

MBMBaM 536: Ratashootie

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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, "(It's a) Departure" by The Long Winters, plays]

Justin: Hello, everybody, and welcome to *My Brother, My Brother and Me*, an advice show for the modern—

Travis: [singing] Ba-dump-ba-dump-a-dump-a, I don't want a lot this Christmas.

Justin: Come on.

Travis: There is just one thing I need.

Justin: I—will you just—

Travis: I don't need a lot of presents...

Griffin: [singing a single note]

Justin: [sings suspended single note]

Travis: ... underneath the Christmas tree. There [unintelligible mumbling], I know.

Griffin: Ba-bum.

Travis: [unintelligible singing].

Griffin and Travis: [poorly singing] Make my wish come true!

Justin: [singing] Boom-boom-boom-boo.

Griffin: All I want for Kringle...

Justin: All I want for Christmas is you.

[dripping noise]

Griffin: [normally] Wow, that's fucking moist, Juice!

Justin: [laughs]

Griffin: Damn, I've heard other people make that noise before. I've never heard anybody put that much *wet* on the mix.

Justin: [laughs]

Griffin: Damn.

Justin: [normally] Hey, listen, if you're doing a water drop sound effect, the least you could do is get it...

Griffin: Gotta moisten it.

Justin: ... get it moist.

Travis: [normally] That sounded like a bucket dropped from a great height of water, Justin.

Griffin: It was very—

Justin: Let me get one—let me get one isolated, in case people need a text message noise.

Griffin: Sure. Yeah, yeah.

[single drip noise]

Travis: Damn!

Griffin: Yep.

Travis: Fuck! That's a fucking deep cave, dawg!

Griffin: Yeah, that's a deep, deep cave. Your mouth is the fucking Cave of Secrets from *Aladdin*, champ.

Justin: Yeah, it's the deep cave where all my family's money comes from.

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: It's a deep cave that puts food on my children's backs.

Griffin: Yeah, full of treasure, just like the Cave of Secrets from *Aladdin*.

Trav, did you have somewhere you wanted to go with that?

Travis: Yeah! We're ramping it up. It's starting.

Griffin: Oh, we on our Christmas creep.

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: Okay.

Travis: I'm starting it today.

Griffin: [doubtfully] Today, huh? You couldn't even give us the damn decency of waiting until, you know, Friday morning...

Travis: Nope. Today!

Griffin: Uh-huh.

Justin: He's laying on—so the Christmas season starts November 9th, uh, the day after Travis and mine's birthday. [laughs]

Travis: Correct.

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: `Cause we don't wanna—don't wanna obscure the big—the big holiday.

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: But that's—that's—Justin, I would say November 9th to November 23rd, [rising to silly voice] that was but preamble!

Griffin: Oh, here he goes on that voice again. Do we—

Travis: Today begins...

Griffin: We need a fucking—a quarter—

Travis: [silly voice] ... the Christmas creep.

Griffin: A swear jar for weird, Dickensian sort of fancy lad Travis.

Travis: Start soaking your puddings!

Griffin: Right.

Travis: Wrap your trinkets in tinsel and shiny—

Justin: Is there a—

Griffin: Is it the Riddlemaster that has sort of take—is Travis [crosstalk]—

Travis: I'm his brother!

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: Ebenezer Christmas!

Griffin: Ebenezer Christmas, like from the great book, *Ebenezer Christmas' Wonderful Journey*.

Travis: No, he's my cousin.

Griffin: Right.

Travis: That—his co—Ebenezer Scrooge is my cousin. Ebenezer is our family name.

Griffin: Right. So did you get ghosts, too? Or did he just tell you about his ghosts, and you're like, "Oh, that sounds cool, Eb!"

Travis: I got—I got skeletons.

Griffin: Whoa! You got Christmas skeletons?

Travis: And it was way cooler, dude!

Griffin: Yeah. Did they try to teach you a—

Travis: They fucking ruled.

Griffin: Oh, you—oh, and you cuss!

Travis: Oh, yeah, fuck—fuck, I do!

Griffin: Wowie. Cool.

Travis: Christmas fucking rules!

Griffin: So what do these skeletons have for you, that—

Travis: They taught me how to skateboard.

Griffin: Wow, they sound like pretty cool—what—hey, what year do you occupy?

Travis: I occupy 1993.

Griffin: So... but you're cousins with Ebenezer Scrooge?

Travis: Correct!

Griffin: I'm not sure that that works, bud.

Travis: Distant cousins.

Griffin: Through time?

Travis: Yes!

Justin: It doesn't work, I don't think.

Griffin: Time cousins?

Justin: I'm not sure time cousins...

Griffin: Okay, how many—

Travis: His—his dad married my aunt.

Justin: Okay...

Griffin: And then died 100 years ago.

Travis: Yes.

Griffin: But the aunt stayed alive. Okay, time cousin. Okay, how many skeletons were there? I wanna hear this story.

Travis: There were 16.

Griffin: Wow. How long did that take?

Travis: Took a long time, if I'm being honest. One of them taught me to ollie. One of them taught me to kickflip.

Griffin: So it was all stunts.

Travis: One of them taught me to do that thing where, uh, like, you jump up, and it goes on a rail, and you ride that for a while. I think that one.

Griffin: A grind?

Travis: A grind, yes, a grind. One of the skellingtons taught me to grind. One of the skeleton taught me to do a Christ 360.

Griffin: Wow. So the skellingtons know about—and this proves my theory that the skeletons do know about Christ and his cool works.

Travis: Oh, yes, absolutely.

Griffin: [laughs]

Travis: One of them, uh, came straight from heaven. Was one of those heaven skeletons.

Griffin: Okay. Heaven skeletons?

Justin: The skeletons are like, "You left me behind!"

Travis: Yup. Uh-huh.

Griffin: So these skeletons, do they—was it like—was it like Bob Burnquist was one of them, and Bucky Lasek...

Travis: Yes.

Griffin: ... Andrew Reynolds. Are these the skel—or were they just, like, sort of, um... you know, unnamed punk skeletons?

Travis: One of them was Tony Hawk's old skeleton.

Justin: Mm.

Griffin: Oh, before he got it replaced with—yeah, sure.

Justin: Yeah.

Griffin: Yeah, if mem—if memory serves, he did a skeleton swap with Bam Margera, but Bam's didn't quite fit, and so it was just a bonus—a bonus—bonus bones.

Travis: Bonus bones. Yes, correct.

Griffin: Alright, well, there's probably nowhere else for this story or character to go.

Justin: Yeah.

Travis: Well, then Tony Hawk's old skeleton and I fell in love.

Griffin: Okay.

Justin: Oh! Okay, now I'm back in.

Travis: Mm-hm.

Justin: I was losing interest, but now I'm very much in.

Travis: We dated for three years, then we moved in together, but that only lasted nine months. Before we decided we'd be better off as friends...

Griffin: 'Kay. But it was amicable?

Travis: ... and occasional lovers.

Justin: Okay, yeah.

Griffin: Oh, so you still fuck.

Justin: Thank you. [crosstalk].

Travis: We still fuck.

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: But we don't—we don't—live together, we don't cohabitate anymore.

Griffin: Oh, that's fine. It's 2020. Nobody lives together. But do you—explain a little bit...

Travis: No, but we still fuck.

Griffin: ... sort of, like, in detail of what that looks like, if you—if this love—

Travis: That's part of fucking a skeleton, my dude. The options are endless!

Griffin: I guess it's mostly... vacuous space.

Travis: I prefer kneecap.

Justin: [laughs] Okay.

Griffin: Alright.

Justin: [holding back laughter] That's the—actually the one that you can't.

Travis: Mmm, can't I?

