wor—and then I got a popup for like, how to make the best pesto, and I was like, 'I *do* want to find out about pesto,' and one thing led to another, and I went down a deep rabbit hole, and now you're awake. Oh! Let me sit you up. Sorry sorry sorry."

Griffin: "Oh, shit shit shit."

Justin: Now, but they can't get mad at you. It's like... wait, you didn't know how to take out a gall bladder? And it's like, "Well, I sure as fuck knew better than like, you would've done it at home. Like, it's definitely better than that. I did a better job than you would've done."

Travis: It's a thing that like... at some point, you are some surgeon's, let's say, third patient. Not their first, 'cause like, that's scary right there. But they've practiced. They've done this. They had like... every surgeon has to have their first time without training wheels, right?

Griffin: Yeah, sure.

Justin: Sure, I guess.

Travis: But anyways. Trust doctors. That is very important.

Griffin: Trust doctors. It is important. But there has to be a first time, right? Uh, here's a fix for—

Justin: No, but—

Griffin: But we can—

Justin: I want to talk about this.

Griffin: Okay.

Justin: The first time—I think, basically, the way it works is like this. You have a big doctor, and there's a little doctor.

Travis: Uh-huh.

Griffin: Right.

Justin: And at first, the little doctor is like, standing on the big doctor's feet. And the big doctor is holding their hands and doing all the cutting for them, right?

Griffin: Cool, yeah.

Justin: And then they keep doing surgery after surgery, and then, um, then just one time, they like, look behind them, and they realize that the big doctor is now, um, in the bathroom.

Griffin: Now they're the big doctor.

Justin: They slipped away in the night.

Travis: They're dead?!

Justin: You're the doctor now. They were never alive. They were actually a ghost.

Travis: Oh! Whoa!

Griffin: Oh shit!

Justin: In this one. In this one, they were a ghost. But like, that's a basic

idea.

Travis: Holy shit.

Justin: It's basically like a... like the bicycle. Like learning to ride a bike. Like the big doctor is holding your waist, and then you are doing the entire surgery and realize, like, they let go already, and you're just like, still doing it.

Griffin: But if you're not ready, then you just kind of scalpel, just... rrrip! Oh! Whoa! I can't do it!

Travis: And then you fast forward to the big doctor walking the little doctor down the aisle and giving them away at their wedding, and then their first dance, and once again... the little doctor stands on the big doctor's feet, and they dance.

Justin: Oh my god.

Travis: It's—

Griffin: Oh, that's good.

Travis: It's lovely.

Griffin: Let me hit you guys with this solution to this problem that this Yahoo Answers user has pointed out for us. I think doctors probably forget the steps to surgeries all the time and need cue cards or whatever.

Justin: Sure.

Griffin: Um, and I think one way around that is, if each procedure that could be done had just, the one doctor that could do it, and they're the only... they're the only one. So like, if you need your tonsils out, they would call... Dr. Tonsil. Dr. Tonsils. And it's weird that it's a—it's a weird coincidence that that was doctor's name. But she would just roll up and be like, "Hello, I'm Dr. Tonsils! I know I look like Ms. Frizzle, but let's get those bad boys out! I've done this 659,000 times! I have a big sack full of tonsils."

Travis: [laughs]

Griffin: "That I carry around with me." If your heart—if you have a heart attack, it'll be like, "Uh oh, call Dr. Heart Attack!" And he would roll up and be like, "I do a heart—heart attack surgery."

Travis: I think that this is why you have, uh, to be unfunny for a moment... highly trained. Like, nurses and other doctors in the room. So that when you skip maybe steps six and seven, there's somebody goin', "Hey, uh... you're gonna tie that off, right? I mean, you were probably—you were going to. You definitely were going to. I just wanted to say it. You're gonna tie that off, right? Ehh, uhh, benefit of the doubt."

Justin: Listen, we're not doctors. We have to make our money the honest way around here. We can't rely on big podcasters.

Travis: I consider myself a bit of a podcast doctor.

Justin: Okay. That's interesting. Oh, you handed me a business card here. Yep, that's what it says. Podcast doctor. That's a little bizarre.

Travis: For a while, it said Dr. Podcast, but that was misleading.

Griffin: I'm—I'm something of a joke surgeon, aren't I?