Justin: I think you actually picked the only one you can't.

Travis: You don't know what my genitals are like.

Justin: Thank God for that.

Griffin: That's true. You probably got those Old English gen—gennies.

Travis: That's right. The original issue! [laughs]

Griffin: The Old English gennies, those—Juice, those, I don't know if you know, those were a wild... wild scenario.

Anyway, this is our Christmas episode. [laughs]

Travis: Yes!

Griffin: Not our Candenights—not our Candenights episode.

Justin: No.

Griffin: That one's later. This one we're giving straight up to Christmas. Every—every 10 years, we like to break one off for uh, well, Jesus' birthday.

Justin: Yeah. It's a special day.

Travis: Yes, for tiny, tiny Jesus.

Griffin: Yeah, the little one.

Uh, so do we wanna—I feel like I shouldn't be leading the wagon, but I feel like I am, and that's not usually my role, so I'm gonna step on back behind the curtain while Justin...

Justin: "I recently made potato soup... "

Griffin: Alright!

Justin: "... and shared some with my neighbor. I put in—uh, I put it in a large mason jar, and delivered it to her. She ate the soup, and then a few days later called to tell me she put the jar in my mailbox. I was heading to

work, and didn't check the mailbox. And then, long story short, I didn't remember to check the jar until two days later. It wasn't there."

Travis: [laughs]

Justin: "But there was mail." [wheezes]

Griffin: Hmm.

Justin: "Did the mail carrier steal my mason jar?"

Griffin: Yep.

Justin: "And should I leave a note asking for it back?" That's from Post Purloin in Pennsylvania. Ooh!

Griffin: Wow. Okay, so this is—if you lived in Texas, this wouldn't be a thing. Because literally, if I stretch both my arms out and spin in a, like, 360-degree circle, I'm gonna knock six to seven mason jars off of surfaces...

Justin: [laughs]

Griffin: ... in my house. Um... the postal service—

Travis: [normally] Wait, where did they—wait, where did they come from, Griffin?

Griffin: Just from living in Texas. I got some—over here, I'm brewing some sarsaparilla pickles. And over there, these—I mean, these three were for all my morning juices that I—that I drink and secrete.

Travis: Oh!

Griffin: And um, this one over here, I just like. This is my lucky jar, and I try to keep this one on me at all times. And this one here has got a bug trapped under it.

Travis: Well, you can't get rid of that one, or the bug will be free.

Griffin: I wanna step outside the bit real quick, and do a quick derailment. This morning, a big fucking lizard got in my house. Not one of these cute little guys, where you're like, "Oh!" Like, you're walking down the stairs at night, and you're like, "Oh, look at that! It's a little tiny liz—" This was a— this was a fucking size-of-my-hand-ass lizard. It was a big boy.

Justin: A real lizard.

Griffin: A real lizard.

Travis: Yeah. Did it have, like, one of those angry faces, where it's like, "Oh, this is a lizard that kills things"?

Griffin: He didn't seem—oh, no, he wasn't angry, or anything like that. But he did move fast and unpredictably, which is the worst way that a lizard can move when I'm interfacing with it.

Justin: Mm-hm.

Griffin: So I—I—but I took care of it.

Travis: Wait.

Justin: Tell me how.

Griffin: And that's—and that's all I'm gonna say.

Justin: No! Griffin, you actually can't do that!

Griffin: And that's all I'm gonna say about that.

Travis: When you say you took care of it, did you mean you kind of maybe yelped a little bit, and it went somewhere and you didn't see where it went, and you're choosing to pretend like it—

Griffin: It's a Schrodinger's Lizard at this point. Is it in my house still? Is it not in my house still? I don't know. It was there, and then it scurried, and then it wasn't there anymore.

Travis: [laughs]

Justin: I've done that move—I've done that move with spiders.

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: Everyone in my home that isn't me is very afraid of spiders, and they're always like, "Get over here, you big burly man... "

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: "... and execute this fucking bug."

And I'm like, I'm not gonna kill a spider. That's very bad—it seems bad juju. I don't wanna do it. It seems like bad luck.

Griffin: Right.

Justin: I don't wanna. So I'm not gonna kill a spider, so I'll shepherd them into a thing. And sometimes, when you're trying the passive route with a spider, it's gonna... it's gonna, you know... it's gonna get away.

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: But a lot of times, I'll just fake—like, just pretend like...

Travis: Yes.

Justin: "No, no, no, I got him. I got him, I got him, I got him."

Griffin: When last I saw my—my lizard friend, he was close to the front door. So I'm just gonna—

Travis: There you go!

Justin: I do like to fake pa—balled-up paper towel. Like, “Oh, no, he’s in here! I gotta hurry! Open the door!”

Griffin: [laughs]

Travis: Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah. That’s a good one.

Justin: He’s definitely in here.

Travis: Oh, that’s a good one. I like that one.

Griffin: So the postal service worker probably didn’t steal your mason jar.

Travis: Well...

Griffin: No one wants an old, soupy mason jar. Really, Trav? Really?

Travis: Here’s—here’s a—

Griffin: After the year that they’ve had, you wanna play—

Travis: No, no, no, no. Okay. I’m not going to say they stole it. I’m going to say they took it. And here’s why I’m going to say that, and here’s why I’m changing the wording.

Justin: Because there was a stamp on it. [laughs]

Travis: Because there was a stamp on it.

Justin: That was your main problem.

Travis: No, you left it in there for three days. A mason jar ain’t small. I don’t know how big this mailbox is, but it’s definitely not big enough that a mason jar went unnoticed for, it seems like, upwards of two to maybe two-and-a-half days.

Justin: Yeah.

Travis: So there were at least two checks, maybe three, where this mail carrier, probably by the third one, said, "I thi—I guess this is for me."

Griffin: "This has to be mail. It's gotta be mail!"

Justin: [laughs] It must be mail. Why aren't they getting it?

Travis: Like, they put this in here. It's not like when somebody puts a two-liter bottle in their toilet, like, to use less water. This isn't so I put less mail in the box. I have to take it. And they—they took it!

Justin: Here—here's the thing, folks. And I'm—I'm sorry to be the one to break this to you if you don't know about mail law, but um, if y—the mailbox is not your house. The mailbox is the mail carrier's house.

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: That's their little house, okay?

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: You put letters into their house, they take letters out, 'cause they're like, "Who left letters in my house?" They'll put letters for you into their house. It's still their house. You don't decide to put decorations on the inside of it, you don't try to spruce it up with uh, various lacquers.

Travis: You can do that on the outside.

Justin: You can—on the outside, you do whatever you want. On the inside, they can put up a fucking poster of Pamela Anderson from *Baywatch*. They can do whatever they want to.

Griffin: [laughs]

Travis: And they will!

Justin: They can personalize it. Clean it out, put some shag carpeting, a little disco ball in there. It's not your fucking business. That's their house.

Griffin: Would you—

Travis: There's not a lot of—there's not a lot of examples of this. I mean, we don't do, like, milk—milk delivery people anymore. I can't think of another airlock of possession...

Justin: Yeah.

Travis: ... like a mailbox is. Where it's like, I'm gonna put this in here, and while it's in there, it is both mine and yours [laughs] until you remove it.

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: You—the mail carrier could store crack cocaine...

Travis: Huh!

Justin: ... in the mailbox.

Griffin: That's interesting.

Justin: They could put it in there for them, and have someone else come...

Travis: No.

Justin: ... trade it for money. And you're like, "Did you do this from my mailbox?"

And they'll have to correct you, like, "No, no, no, no, no. That's my property on the inside. It's none of your fucking business what I do with your mailbox."

Travis: Now, Justin—

Justin: "I'll do whatever I want. You're lucky I take your letters to other people. I could just throw them in the trash." I don't think I can do that, actually. It'd be a violation of a law, but uh, it's their house. They can do whatever they want. And you left a big, stinky jar in their ho—if you come to my house, and you leave a big, stinky potato jar on the floor, I'm gonna throw it away.

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: It's my house!

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: Oh, that's another option, is that mail called garbage. And said, "Hey, garbage. It's me, mail. Just wanted to let you know, they hid a little bit of garbage from you in my—in my mail house. In the box I—in my little dead drop that is their mailbox. So—"

Travis: And now I'm worried that they put some of their letters into the trash can...

Griffin: Yep.

Justin: If you put an unmailed letter... into your garbage...

Travis: Uh-huh.

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: ... and the garbage guy [laughs] just took it away, there's no one who'd be like, "How dare you?"

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: "That was mail, not garbage! Clearly!"

Griffin: That's why you can't throw a toilet away. Garbage calls—garbage calls plumbing. Says, "Hey."

Travis: "Put it back in."

Griffin: "They did it again. These guys are trying to chop and screw their services, and I don't like it."

Do you guys want a Yahoo?

Travis: Yes, please.

Justin: I think I would, Griff.

Griffin: This one—this one—this one's so wild, and I deliberated to not bring it, but then I am, because it's part of what could be a new segment called, Hey, Yahoo, Are You Guys Okay?

Travis: That is a wild thing to hear you say after 535 episodes.

Justin: Yeah.

Travis: It's terrifying to me. My asshole clenched...

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: ... hearing you say, "This is a wild one."

Griffin: This is a wild one. So um, the question—it was sent in by a couple people. It's from, uh, [laughs] Yahoo Answers User Skater Mom of Five.

Travis: Wow.

Griffin: Which absolutely fucking rips. Um, and uh, Skater Mom of Five asks, "What do we really know about Mrs. Claus?"

Travis: Huh.

Griffin: Y'all, there are 33 answers on this one, which is a lot for Yahoo. Um, and they—first of all, any time you write the word "Santa" on Yahoo, it

changes the colors to make it red and green, which seems unnecessary, like completely unnecessary, but the answers that literally 100 percent of the people who have answered this question have submitted are absolutely fucking batshit wild outer space fucking... gadzooks *Looney Tunes* out-there wild man shit. And I'm just gonna break you off a few pieces. Um...

Justin: Please.

Griffin: "From all the cartoons and stories and rumors, we uh, really don't know much about Mrs. Claus."

Travis: Rumors?!

Griffin: Yeah, you know. The Santa Claus rumors.

Travis: [laughs loudly]

Griffin: "We really don't know much about Mrs. Claus. I do know that she exists, since when I talk to Santa, and I ask her how she is, she usually says that she's well and sends her good wishes." That's a cool way to start out, that's a cool way to start out.

"Well, I know that Santa's the center of—"

Travis: I—just a side note, Griffin, the way that you phrased it, the way that the person has phrased this, does make it sound that Santa might have killed Mrs. Claus and is covering that up.

"How's Mrs. Claus?"

"Oh, she's fine! She's fine!"

Griffin: "[nervously] She's doing—she's doing very good!"

Travis: "[nervously] Fine, fine, fine! Fine, fine, fine. [normally] She just—oh, she's so busy right now, she can't come... "

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: "... to the phone."

Griffin: Boy, there sure are a lot of places to bury somebody on the North Pole, huh?

Travis: Right?

[pause]

Griffin: They would never catch him.

Travis: That's why he keeps the reindeers. The reindeers will eat whatever you feed `em.

Griffin: Oh, I see. Yeah. Um, here's another one, just—literally the next one. "Well, I know that Santa's the center of my everything, and he really does love cookies and milk and even hot cocoa. The elves sometimes love to tease him. As for me, I love to bake and help out in the workshop, and my main job is cooking and cleaning and picking up and doing laundry." Okay, so they are...

Travis: Huh.

Griffin: Interesting. They are inhabiting Mrs. Claus in this one! There are no quotation marks. "With all the little ones around here, I have a full-time job too. I must care for the animals, and take them to appointments." So the reindeers get sick?! The reindeers get sick?

Travis: No, I think the little ones are the elves.

Griffin: "The animals get sick, and I have to take them to appointments..." "

Travis: Oh, right.

Griffin: "... and when the elves have soccer games or school or work, I help them with that too! Bedtime, Santa and I both try to do together. Bedtime stories are a must at our house. We often go over the naughty and

nice list together before bed, and then we read our Bible. Check in on [crosstalk] animals...”

Travis: Oh, my God.

Griffin: “... and we kiss each other goodnight, and I set the cocoa machine before bed, and we sleep in, in the morning.”

Travis: “And then in the morning, we fuck!” [laughs]

Griffin: “Then we fuck like fucking wild dogs!”

Justin: I don’t like this idea of Santa Claus as a follower of Christ.

Griffin: Okay.

Justin: ‘Cause I—for me, I don’t understand a Christian who’s like, “I’m gonna make this kid’s birthday all about me.”

Griffin: Right.

Justin: ‘Cause that’s what he did. You know what I mean?

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: “I’m gonna make this one about me.”

Travis: Yeah. Santa really took that one away from ol’ Jeezy, didn’t he?

Griffin and Justin: Yeah.

Justin: He did. I don’t see Jesus on coke cans. Right?

Griffin: Just like, uh... just like the Energizer bunny took—took over Easter.

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: [snorts]

Griffin: Can't Jesus have one holiday?

Justin: Cadbury Bunny?

Griffin: When fucking Bart Simpson took Easter with all of his great Butterfinger commercials.

Here's another one, literally the next one. "Mrs. Claus used to be invented to assuage matters over Santa's loneliness."

Travis: [laughs] Huh!

Griffin: Alright, alright, alright!

Travis: [laughs]

Griffin: "Children—children normally requested if Santa had a spouse and youngsters, so if you sure creator or advertiser determined, sure. However, they just have the youngsters of this sector to like, and none in their possess."

So like, the—this—if I'm reading this correctly, the—Mrs. Claus was invented because kids would come up to Santa, and be like, "Damn, Santa. Are you ge—are you getting some though, dawg? [makes quick slurping noises] You getting some up there, in the—up in the Pole—you getting the Pole up into the [???]? [makes slurping noises]." Probably not.

Travis: Originally, the answer when he got asked that, was he would just say, "I've got ho-ho-hos in different area codes."

Griffin: Travis, it's funny that you say that. Just a few more down. "Uh, I heard that uh, she's married to a ho. Ho-ho, AKA Santa, Old Saint Nick, Kris Kringle! You're getting coal in your stocking for blabbing, M. Shame on you." Don't know what none of that does or means it.

Here's one: "That she is married to Santa Claus." In, out, bing-bang-boom. And we're done. Oh, here's a cool—

Travis: But is that the only thing you know about her?

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: Shame on you, sir!

Griffin: Shame on you! Like, you didn't know this one from an anonymous user. "She sits while her husband, Santa, and his elves do all the work. She also can have kids, unless Santa's sperm is bad."

Travis: [laughs]

Justin: Okay...

Griffin: Killer! "She was probably sitting at home, getting visits from Tiger Woods!" [exclaims]

Travis: Whoa!

Griffin: "She's the driving force behind the legend of Santa Claus." I like that one.

Travis: I like that one, too. I like the "strong woman behind the man" angle.

Griffin: I love that one. "She was bitten three nights ago by me. Her name is now Mrs. Claustrophobic, because she's trapped in my cellar."

Travis: Ew! What?!

Griffin: Yahoo! Hey!

Justin: [laughs] Hey!