Travis: Mm-hmm.

Griffin: I get in there with my precision and my scalpel.

Travis: Justin, anything you'd like to add?

Justin: Yes.

Griffin: Justin, any sort of funny joke?

Justin: Yes, I'd like to say this. Uh, let's go to the Money Zone.

[theme music plays]

Travis: I'm a comedy anesthesiologist, 'cause my jokes put people to sleep.

Griffin: Hey, that's good, Trav.

Travis: I mean, it's not. I wish they didn't. It wasn't something I was

aiming for. [sighs] I want to tell you about Stamps.com...

Justin: Can you get a little bit of enthusiasm for this great—

Travis: I wanna tell ya about Stamps.com!

Justin: This. I need this.

Griffin: No, this is cool. Do the whole thing like this.

Travis: For all our sakes, we need to avoid crowds!

Justin: Who's this.

Travis: This is the guy who loves Stamps.com.

Justin: Come up with a name.

Travis: His name, uh, is—

Griffin: Don't say Dr. Stamps.

Travis: Roger...

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: ... Rabbit.

Griffin: [laughs] Okay.

Travis: No relation. Spelled different. R-A-B-E-T. Rabet. And Roger is

spelled...

Griffin: This ad sucks.

Travis: Okay. [laughs] Okay, listen, we need to avoid crowds. Listen. Listen to me. Listen to me. Are you listening? We need to avoid crowds at all costs. Any way we can right now. But what if you need to go to the post office? What if you need postage to send out a letter and package? Don't worry! Stamps.com is here to help.

I'm smuggling this message out to you so that you know that Stamps.com brings all the services of the US Postal Service right to your own home, office, or anywhere else you are hunkering down right now! Use your computer to print official US postage, 24/7, for any letter, any package, any class of mail, anywhere you want to send! The government doesn't want you to know this, but you can do it with Stamps.com!

Once your mail is ready, you just leave it for your mail carrier, or whoever your runner is. If you have like, carrier pigeons, whatever. Schedule a free package pick up or drop it in a mail box. No human contact required. It's that simple. With Stamps.com, you get great discounts, too. Five cents off every first class stamp, and up to 62% off shipping rates.

Right now, our listeners get a special offer that includes a four week trial, plus free postage and a digital scale without any long-term commitments. Just go to Stamps.com, click on the microphone at the top of the homepage,

and type in 'MyBrother,' all one word. That's Stamps.com, enter 'MyBrother.' Stay safe, my friends.

What'd you guys think?

Griffin: Good. Good, man.

Justin: You got the job.

Griffin: Got me fuckin' hyphy. Uh, I want to tell you about Stitch Fix. It's a box of clothes that will come to your house, and you're gonna work with a, uh, a personal stylist who is real. And you're gonna tell 'em what looks good on you, what kind of shapes you are, uh...

Travis: Hey, Griffin, can I give you just a quick note?

Griffin: Mm-hmm.

Travis: Like, my—okay, for my ad, like, I created kind of like a rich fiction of like, what the situation was. Kind of what my character was. Like, you could picture me, like, in a fox hole.

Griffin: But that's your thing. The reason people like me and what I bring to the show is that, like, my guy like, doesn't give a fuck. And people, like—

Travis: Oh, could you play that up, then?

Griffin: I'm saying there's like, a type of overachiever that really goes for the type of vibe that you're laying down. But then there's a bunch of like, kind of cool, like, slacker, uh, stoner fuckin' skeezy weirdo.

Travis: I think you could slack more, then. Could you give me a little more slack, please?

Griffin: Yeah. Okay, I'll start over. [laughs] Uh... clothes. I get it. But... Stitch Fix is great for this. They... you're gonna tell a website what kind of shapes you are. Ugh. No, it's cool. It's whatever. And then, a personal

stylist... and that sounds sooo, like, grown up. I get it. But it's—trust me. It's cas'. They're gonna set you up nice. Colors, styles, budget. And a \$20 styling fee. But it's credited towards anything you keep.

Anyway, there's no subscription required, which is cool, 'cause we hate subscriptions, don't we? And they have shipping and returns. [pause] So you can get started today—

Justin: [laughs]

Griffin: So you can—but shipping and returns and exchanges are easy and free, like everything should be. Listen, 'cause I'm gonna get real now.