Griffin: It's me, Griffin! Hey, I see you're trapped down there in that big, big deep hole. I got a rope here. Do you need help? I can pull you out.

Travis: So just—I'm confused by the—they bit Mrs. Claus, and that led her to being trapped in the basement? Or is there a step in there... ?

Griffin: They got bit, and then that means they get to keep `em.

Oh, next one. Lone Woof. "Santa always wears a cup." [clapping rhythmically while speaking] Not the question, but thank you very much!

Justin: [through laughter] "Hey, I just want—" I feel like that person pulled up [laughs] in a convertible, like, "Hey, I'd like to throw my—[wheezes, laughs] my fucking thing in here, if any of you got time. Santa wears a cup."

Travis: We know! George, we know. You mention it any time we talk about literally anything.

Griffin: Fucking back-to-back. "She's all warm, rosy-cheeked, joyful, with a merry laugh, and sweet." This is the only answer of these 33 that got a thumbs-down reaction from somebody.

Travis: Huh.

Justin: [laughs]

Griffin: Literally next, "She likes—"

Justin: You're not buying into the fiction enough.

Griffin: Literally next, "She likes to stay close to the Pole. Hussy!"

Yahoo... [pause] I wish I could put a website in timeout. Can I fucking call... I guess Elon? Like, I don't want to, but is there anybody who can put a website in timeout?

Travis: Santa! That's the thing. This is gonna get back to old Kris Kringle, and he's gonna be like, "What did you say about my wife?" Or alternately, he's gonna be like, "Honey, is there something you need to tell me?"

Griffin: "A few of the people on this said that they have... had sexual congress with you. Which seems unlikely, but I have to inquire."

Travis: "Well, Christmas is canceled this year, because me and the missus need to go do couples counseling."

Griffin: "She porked someone and got locked in their basement, missed Christmas, and we were supposed to read the Bible tonight!"

Justin: [bursts out laughing]

Travis: "To the man who's—to the man who has my wife locked in his basement: I have a particular set of skills."

Griffin: If it was five answers, and all of them are this wild, that'd be one thing. If there were 15 answers, and a couple of them were this wild, it would be one thing. This is 33 answers, which, with very few exceptions, are just like, "Yeah, she's uh... I heard her and the Headless Horseman fucked, and Santa's got old jizz!"

Justin: [laughs]

Travis: [laughs]

Justin: [coughs, laughing]

Travis: "He's got broken jingleballs."

Griffin: "He's got broken jingleballs, and I heard that she likes to huff reindeer shit to get high."

And meanwhile, Yahoo's like, "We made the words red and green!"

Justin and Travis: [laugh]

Justin: It's festive! Is this like, a special sub-Yahoo? I don't know if those exist, but is there a—is there, like, a layer, uh, on this, where it's like, uh, sort of an RP Yahoo Answers where you can, like, really inhabit the world?

Griffin: I do not believe so. I think it's just the regular-ass busted-up fucking Yahoo Answers website that nobody wants, nobody will pay for, invest in. This money—this website is burning money. I do not understand how it's still up. I'm grateful for it, because of the—because of the capital-C Content, but what the fuck else—like, we couldn't make Quibi work, but fucking Yahoo Answers is financially solid?

Justin: That's the [crosstalk] have moved on to—to other—to greener pastures. It's an abandoned building with like, Russian teens doing toilet cocaine in the—in the busted-up bathroom. It's ruined. It's gone. It's beyond repair. This is what is left here, on Yahoo Answers.

Travis: I'll buy it. I'll—

Griffin: Let's fucking buy it. This would be an incredible investment.

Justin: Yeah.

Travis: And what a turn—what a—

Justin: It's only going up.

Travis: What a story if it's like, "Oh, do you remember how 11 years ago, we started, and we—like, we included some weird, silly questions? Now we own those questions."

Griffin: "Those are ours."

Travis: "We took them back. This is our Seabiscuit."

Griffin: Um, uh, how about another question?

Justin: Yeah, I'd love that. Here it comes.

Travis: Okay.

Justin: “I work in the cheese shop of a liquor store, and I’m pretty new to the job. Because of this, I will often butcher [holding back laughter] pieces of cheese to the point that we can’t sell them.”

Travis: Well, you’re already doing it bad.

Justin: Yeah. Um, you shouldn’t butcher the cheese. That’s for meat only. “My manager tells me to throw them away, but I always feel like that’s such a waste, and would love to take them home with me. How do I casually bring this up to ask if I could take the cheese proverbially for free, or should I just take it anyway? Please help—” And that’s from Please Help Me Steal this Cheese.

Travis: Ooh, that’s a slippery slope.

Justin: Ooh, boy. That’s rough.

Griffin: Do you—well, we need to—we need to—obviously, here’s a joke: you don’t butcher the cheese, you cut-a da cheese. And that’s very fucking funny.

Justin: [laughs quietly]

Griffin: But for real, though... what verb are we doing? Do we mong—do you mong—mong the cheese?

Justin: You monger the cheese.

Griffin: You mong it.

Justin: Mong the cheese.

Travis: Monging—monging is selling—mongering—mongering is the selling of it.

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: I believe carving is what an artist does.

Justin: Slice—

Griffin: Slicing.

Travis: No, Justin, fuck you! Everyone slices their cheese at home.

Justin: Oh.

Travis: I'm *carving* the cheese.

Justin: I'm opening the slice of cheese.

Griffin: [laughing quietly]

Travis: This is artisanal.

Justin: I'm unwrapping the slice of cheese...

Travis: Mm, no.

Justin: ... for the—for the sandwich I'm making [crosstalk].

Travis: I'm—I'm blooming the cheese.

Justin: Mm.

Griffin: Today, we're letting the cheese bloom. Today, I'm gonna throw this big block of cheese up on that light bulb and my ceiling fan. And—

Travis: I'm gonna smush the cheese.

Griffin: I'm gonna smush it right down.

Justin: That's what you could tell your boss. "I didn't mess it up; I was blooming the cheese."

Travis: "I was blooming it. Oh, you don't—oh, you don't bloom here. Oh."

Justin: “You don’t bloom cheese here? It’s all the thing at the [with French accent] patisserie I used to work at in [with French accent] Fr-ance.”

Travis: [bursts out laughing]

Griffin: [laughs]

Travis: And Fe-rrell.

Justin: “Me and Fe-rrell used to work in Fr-ance at the patisseries.”

Griffin: [laughs] “He would uh, chop up all of the cheese bad, into little unsellable chunks, and we would make nach-os.”

Justin: “His strange, large hat, is made from cheese.”

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: “That I sliced, or rather butchered, myself.”

Travis: [laughs] Oh, oui, oui! [French accent] Oh, hon, hon!

Justin: [normally] If I go through the trouble of going to a place that specifically sells cheese, even if it is inside a liquor store, you better put on a fake French accent for me.

Travis: That’s fair. But okay, here’s the problem with this.

Justin: The problem...

Travis: You accidentally—you accidentally cut cheese bad.

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: And you’re like, “Oh, I can take this home. Great.”

But... how does your boss know you accidentally cut the cheese bad if you're like, "I could just take it"?

Griffin: Yeah...

Travis: But then again, just throwing it away, is that better?

Griffin: Okay okay okay.

Travis: [crosstalk]. You take it without a word.

Griffin: You can have your cheese, and you get two here if you... if you do—this is an honest mistake, right? I—I *believe* in you. We don't have any stealers or sinners or, you know, thieves who listen to our show.

Travis: Real Mrs. Clauses.

Griffin: Real Mrs. Clauses, if you know what Travis is saying. But—so, like, you can make this work for you. Innocent crime, let me take home the scrapple. Don't just throw it away. But what you do have to do to sort of, um, get rid of any appearance of impropriety, is any time you do fuck this cheese up with your clumsy oaf hands, is you gotta go, "[exaggerated, loud] Uh-oh!"

Travis: [laughs]

Griffin: Every single time. So that your boss does know that mistakes and whoopsies have been done.

Justin: [laughs]

Travis: Yeah. And I think that more—the more it, like, draws attention to your mistake, the more your boss will be like, "They are definitely not doing this on purpose, because no—"

Justin: "It can't be on purpose."

Travis: “No human being would repeat the thing that they’re doing just for a free morsel of cheese, like some kind of Dickensian mouse.”

Griffin: Yeah, like fucking Monterey Jack from the *Rescue Rangers*.

Travis: Correct.

Griffin: Now, I am now thinking about being at a... [with French accent, mumbling] cheese patisserie in France, [normally] and looking at all of their impressive... hunks that they’ve got, and trying to think about what’s gonna go best—

Justin: [laughs]

Travis: Ooh, la, la! Yes.

Griffin: What’s gonna go best for my big, uh, adult party I’m having that night. And I go to the cheese monger, and I say, “I’m looking for something that’s gonna pair well with a very oaky scotch, and I was wondering if you—”

And then I hear from the back room, “[loudly] Uh-oh!”

Travis and Justin: [laugh]

Griffin: I probably... I might... I might take my business else—I don’t *know* what I would do in that scenario. I’d be delighted.

Travis: Wait, if you—

Justin: Wait, but wait. What if you were at one of the finest fromageries...

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: ... in the nation of P—France.

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: [laughs] And they said—and you hear from the back, you hear, “Le uh-oh!”

Travis: Ah.

Griffin: That’s—yeah.

Justin: Is that better?

Travis: “Zut alors!”

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: “Zut alors!”

Travis: “Zut alors!”

Griffin: “I fucked it up again!”

Travis: [laughs] “Sacrebleu, I fucked it up!”

Griffin: “Mama mia! Aw... ”

Justin: “Sacre blue cheese, I fucked—it’s all over the floor. Hey, boss, I did it again. I dropped it on the floor.”

Travis: “Oh, Ratatouille... ” [laughs]

Justin: “You told me not to cut it in my hand, and I held it in my hand, and I cut it, and I got blood on the dang cheese.”

Griffin: Aw.

Travis: That is the thing. If I hear “Oh, no” in any location where cutting is 50 percent of the job or more...

Griffin: [laughs] Yeah.

Travis: ... I assume... someone has just been mutilated.

Griffin: Yeah, a slice or cut has happened.

Travis: Oh, no! [laughs]

Griffin: Damn, it would be a power move, though, for if the boss came back, and was like, "What did you do to this cheese?"

You can just be like, "Don't blame me. Blame my Ratatouille." And you lift up your hat!

Travis: [laughs] "My Ratatouille did it!"

Griffin: And he's like, "Oh, you're doing a Ratatouille?"

And you say, "Yeah, sorry."

And he says, "No." And he lifts up his hat. "I have been doing a Ratatouille too."

And then you're like, "Wait—"

Travis: "Wait, are we all doing Ratatouilles?"

Justin: [laughs]

Griffin: But you don't actually cook anything here. Like, "Yeah, my rat does business."

Justin: [laughs] "I have a business rat."

Travis: [laughs] "He got his degree in accounting."

Griffin: Uh, hey, I'm here—

Justin: Do you think there was a rat who heard about Remy, and was like, "Hell yeah, I've always wanted to be a sniper. An elite sniper."

Travis: [laughs] *Ratatouille 2!*

Justin: “No one told me I can’t do—I’m Ratashootie, if you know what I’m talking about.”

Travis: [laughs]

Griffin: [bursts out laughing]

Justin: “I couldn’t do it, so now I’m gonna do it, and I don’t care about critics, ‘cause I shoot ‘em, ‘cause that’s my fucking bag, baby.”

Griffin: Oh, man. Uh... that’s uh... Ratashootie’s really good, Juice. I just wanted to let you know that.

Justin: Well, thanks! Let’s ride on the tide of that great joke to the Money Zone.

[theme music, “(It’s a) Departure” by The Long Winters, plays]

Travis: Quip! When—

Justin: Uh, yeah, Ratashootie, I guess, was a quip. That seems a little reductive, though.

Travis: No, Justin...

Justin: It was more... kind of a statement of purpose.

Travis: Justin, you dumb piece of shit. I’m talking about the toothbrush company!

Justin: [exhales shakily]

Travis: Not a funny joke, although “quip” could also mean a funny joke. But what I mean is the toothbrush company with their new smart electric

toothbrush. And using said smart electric toothbrush, good habits can earn you great perks, like free products, gift cards, and more.

How it works, you connect it to your phone. You use, uh, this thing called Bluetooth. It's like a Viking thing. And it connects to your phone, and then as you brush your teeth, your phone goes, "Hey, good job brushing your teeth, Travis, I'm very proud of you, and so I'm going to give you a gift card to some place, because I'm so proud of you, my precious good tooth boy."

Justin: Mm.

Travis: It works just like that! And with the 45-dollar Quip smart brush, which is now for adults and kids, you could be doing this yourself at home! Not just listening to me brag about my good teeth, but you could be getting good teeth too. And if you already have a Quip, you can upgrade it with a smart motor and keep all the features you love, plus you get brush heads, toothpaste, and floss refills delivered for five dollars.

Those floss things, by the way, are amazing. It's like, some space age flossing stuff. I love it.

So, start getting rewards for brushing your teeth today, and go to getquip.com/mybrother right now to get your first refill free. Get your first refill free at getquip.com/mybrother. That's G-E-T-Q-U-I-P dot com slash my brother. Quip, better oral health made simple *and* rewarding!

Justin: I'm a dad.

Travis: What?!

Justin: I'm not—yeah, I'm not afraid to admit it. And this week, my wife has been uh, working at the hospital, as she is wont to do. And yes, I do permit it. It's very progressive of me, I agree. But that leaves me in charge of two rambunctious kids...

Travis: Gross.

Justin: ... that uh, half of which are not in school as much as I would have thought they would've been just a scant year ago.

So I'm a busy dad trying to make it on my own. You know what my secret weapon is when lunchtime is around the corner?

Travis: Alcohol!

Griffin: Ooh, a little scotchy-scotch.

Justin: A little something—a little snoot for Dad, but then for the kids—

Travis: And a little sip for them!

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: I don't reach for a container of mac and cheese! I reach for my phone, to have someone bring me mac and cheese that's done.

Travis: [laughs]

Justin: Thank you, DoorDash, for helping me to keep my children fed. I ask them—it's fun for them. I let them pick. "What are you kid—guys in the mood for? You can have whatever you want because DoorDash has, like, a bajillion restaurants." Local places, too, so you can support local business that you uh, can't or shouldn't uh, be—be attending in person right now. You can still support 'em with DoorDash, who brings it.

Travis: Justin, what do they—what do they say they want? They want a little coq au vin? Huh?

Justin: They want a little coq au vin, a little [with French accent] chicken tenders.

Travis: Okay.

Justin: [normally] Uh, ordering's easy. You open the app, you look for the food you wanna eat, you order the food, they bring it to you. It's beautiful,

it's fast, it's efficient, it really is—uh, made my life, especially when I am watching two – yes, *two* children on my own.

Travis: All by yourself?

Justin: Yeah. That's twice as many people as I am!

Travis: You know what? I—I have also—

Justin: Do the math!

Travis: A little lifehack from me to you, got a friend uh, whose birthday it is, or maybe they're having a bad day, DoorDash 'em a cupcake or two from a local bakery...