Justin: There he goes.

Griffin: You need to get started today at StitchFix.com/MyBrother.

Justin: Let me hold your shoes!

Griffin: And you will get 25% off when you keep everything in your fix.

Justin: You didn't just say 25% off. Tell me you're fuckin' lying.

Griffin: Nah, I'm not gonna say sike on this one.

Justin: Urgh!

Griffin: Go to StitchFix.com/MyBrother for 25% off when you keep everything in your fix.

Justin: Say sike.

Griffin: Fam, it's just one URL. You got this in you. StitchFix.com/MyBrother.

Oh, we all use it. And that—we all—

Justin: Love it.

Griffin: I might say, we all have personal experience with Stitch Fix.

Travis: I'm wearing Stitch Fix pants right now.

Justin: Wow. And I'm wearing Travis' Stitch Fix pants also.

Travis: What?

Justin: I'm in his pocket.

Travis: Oh—hey!

Justin: Heyyy.

Travis: What's up?

Justin: I'm also wearing your pants.

Travis: Cool!

[music plays]

Jesse: Hey, Max Funsters. It's Jesse Thorn. This week, on my public radio interview show, Bullseye, I'm talking with Tina Fey and Robert Carlock about creating Unbreakable Kimmy Schmidt, 30 Rock, and also just kind of... why they're the best at everything.

Tina: There was a window of time where we would just go to awards things, and pick up our prizes, and party with the people from Mad Men.

Jesse: You can find Bullseye at MaximumFun.org, or wherever you listen to podcasts. Just search for Bullseye with Jesse Thorn.

[music fades]

Justin: [imitates a strange guitar noise]

Travis: Huh?

Justin: [continues imitating a guitar]

Travis: Did that come from my pocket?

Justin: Open your pocket.

Travis: Oh, okay. Oop!

Justin: [continues guitar sounds] I wanna munch!

Travis: Squad!

Griffin: Squad!

Justin: [continues guitar sounds] I want! To! Munch!

Griffin: Squad!

Travis: Squad.

Justin: [continues guitar sounds] Welcome to Munch Squad. It's a podcast

within a podcast.

Travis: Within a pocket.

Justin: Within a pocket. This is, uh, throwback Munch Squad, which is a podcast miniseries within a podcast within a podcast, uh, where we talk about the real latest. Because they are, uh... they're very old. They're very old ads. 'Cause no one is making new food anymore. And the ones that are, are depressing and not funny anymore. They used to be funny.

Fast food chains... kids don't remember. But fast food chains used to do silly things, and now they just do boring things. Like, if I go to one of my old sources, here's one of the headers. "Bruster's real ice cream adds sweet and salty treats to menus." Right? That seems fine.

Very first sentence of this press release is, "With the effects of coronavirus (COVID-19) still top of mind, creating new routines and traditions can be restorative." Hey, are you just selling ice cream, or... 'cause I think you need to calm down. I'm trying to have fun over here with the Munch Squad.

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: So we are gonna head on back, get in the way back machine, April 16th, 2001. This is from Oliver, and I very much appreciate it. "Arby's has appetite for adults."

Griffin: Oh!

Travis: [laughs]

Griffin: [laughs] Alright!

Travis: Oh no!

Justin: This one—this is maybe the sexist Munch Squad we've ever done, so... hang in there with me. "With its adult positioning now established, Arby's is testing an advertising approach designed for... mature audiences."

Griffin: [snorts]

Justin: "The quick service chain is once again tapping the star power of R&B crooner, Barry White."

Travis: [gasps]

Justin: "Only this time, as a new character that the company refers to as Appetite Man."

Travis: [snorts]

Griffin: Shit, yeah!

Justin: "Aimed at touting the crave appeal of the chain's menu, Arby's created—" See, these days we say 'cravability.' That's how far we've come in these 19 years. "Arby's created a character it thought would represent how 'passionate, seductive, and discriminating' a person's appetite might be."

I know what you're saying. Is this the same person that's driving into Arby's? And the answer is yes, it is. "The Appetite urges you to act on your real desires, and not settle for ordinary fast food, because your appetite wants the best."

They don't finish the sentence, but I'm assuming it ends with 'thing that is available at Arby's.' The best thing that they have on the menu of Arby's.

"So what better personification of what the company refers to as, quote, passion, love, and seduction than Mr. White? The singer was also a natural choice, since the company already had good results using him in its '99 campaign."

This is fucking so wild, that someone's like, three years after the fact, like, "Can we try Barry White again? And this time, we'll call him Appetite Man?" And that person got promoted.

Travis: [laughs]

Griffin: [laughs] So, is the idea that you watch it, and his singing... makes you horny? But because you're watching an Arby's commercial, it's kind of a coin flip of whether you will feel like wanting to have sex with a human being, or wanting to go eat a beef and cheddar max?

Travis: Or both!

Justin: Actually, in this specific situation, I have, uh... the only—they describe what the ads they're making for test markets are, right?

Griffin: Okay.

Justin: And these are... there's only one actual ad that they made with Appetite Man that I could actually find.

Travis: Uh-huh.

Justin: So we're gonna take 30 seconds to listen to that, and then I'm gonna describe the other wild ones that they had in store. So here's this, first.

[Arby's ad plays]

Barry White: This is your appetite talking. And this is a tasty alert. You're not gonna believe this, baby.

Speaker 1: Right now, five Arby's roast beefs are just \$5.95!

Barry White: All that slow roasted beef. So tender. So juicy. And those sauces. That's what you want, baby.

Speaker 1: Get five Arby's regular roast beef sandwiches for just \$5.95, but not for long.

Barry White: If you want the tasty, you gotta be hasty. Give into your grown up tastes.

Griffin: That's cool. I think that it is nice to know that, for under six dollars, I could, potentially, permanently halt my entire gastrointestinal process for the rest of my life. Five Arby's—five of those bad boys...

Justin: Five is...

Griffin: ... and you're done.

Justin: Hey, Barry? Five is so many.

Griffin: It's—oh my gosh, it's a lot.

Justin: And there is no point in that commercial where he's like, "And share them with a friend." Like, it's just for me, I think, to eat these five sandwiches.

Griffin: If I put five of them in me, the organs inside me that make the poop happen would look at each other like, "That's—that's it. That's it."

Justin: "In the commercials, the soul singer invades people's lives with the Pavlovian timing to personify their hunger pangs. First, as a voice; then, appearing in miniature in the amazed person's stomach." This is so fucking unfair that I don't have the—it's so—

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: Quote, "There's a little Barry in all of us," says Scott Lippett, exec VP group account director on Arby's. "In one spot, a man is driving his wife, obviously in labor, to the hospital."

Travis: Huh.

Justin: "Suddenly, he hears Mr. White say, 'Hey, baby. We're in the mood for something tasty."

Travis: Huh?

Justin: "The expectant father looks down at his stomach and sees Mr. White, who says, 'This is your appetite, baby. You gotta give into love."

Travis: Huh.

Justin: "The dad to be now asks, 'But do we have time?' The Appetite Man has the answer. Drive-through. The spot closes with the wife driving while the husband eats."

Travis: Wow!

Griffin: That's funny.

Travis: Oh, wow!

Justin: Do you know how wild it is that, in this spot, there is a man whose wife is in the passenger's seat with a small baby in her stomach, and then, this man discovers that a small Barry White lives in his stomach?

Griffin: He's grown up.

Travis: How is that—how is that played out?

Griffin: He's grown up.

Travis: Do you think, when he looks, the face... like, is it just CGI'd in? Or, is it like, Barry White's face *is* the stomach?

Griffin: It's practical...

Justin: It's Barry White. I bet it's Barry White in a diaper. Just like, a big baby Barry White.

Travis: Ooh!

Justin: A second effort takes a direct shot at McDonald's.

Travis: Ooooh.

Justin: Where Mr. White asks... which is very good. Mr. White asks, "Hey, baby. Why you eatin' that clown food?"

Travis: Oh, wow!

Griffin: Oh yeah!

Justin: Get 'em.

Travis: Sick burn, dawg!

Justin: So, uh, Appetite Man is—is a campaign that... I'm guessing they just chickened out on, 'cause everything's on YouTube, and this is not. So, uh... that seems unfair to me, personally. So I don't think they ever actually went through with it.