Justin: Or 17.

Travis: ... brighten up their day!

Justin: Right now, our listeners can get five dollars off their first order at 15 dollars or more, and zero delivery fees for the first month when you download the DoorDash app and enter code "brother." That's five dollars off your first order and zero delivery fees for a month when you download the DoorDash app in the app store, and enter code "brother." Don't forget: that's code "brother" for five dollars off your first order with DoorDash!

[relaxed music plays in background]

Jesse: Hey, friends. Jesse here, the founder of Maximum Fun, and I have some really great news to share with you. This year has brought a lot of changes for all of us, and one tradition that we were grateful to be able to hold on to is our annual pin sale to benefit charity.

This year, through your generosity and love of pins, you helped raise 95,400 dollars for GiveDirectly. If you're a member and you bought pins, they'll ship in January. In the meantime, your support will provide direct cash relief to families impacted by COVID-19 across the United States.

Even in this incredibly tough year, the Max Fun community remains extraordinarily kind. Whether or not you bought pins, you can continue to help by heading to givedirectly.org. And as always, thank you.

[music and advertisement end]

Griffin: Um, do y'all want another Yahoo?

Justin: I—yeah, I'd love that, Griffin.

Griffin: Okay. This one was sent in by the Wizard, Ben Kant. Thank—

Justin: Thank you for asking, by the way.

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: Sure. Could you imagine if I actually did it for real? That's real bad boy behavior, not me.

Justin: Mm-hm.

Griffin: An anonymous Yahoo Answers user asked this, who I'm uh, I'm gonna call uh, Jame—Jamesons, asks, "How do I stop my boyfriend from reading me bedtime stories without hurting his feelings?"

Travis: Huh.

Griffin: "My boyfriend recently started reading me bedtime stories a couple weeks ago. It was a joke at first, because I'd said I wouldn't be able to sleep when I downed three coffees that afternoon. The problem is he has done it every night since. And he make—and he makes terrible mouth noises."

Travis: Oh...

Griffin: "I don't even know where they are coming from. It only happens when he is reading out loud. It makes me so irrationally angry and annoyed that it takes me even longer to fall asleep than before. I am tired and

exhausted, but I love this man. Please help.” And that’s from Rosario Dawson.

Justin: [bursts out laughing] That’s from Scarlett Johansson, complaining...

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: ... about funnyman Colin Jost.

Travis: Can we all—

Justin: Why did she label it? Nobody knows.

Griffin: No clue.

Travis: Until we got to the mouth sounds part, I was thinking, “This sounds nice.” I do this—listen, I also am a dad, and I also have two kids. And when I’m putting the older one to bed, I will read her a book. I don’t do this for the younger one, because she doesn’t know what a book is. I’ll sing her songs, don’t worry.

But I read to the older one, and every time I do, I think, “Who’s gonna put me to bed? Where’s the 12-foot-tall person who’s gonna carry *me* upstairs, make sure I go potty, and put me to bed?” That’s all I want.

Justin: Mine is Matthew McConaughey on the call map. He just sets me up.

Travis: Oh, yeah?

Justin: He’s got a story on there, where he talks about the infinite, uh... the infinite light of the universe.

Travis: In many ways...

Justin: It’s all out there.

Travis: ... I think maybe ASMR artists read me bedtime stories, now that I’m thinking about it.

Justin: That's a good way of thinking about it.

Travis: Maybe that's it.

Justin: It's like a bedtime story where someone pretends to give you a cranial nerve exam.

Travis: Yes!

Griffin: [laughs]

Travis: Or maybe eats some Kentucky Fried Chicken in front of me.

Griffin: Your f—that [crosstalk], bud.

Justin: Don't do that stuff. I don't like hearing about your mukbang perversion!

Travis: I will not—I will not sit here in front of our audience, who are basically our kids, and be besmirched by you, sir! Just because you are so smallminded you won't watch someone eat a bunch of noodles...

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: I'm d—it's perverse!

Travis: You're perverse!

Justin: The idea that you would willingly subject yourself to food eating noises...

Griffin: It's...

Justin: ... is honestly, Travis, the worst thing about you. And the list is not short. It is well—well detailed.

Travis: What would you rather? I'm watching—you want me to watch whale noises, you whale pervert? Huh, is that what you want? For me to hear whales talking to each other? Or maybe—

Justin: Infinitely better.

Griffin: So much better.

Travis: Just maybe—

Justin: And you've also chosen, like, by the way, a beautiful animal sound, so maybe try harder—

Travis: You don't fucking know what they're saying, that there's dirty birds.

Justin: You can't even—

Griffin: Yeah, they could.

Justin: You can't even come up with something that is more foul than what you're describing, 'cause there isn't anything.

Travis: I'm just saying that, to me, hearing whales shit talk dolphins – which is what it is, let's be honest.

Justin: [laughs] It's what it is.

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: That's what it is.

Justin: They're little whales. [laughs]

Travis: That's—they're shit talking dolphins.

Griffin: "Look at these dumb, small whales!"

Travis: If you think that's better than me enjoying someone having the new, say, Popeyes chicken sandwich...

Justin: That's how they shit talk the sun, too. "Look at that huge, bright whale! It's not even in the water!"

Travis: "That's a shitty whale! I mean, what are these white puffy whales overhead?"

Justin: [laughs]

Travis: "And these whales with wings, don't get me started."

Justin: "Look at them, touching the water. It's a—the beach, it's like a giant whale made of very small whales."

Griffin: [laughing]

Travis: "I'm gonna swim up and crush it! Oh, no!"

Griffin: Oh, no!

Justin: "Oh, no, what have I done? Someone blow me up."

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: [laughs] "I messed up. You gotta s—"

[through laughter] What if the whale was both conscious and speaking English? Like, "Listen, I got bad news for you. You're gonna have to blow me up." [laughs]

Griffin: [bursts out laughing] You're gonna—no, [crosstalk]—

Travis: Whale, there has to be other options! We can get some—

Griffin: No, no. No.

Justin: “No, no, no, listen. Don’t let me get stinky out here.”

Griffin: [laughs] “It’s so embarrassing.”

Justin: “It’s gonna take me days to die. Please just blow me up.” [laughs]

Griffin: “Throw me one of those round, red, exploding whales, and tuck them in my hollow, rotten stomach.”

Justin: [laughs loudly] “I wanna go meet the big whale up in the giant whale.”

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: “The big blue whale.”

Travis: Hey, do you guys—do you guys ever look up at the big, black whale with those little shining whales in it, and wonder, “Are there any other whales out there?”

Justin: [laughs] I mean, of all—other than the billions of uh, visible and non-visible microscopic whales that surround us every day.

Travis: Yeah! But I mean, are there other whales on other whales up there, looking back at our whale, with us on it?

Justin: [laughs]

Griffin: I can’t wait to go meet the big sky whale, and say, “Hey, sky whale. What was the deal with baleen? That shit is weird.”

Travis: [laughs] “I feel like the best option—could you have given me some bigger whales to eat? You gave me tiny whales...”

Justin: [???].

Griffin: One time a—one time a bird accidentally fell in the water and drownt, and I seen him, and he didn’t have baleen, so what’s up, sky whale?

Justin: Hey—hey, big blue whale? Why did thou name me after jizz?

Griffin: Not cool, dude.

Justin: Couldn't they just—couldn't we have just been jeffwhales? My name's Jeff, and most of us are [laughs] down here.

Travis: Hey, big blue whale? How come there's no whale week on TV? We're way cooler!

Griffin: We're way bigger!

Justin: Way bigger.

Griffin: Yeah!

Justin: Way bigger.

What if they decide they're gonna eat all the sharks—or mean whales, as they call them...

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: Bitey—bitey whales.

Griffin: Bite whales.

Justin: They're gonna eat all the bitey whales, so they get a week of their very own.

Travis: They're—like, they're talking to killer whales, and it's like, "Hey, you're kind of a go-between between us and the bitey whales. Um, tell `em we wanna join up. We wanna join up. Whales and bitey whales together? Oh, we'll be unstoppable!"

Justin: Hey, big—hey, big blue whale, why did you call us killer whales? You know, I'm a dad first, and a podcaster second.

Travis: Uh-huh.

Justin: And uh, uh—

Travis: Is this still the whale talking?

Griffin: Is this the whale, or... ?

Justin: I'm a flautist—I'm a flautist third. See, now there's distance between me and the whale.

Travis: Oh, okay. Great, great, great.

Justin: I can think of other things people do. I've still got it.

Griffin: Um...

Justin: Uh, how about another question?

Griffin: You all know that Cory Booker read—reads books to Rosario Dawson over—over the phone? Yeah. That's why I mentioned Rosario Dawson earlier. 'Cause that's a service...

Travis: What?

Griffin: ... that Cory Booker provides to his girlfriend, Rosario Dawson.

Justin: I don't read *Us Weekly*, or wherever this info is coming from.

Griffin: Wow. Oh. Oh, okay. I'm just saying, that's a pretty—that's a dope strat. That's a dope love strat. I like that.

Justin: No, it's nice. No, it's definitely nice.

Griffin: It's definitely nice. Good morning, Rosario Dawson. Would you like to hear more of *The Lovely Bo*—

Travis: Here's *The Very Hungry Caterpillar*.

Griffin: Would you like more of *The Lovely Bones* today?

Travis: Ohhh, okay.

Griffin: "Aren't you busy running for president?"

"Nah, nah, nah. Don't worry about that."

Travis: "I'm sure that one will go swimmingly."

Justin: "I get all my news from your stories, so if you—if you were or weren't running, I'd have to hear that at one of your stories, 'cause you don't let me watch the TV."

Griffin: "No, you just get *Lovely Bones* in Booker vision."

Justin: [bursts out laughing]

Travis: "In Bookerphonic sound!"

Justin: "I've got a scarf today. You know what that means. I'm going to be enjoying—you're going to be doing some more *Doctor Dolittle*. Here we go. *Pygmalion*, chapter one. In Booker vision."

Um, here is another question, from me to you.

Travis: Okay.

Justin: "My girlfriend and I have been dating for a little under six months. I've only met her family a handful of times, but her mother recently asked me to buy her shrooms." We gotta be a little bit more—that could mean—that sentence could mean 18 different things. We've gotta be a little bit more specific here.

“Is it possible I will be doing shrooms with her? How do I make a shroom trip with my girlfriend’s mother not an entirely awkward experience?” That’s from *This is Going to Be a Disaster in Denver*, which, with that attitude...

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: It—is it possible—is it possible that your girlfriend’s mother asked you to go to the store and buy her some regular-ass mushrooms?

Griffin: Some nice shrooms—some nice cremini for the Thanksgiving stuffin’.

Travis: Just some baby bellas. Did she say, “Hey, could you buy me some mushrooms?” and what she meant was, for dinner on Friday, and not, perhaps a psychotropic experience.

Griffin: It’s a test.

Justin: I don’t wanna get into semantics, but they’re still mushrooms, aren’t they? I mean, you haven’t...

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: Huh.

Griffin: It is a test. And... I don’t know which kind. ‘Cause it’s either a test to see if you’re a, you know, fucking wasteoid, or it could be a test to see if you’re cool and like to party, and cool enough to hang with the mom.

The dad doesn’t wanna hear any—Dad doesn’t wanna hear—he turns a—he turns his head away from this stuff that the mom likes to do, which is to get wacked-out, get totally fucking zooted.

Uh... is it also possible that she wants the shrooms, not to do them with you, though?

Travis: I—Griffin—

Griffin: She's gonna take them back to her house, and just kind of enjoy them with a nice glass of wine and a relaxing film.

Travis: It's very possible, to the point where I would say it is far more impossible that your girlfriend's mother, who you barely know...

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: ... said, "Hey, you know what would be fun? Shrooming with what's-his-face."

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: I—I—folks, I've bought some drugs in my time. And uh—

Travis: What?

Justin: It is—I would say, the times when the person I have bought the drugs from is the person I am hoping to do drugs with has been, I would say, in the minority.

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: Uh, for—for me, personally. I don't think that's what your, uh... girlfriend's mother is planning right now.

Travis: What I do like, though, question-asker, is what you decided to do in this scenario was not to ask your girlfriend what your girlfriend's opinion might be, but rather ask the three of us...

Justin: You come to us.

Travis: ... who know this mother even less than you do!

Justin: If that's even possible. [laughs]

Travis: So I'm gonna say, fucking do it, bro!

Justin: Yeah.

Travis: I would—I think that would be fun as hell. I haven't shroomed in a dog's age...

Justin: "Shroomed"? Is that accepted—

Griffin: Probably not.

Travis: Oh, okay.

Justin: Is that the accepted?

Travis: I haven't, uh—listen, I haven't mushed in forever.

Justin: "Mushed" is good.

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: I like mushed.

Travis: I haven't had a full-blown mushie in forever.

Griffin: Right.

Travis: And I would *love* to just mush it up with somebody, and get to know 'em through that experience.

Justin: I will say this, though. Okay, now wait a minute, hold on. If this—if the girlfriend's mother... was asking you to buy shrooms, they don't—maybe they're not that looped in. They just think they'd like to try it.

Travis: Ooh.

Justin: Are you... willing to take the responsibility of like, "Here's some shrooms. Do the right amount of them, I guess. Don't eat a bunch or too little."

Griffin: Wow, yeah.

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: “Best of luck.” Like, I feel like they’re gonna need—here’s something decent you could do. You could offer to just be a drug Sherpa for the evening.

Travis: Oh, yeah. You gotta have a spotter.

Justin: Listen, let me spot you. Let me take you to the—let me help you find the safe rooms in your house, the rooms that become safe during the experience.

Travis: I’ll make sure you don’t order too much pizza, just to experience it.

Justin: Let me remind you that your Life Water has become incredibly warm, and you could probably get a new Life Water out of the fridge...

Travis: Mm-hm.

Justin: And enjoy that.

Travis: I—I know a lot of people—I’m not gonna brag. I know a lot of people.

Justin: There he goes.

Travis: I don’t know... any of them—ah, maybe a small handful of very close confidants, that I would—

Justin: A lot of con—uh, codicils on this—this statement.

Travis: I’m just saying, I don’t know many people that I would be like, “I think this is a person who could get me shrooms.” Like, I don’t know—

Griffin: Oh, yeah.

Travis: That's—that's such a bold maneuver. To posit—to like—you—

Griffin: Well, okay—

Travis: You are giving off, perhaps, a certain kind of energy, question asker, that I, personally, love.

Griffin: Travis, you have presupposed that they're—you can have multiple people in your life that you know they could get you shrooms. I don't think that that is true for anybody, but I would argue that most people of a certain age *definitely* know that one person that can for *sure* get you shrooms.

Justin: Yeah.

Griffin: And it is wild that you have become that person to your lover's mother.

Travis: And can you? Because like, you don't address in this, like, "I don't know how to." You seem like you... would be able to. That doesn't seem to be the question.

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: One time, a girl in gym class offered to sell me a single Vicodin in a baggie.

Travis: Uh-huh.

Justin: And I didn't even—I was so un-plugged in that I couldn't even really process that that's what was... sort of occurring, and I was so afraid that it was a crime to even hear her talking that I got scared and just kind of walked away.