Griffin: Will you read the first line of the presser again?

Justin: Sure, bud. I'm happy to. "With its adult positioning now established..."

Griffin: By what? Like, what—what the fuck did they do? Did they establish their adult positioning with the headline of this press release, or were they doing—were they like, sexin' it up a little bit?

Justin: Oh, actually, let's drill down on this for a second. [laughs]

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: "With its adult positioning now established, Arby's is testing an advertising approach designed for mature audiences." So, what... what is happening? Are you saying that adults love it so much that we're just gonna make... sexy ads for adults now? Is that the way it works?

Travis: If I may take it one step further, and go before the comment... was there a time where people were like, "Arby's? That's only for kids."

Justin: That's kid—that's a three-quarter pound pile of meat. That's just for

kids.

Travis: Arby's is for kids.

Justin: That's kid stuff!

Griffin: [laughing]

Travis: What kind of grown adult would eat Arby's? [laughing]

Griffin: Us—us grownups like thick slices of beef.

Justin: [laughing]

Griffin: These tissue paper thin—

Travis: Shaved beef? Give me a slab! What are you talking about?

Griffin: No thanks! I want a fast food restaurant that sells cigarettes!

Justin: My five-year-old nephew Gorphus loves Jamocha shakes!

Travis: Those curly fries? Too whimsical!

Justin: They put 'em around their fingers! That's why they make 'em curly,

so fucking kids can do that!

Travis: Gross.

Justin: I want adult food for a man!

Travis: Give me some horny food! [laughing]

Justin: I have horny adult food cravings, and Arby's, with its thin slices of

meat, can't satisfy it.

Travis: I have a dark passenger that craves them meaty slabs that I can really bite into!

Justin: Fuckin' mozz sticks? They might as well be pacifiers for babies. 'Cause I'm an adult, and I don't eat that kind of shit.

Travis: Now, what's this? Barry White likes it? Hmmm...

Justin: Well, hold on, now. Now, hold on. If my favorite singer... [laughs] If my favorite singer in 2001, Barry White, likes Arby's, maybe... he wouldn't throw in with some fuckin' kid food.

Travis: No!

Justin: This is food for grown adults!

Griffin: I trust him. He knows sex.

Travis: This is a passion project by Mr. White... emphasis on the passion!

Justin: [as Barry White] "There are lots of places to fuck this sandwich. Look at it."

Travis: [laughs]

Justin: "Put it anywhere."

Griffin: Um, I would—

Travis: Barry, please stick to the copy, Barry.

Justin: "Listen, when you stack up this many slices of deli—" [laughs] "Delicious roast beef, the odds are, somewhere on it, it will look like genitalia."

Travis: Alright, Barry, if you could just read... it's—the guy is driving his wife to—

Justin: "I got one of them sesame seeds from the buns right in my pee hole. If that's not sexy... "

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: "... Baby, I don't know what is..."

Griffin: "Slather that up in horsey sauce and—oh, no, the tanginess of the sauce does not feel good."

Travis: No, Mr. White, please, it just says... drive-through baby.

Justin: "Let me rub your feet in au jus."

Travis: Oh. Oh. Okay, now you're actually doing that to me? Um...

Griffin: [laughing]

Justin: "Aww yeah, baby. Sexual. Arby's."

Travis: Mr. White, I am... very comfortable.

Justin: "Sexy Arby's food." Um, Arby's is still for adults and kids alike, and I really appreciate them sponsoring this episode. It's a co-branded episode between them and Buick. We only had one spot on the calendar.

Travis: No, we couldn't get Buick.

Justin: Couldn't get Buick.

Travis: We got Ford.

Griffin: I would... fuckin'... put a stick of dynamite in my car and blow it up and never have it again to eat one beef and cheddar right now.

Justin: [laughing]

Griffin: I'm confronting an enormous picture of one right now.

Justin: [laughing] "I have a cheap Kill Bill replica sword my friend got me at an anime convention a few years ago, but due to neglect / terrible craftsmanship, it has started to fall apart. It's not sharp, but it is a real sword. Are swords recyclable? Is there something better I can do with it?" That's from Katana Katie. Woof!

Griffin: Um...

Travis: What kind of maintenance is one supposed to be doing to the Kill Bill sword that their friend got them? 'Cause I have—

Justin: Sword oil.

Travis: I have not been doing that.

Griffin: Um...

Justin: That's one thing you learn about being an adult, is that, almost everything that you take—like, any time you start Googling about how to, almost every adult thing requires some sort of regular oil and lubrication that nobody's doing.

Griffin: Yeah. Um, there's a really narrow window in your life... where... having a sword—being allowed to have a sword and wanting to have a sword are... happening at the same time.

Travis: Mm-hmm.

Justin: True.

Griffin: Because when you're young, of course we all wanted swords. I would ask—we would go to anime conventions, uh, by which I mean almost exclusively Mid-Ohio Con every year with our dad, and I would say, "Father, father, will you buy me one of these big, cool swords?" And most of the time, the answer was no, until I was old enough to get a sword. And he got me a replica buster sword from Final Fantasy, which was unwieldy and difficult to use. But then, I did get high once and chop a watermelon with it and forget to clean it.

Travis: [laughs] I forgot about that!

Griffin: It got sticky and rusty and bad. But then, also, I didn't want swords anymore. So I threw that in the garbage can. Like, I threw it in a dumpster. The answer is, the only way to throw away a sword is a dumpster. Illegally dumping a sword right in there.

Travis: I would worry that, if that happened, someone might find it and use it in a murder...

Griffin: Oh.

Travis: And there's my prints all over it.

Justin: All over it. And your watermelon.

Travis: And my wa—I would say you would have to melt it in some kind of ceremonial fire.

Griffin: That's cool.

Travis: And then, maybe forge a new sword for your children... so that they can carry on your, y'know, wandering warrior ways.

Griffin: I know people are probably wondering, was it the coolest fucking thing you've ever seen when you cut a water melon all up with a buster sword? And the answer is, yes. It's unimaginable. We did it indoors, in a

kitchen. It was so fuckin' rad and the best thing I'll ever do in my whole life, and it's bad to have peaked at like, 20.

Travis: Is it advisable, Griffin? Like, if someone, right now, is eyeballing that watermelon they got from the store and their buster sword replica, would you recommend that they do it?

Griffin: This was my... I want to say sophomore year of college, which means, I was terribly high. There was no part of this that was good.

Travis: [laughing]

Griffin: You hear me—you hear me say, I cut up a watermelon in a biiig omnislash in our kitchen with a replica very, very heavy buster sword, and you think, "Well, that's only the kind of thing that a very high person would do." And then you think, "Uh oh. But they shouldn't be."

Travis: How many people were around you, Griffin?

Griffin: Everyone was around me. I knew it was a one-time thing.

Travis: [laughs] Everyone was around you. Okay.

Griffin: Yeah. They were supporting me. They all had a hand on me as I did it, channeling their energy into me.

Travis: [laughing]

Griffin: Melt it down is a good one, and you can turn it into something, like, weak. And then, you're fine with—about the murder part of things.

Travis: That's fair.

Justin: Just take it to Goodwill and be like, "Y'all want a sword?"

Griffin: They probably will say yes.

Justin: "Fuck yeah. Yeah, we'll take it. Take a sword." Just have a garage sale. [snorts] And it's just a folding table with one sword on it.

Griffin: [laughs]

Travis: When someone goes to buy it, be like, "Oh, I can't. I can't just *sell* this to you."

Justin: That, I can't sell... yeah.

Travis: "You have to prove yourself worthy." [laughs]

Justin: Let me get the owner.

Griffin: So, uh—and by the way, they're yelling this at you from six feet away. "So you just sort of... arranged this so people could come and look at your sword?"

Travis: "Well, prove you're worthy!"

Justin: I'm charging admission, by the way. You owe me \$15.

Griffin: No, the stuff for sale is in the garage, but you gotta get past me, first.

Travis: [laughs]

Griffin: Go get your swo—go home and get *your* sword. We'll cross blades.

Travis: Oh, shit. Is yours a real Hatori Hanzo? Fuck.

Griffin: Yeah, it is. And I got some cool VHSs in there that are goin' for a fuckin' song, man. But you do have to duel me right here. From six feet away. Which is gonna be tough, man.

Travis: One v one me, bro.