But later, I started thinking about it, like, no one—and here's the thing. I'm 40 years old now. No one had ever seen me like that before. And no one ever saw me like that again.

Travis: Mm.

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: And I still wonder, to this day, what was the vibe that I gave her that I've never given another living human being, where it's like, "This—this seems like the kinda guy who could buy a single Vicodin in a baggie."

Travis: Justin, I've never thought about this before, but now you're making me think about the fact no one's ever asked me if I, A, want to buy drugs, or B, know where to buy drugs.

Justin: Yeah.

Travis: Like, this has never—and I think I'm—[sighs] I think I'm approachable.

Justin: Mm-hm.

Travis: I think I'm cool. You know, I've got purple hair.

Justin: Well, approachable, for sure.

Griffin: Approachable, definitely.

Travis: But no one has ever... [sighed] They've offered me drugs, don't get me wrong. They've offered me drugs.

Griffin: Oh, they're fuckin'—yeah.

Justin: Yeah, we're podcasters.

Travis: But they've never asked if I wanted to buy them, or said, "Hey, do you know where to buy drugs?" It's just never—huh!

Griffin: Uh, one time, I was visiting—when I was in college, I went over to my girlfriend's, like, old friend's place – he lived in a—in a—in a frat house – to go play *Halo*. 'Cause, you know, I was trying to—just trying to ingratiate myself to her friends.

Justin: Sure.

Griffin: And uh, went over there, and realized nobody else was there. Thought it was gonna be a sort of LAN party vibe, but no, it was just me and this—this gentleman, and we played some *Halo*, and he made some remarks, and then at one point, he said uh, “Hey, man, do you want some Xannie bars?”

And I said, “Oh, yeah!” thinking that that was gonna be some sort of delectable...

Justin: Dessert? [breaks into crying laughter]

Travis: Oh, why?

Griffin: Some sort of tasty thing. Like, I thought maybe the frat house just had a bake sale...

Justin: [laughing]

Griffin: ... and then he brought out, like...

Justin: “My man, Xannie, makes these bars.”

Griffin: So good.

Justin: “Fucking condensed milk, coconut. Go wild for `em over here.”

Griffin: He brought out this cloudy sandwich bag of what were very clearly pills, and I said, “Oh, no. I don’t—no, sorry.”

Justin: [laughs]

Griffin: “No, sorry there, bronco.”

Travis: Now, that’s—that’s on him.

Justin: “These are antacids, because we’re about to eat so many Xannie bars!”

Griffin: Some yummy marshmallow and chocolate chip Xannie bars, baby!

Travis: Sorry, I thought you said Zanzibars, and I would’ve loved that.

Griffin: Oh.

Travis: That one’s on him, though, Griffin. That’s not your fault, because that’s not in a bar form at all. So like, what the fuck was he even talking about?

Griffin: I don’t—I don’t—I didn’t—I didn’t do much research into it after the fact. I was—I was one—my—honestly, was I embarrassed? Yes. Was I embarrassed that I whiffed it that bad in front of somebody who, just moments before, I intended to impress in some way? Yes. But was that embarrassment completely overshadowed by my disappointed that I wasn’t about to eat some delicious...

Travis: [laughs]

Griffin: ... gooey, moist Xannie bars? Yeah.

Justin: Something you’ve never even heard of before.

Griffin: Never even heard it before, but damn, I was so certain in that moment that I was gonna fucking yummy those up. Damn it.

Justin: Um, hey, thank you so much for listening to our uh, podcast, *My Brother, My Brother and Me*. Uh, we hope you’ve enjoyed yourself. We hope you’re having a good—having a good week. Just a reminder to um, stay at home.

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: This week, and don’t gather with your uh, family, who don’t...

Travis: Or friends!

Justin: Or friends, who you don't see, you know, every single day. Um, there's no special magic about uh, this...

Griffin: Well, there's love. There's holiday love.

Travis: No, Griffin—

Justin: There's no special magic that's going to protect you from getting the...

Travis: Yeah, COVID don't care about love. If there's one thing I've learned from that hit country and western song, "COVID Don't Care About Love," it's that COVID don't care about love.

Justin: COVID don't care about love. Yeah.

Uh, so please be safe, be smart.

Travis: Though I will say, speaking of love, thank you to everybody who uh, came to the live show, who watched the live show.

Justin: Yes.

Griffin: It was so fun.

Travis: It was such a fun experience, and everybody—you were so lovely afterwards, and you're gonna make us wanna do it again. So...

Griffin: Yeah. We will never tour again.

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: Yeah.

Griffin: This is—this is it now. Are you kidding—

Travis: This is our new *Wall-E* style of touring.

Griffin: I got to fucking sleep in my bed that night, my bed. I got to—right before the show, I took a shower, and I used *my* special prescription-strength anti-dandruff shampoo in *my* shower.

Justin: [laughs]

Griffin: I am never leaving the house again, thank you.

Justin: Thank you so much.

Griffin: 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, baby!

Travis: Good friends, good fun, good tunes.

Griffin: Yeah. Great tunes.

Travis: I wanna tell you—

Griffin: And s—

Travis: Oh!

Griffin: And thanks to Maximum Fun, for having us on the Network.

Travis: Yes, them too. Uh, there's a really great podcast I'd like to tell you about, it's called *The Besties*.

Griffin: Aw.

Justin: Mm!

Travis: And if you, like me, have been unable to obtain either a PlayStation 5 or an Xbox Series X, and you would—

Justin: He's about to pivot into asking our listeners to—

Griffin: For sure, for sure, for sure.

Travis: No, no, no, no. I was going to say, if you want to hear people talk about them and long to one day rest your hands upon their new, sleek bodies, well, then you're gonna wanna check out *The Besties*. It's Justin and Griffin and our friends Russ Frushtick and Chris Plante talking about the latest and greatest in video game enter-game-ment.

Uh, and it's super fun. It's my f—it's, like, one of my favorite podcasts, and my favorite gaming podcast.

Justin: Almost said it's your favorite.

Travis: Yeah, but it's not. Uh, I don't miss an episode, and I'm very excited to hear you guys talk about your Game of the Year lists.

Griffin: Oh, yeah.

Travis: That's always one of my favorite points of the show. So make sure you check that out. And also, if you enjoy *The Great British Bake Off*, Teresa and I have been discussing the latest season on our podcast, *Bake On*. Uh, which you can find in your podcatcher and also on our YouTube channel, McElroy Family.

Uh, go check out mcelroymerch.com for all the cool merch that's there. This is your last week to get the pin of the month that benefits the Loveland Foundation, which is committed to showing up for communities of color in unique and powerful ways, with a particular focus on women and girls.

Uh, don't forget to preorder our book, themcelroypodcastbook.com. You can preorder *Everybody Has a Podcast (Except You)*. You can also preorder *The Adventure Zone: Crystal Kingdom*, uh, which is book, what, four? Yes. Of our graphic novel series. You can get that over at theadventurezonecomic.com. And *The Sawbones Book* is out in paperback on December 29th. It's newly revised and updated for 2020, and you can get that at bit.ly/sawbonespaperback.

Justin: Nice.

Griffin: Uh, do you guys—

Justin: That's gonna do it, folks.

Griffin: Yeah, here comes that—

Justin: Bring it home.

Griffin: Yeah, that final Yahoo is—

Travis: Yeah, wrap it up.

Griffin: Like a billion people sent this one in. Thank you, everybody. It's from Yahoo Answers User question mark, who asks, "Why do big, beautiful men love putting so much seasonings on their food?"

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, "(It's a) Departure" by The Long Winters, plays and ends]

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