Justin: Go outside. Go outside of your yard. Get a big fake rock.

Travis: Okay.

Justin: Jam the sword down into the big fake rock.

Travis: Now, are you just assuming that, in my yard, there are big, fake

rocks?

Griffin: Yeah, Travis.

Justin: No, you buy a big, fake rock.

Travis: Oh, okay.

Justin: Why would there be—if it's in your yard, it's a real rock.

Travis: Yes, that's what I was going to say.

Justin: A big, fake rock. You jam a sword into the big, fake rock. You wait for people to pass by. They see a sword in a big, fake rock. Of course. Just human nature. You have to try to see if you're the one.

Travis: Yeah!

Justin: So they go to remove the blade from the rock, and guess what they've discovered? Just a moment too late? Oh no... just at the wrong moment. One second too late. You've fallen in my trap, and you've touched the jelly I put all over the sword handle!

Griffin: [laughs] Oh my god.

Justin: Oh shit! Now you're like... "What do you have on your hands?"

"Uh, excuse me, I'm gonna sue you. I have jelly all over my hands."

"Why do you have jelly on your hands?"

"'Cause I tried to take the sword out of the stone."

"Well that's fuckin' idiotic! You're the idiot!"

Griffin: [laughing] That's—

Justin: "You got jelly on your hands, you wear that, and you own it! You stupid idiot!"

Travis: "That's my sword! It's in my yard!"

Justin: "It's my sword! You don't have the right to take a sword that's mine, on my property!"

Travis: "Would you just walk up and try to take my birdbath to see if you're the one? No!"

Justin: "I bought this house to try to give myself time to get strong enough to pull the sword out of the stone. And you think you're just gonna walk up here and take it? That's why you have jelly. That's why there's little bees all over you right now, that are swimming around your hands, waiting for a moment to strike."

Travis: "Now, do you want that sword?"

Justin: "Because you're delicious with jelly."

Travis: "'Cause I will sell it to you." [laughs]

Justin: "Now you've bought it, and your prints are all over it."

Griffin: "No, y'know what? I'll say this. Go ahead and try again. And if you can pull it out, you're wel—you got jellied again! And you fell for it! You just said!!"

Justin: "You knew there was jelly on there! You knew there was jelly."

Thank you so much for listening to our podcast, My Brother, My Brother, and Me. We hope you have enjoyed yourself here. We certainly had fun chatting with you. Um, if you are so inclined, uh, you can head on over to McElroyMerch.com. We've got a t-shirt with our new art on it. T-shirt with our old art on it to protest our new art. We have some fun summer magnets.

Travis: Mmm!

Justin: And there's still... let me just check... a few left of our tenth anniversary commemorative plate. So you do want to get... get... ah, I can't even...

Griffin: It's tough to even do a thing. Yeah.

Justin: It is there. I'll just say it's there. I'll just say it's there.

Travis: Uh, also want to say, if you go to... this is just a little secret between friends, between you and me. If you go to TheAdventureZoneComic.com, you can preorder The Adventure Zone graphic novel book three, Petals to the Metal. It is – and I'm not just saying this – our best one yet. It is absolutely gorgeous and good and you will like it, and it is coming out in July, so don't wait. Preorder it now. TheAdventureZoneComic.com.

Griffin: Uh, thanks to John Roderick and the Long Winters for the use of our theme song, (It's a) Departure, off the album Putting the Days to Bed. Great tunes, man. Crank 'em up over the, uh, cooler that you have by yourself. At... outside in a safe place.

And thanks to Maximum Fun for having us on the network. Go to MaximumFun.org, check out all the great shows there, including The Outer

Reach, a new narrative podcast. A short engagement. Limited engagement. Uh, that's—that's really, really slick, and um... yeah.

Y'all want that final?

Travis: Yes, please.

Griffin: Okay. It was sent in by Nicole. Thank you, Nicole. It's from Yahoo Answers user Crabby, who asks... "What is the next big Ring Pop flavor?"

Travis: [laughs]

Justin: [laughs] My name is Justin McElroy.

Travis: I'm Travis McElroy.

Griffin: I'm Griffin McElroy.

Justin: This has been My Brother, My Brother, and Me. Kiss your dad

square on the lips.

[theme music plays]

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