

MBMBaM 88: The Lion, The Witch and the Boyskinz

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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 song plays]

Justin:

Hello, this is *My Brother, My Brother and Me*. Uh, it's an advice show for the modern era. Uh, this week we are protesting SOPA and PIPA, uh, which are two pieces of legislation that, um, if passed, could kill the internet...

Travis:

Mm-hmm.

Justin:

... forever. Dead as... just dead as it could be.

Griffin:

Mm-hmm.

Justin:

So this week, in protest of SOPA and PIPA, uh, we have removed— we've blacked out, if you will, the comedy from this week's episode.

Griffin:

Here, let me show you what— let me give you guys an example, the listeners...

Justin:

Okay.

Griffin:

... of what we're talking about. Um, "Guys, why are we protesting the Spanish word for 'soup'?" See, that joke wasn't very funny.

Travis:

Mm-hmm.

Justin:

And that's the kind of non-joke...

Griffin:

Yeah, yeah.

Justin:

... you're gonna expect this week.

Travis:

It's public domain jokes.

Griffin:

It's a public domain freeware joke.

Justin:

Uh, alright.

Travis:

This is the one I came up with.

Griffin:

Okay.

Travis:

Um, "I don't know what the big deal is. Without SOPA, how am I supposed to wash-a?"

Griffin:

Mm-hmm. See, that's a very open-source, um, free-share, share-to-play, uh, micro transaction joke that we are expecting to populate the entirety of this SOPA special edition.

Justin:

Yeah. We can also use jokes that have entered the public domain simply by their sheer age...

Travis:

Mm-hmm.

Justin:

... being over and including 75 years old. So, Griffin, if I were to say to you, "Why did the chicken cross SOPA?"

Griffin:

I don't know, Justin, why?

Justin:

Betty Grable! That is...

Griffin:

[bursts out laughing]

Justin:

... an example of an old joke that I can use this week.

Okay, I'm getting this just in; uh, SOPA was apparently defeated this week.

Travis:

We did it.

Griffin:

Yeah.

Justin:

We did it. [laughs]

Griffin:

You're welcome.

Justin:

I'm really proud of everybody. It's a proud shared moment here on uh, *My Brother, My Brother, and Me*.

Travis:

You're welcome, everybody.

Justin:

I'm your oldest brother and oldest— well, oldest victor, if you will.

Griffin:

Mm-hmm.

Justin:

Victor McElroy.

Travis:

[laughs]

Justin:

Justin.

Travis:

I'm your middlest brother and champion, Travis McElroy.

Griffin:

I am Griffin McElroy, the flag-bearer of the army, the internet army, Anonymous.

Justin:

Internet army.

Griffin:

I am—

Justin:

Anonymous.

Griffin:

And I am Anonymous. I'm sorry that it had to come out like this, but I am him— it— us.

Travis:

And I am deadmau5.

Griffin:

Okay.

Justin:

[laughs] And I'm Spuds MacKenzie, and this is our show.

Griffin:

Let's go fight the internet!

Justin:

Let's get 'em.

Travis:

I am Kilroy, 75 years old.

Justin:

Uh, let's get 'em.

"My girlfriend and I were planning to go on a double date last night with a couple of our friends who live five minutes away. Me and the lady hang around the apartment doing— for an hour without hearing from them, until we get a call at *10:40*, saying we should just meet at the restaurant to save time. The nearby restaurant closes at *11:00*.

"Uh, my girlfriend and I were uncomfortable being party to the under-the-wire dining habits, so we politely told them we'd have to decline. I feel bad for bailing on our plans, but I'd feel just as bad being complicit in their plan to show up at a sit-down restaurant 10 minutes before closing. Did we do the right thing?" And that's from Nonplussed in North Carolina.

Travis:

Of course you did the right thing!

Griffin:

Yeah.

Justin:

Ugh, don't do that, people.

Griffin:

For a number of reasons. First off, you shouldn't eat anything after, like, 8:00, or else it just goes—

Travis:

Mm-hmm.

Griffin:

You just convert it straight into sleep energy, which is to say, fat on your loins.

Justin:

That's carb-heavy too.

Griffin:

Yeah.

Justin:

Tortillas, SOPAs, PIPAs...

Griffin:

[laughs]

Travis:

SOPA-PIPA's.

Justin:

SOPA-PIPA's, that's all going—

Travis:

"Can I get another order of SOPA-PIPA's, please?"

Griffin:

"Uh, just the cold gazpacho SOPA."

Travis:

Um, and secondly, who the hell are these friends that they're calling you at 10:40 PM, be like, "Hey, let's go grab some dinner?"

Justin:

That's not dinner.

Travis:

Yeah.

Justin:

That's fourth meal. They want you to go get fourth meal. Wait, was the—
[laughs] was this Mexican restaurant Taco Bell?

Griffin:

[laughing]

Travis:

Taco Bell? The finest sit-down Mexican restaurant in town.

Justin:

"Me and Tracy, we're gonna go to, uh, get fourth meal at Taco Bell, and then take a late showing of the crazy homeless guy running around the library."

Griffin:

[continues laughing in background]

Justin:

"Are you in for this evening of glamor?"

Travis:

"Dinner *and* theater? I'll be there!"

Justin:

"Dinner *and* theater? Couple's night out!"

Griffin:

The homeless man stops running at 12:30, and we should get there right around 12:15, so everything should work out just great.

Travis:

From working in, uh, at least two restaurants that I can remember right now, um...

Justin:

[laughs] Uh-oh.

Travis:

... there is nothing worse than, like, you started your clean up and, like, closing duties. And you know, you're just finishing out your last tables, and somebody rolls up with, like, a party of people. And like, "Hey, you guys aren't closed yet, are you?"

Justin:

It's like, "Well, not technically, no."

Travis:

"Well, no..."

Griffin:

They might not spit in your food, but you're gonna get a lot of "Fuck you," in that food. And it's...

Travis:

Yeah.

Griffin:

... gonna affect the flavor. I believe it was Carla in Season 5 of *Top Chef* who, uh, made her way into the final three contestants by putting love into her food.

Justin:

Right.

Griffin:

Um, this would be the opposite of that, where it'd be pure, unbridled spite.

Justin:

So it takes the love out of the food.

Griffin:

Yeah, yeah. "This tastes dry to me. And..." [smacks tongue, as if tasting]

Travis:

I think advice, like, for future reference. I think the problem is not setting a specific time beforehand, and waiting for them to call you. Especially— these sound like the type of people that do not adhere to normal person schedules, um, and eat fourth meal at 10:40 PM. Um, so maybe the next time you're gonna make plans with them, nail down, like, a realistic time to go eat dinner.

Griffin:

Or just stop making—

Justin:

What were they doing?

Griffin:

Maybe they're not plans friends.

Travis:

Oh.

Justin:

Yeah.

Griffin:

They can be friends, just not, like, double-date friends. We've all been there.

Justin:

Right. That— yeah.

Travis:

Oh, so they can be, like, run-into-at-a-party friends or like, hang out with at a bar.

Griffin:

Or like invite over, like, you invite them to all your social events. You just don't make them...

Travis:

Mm-hmm.

Griffin:

... the only thing in the social event. 'Cause they're gonna show up an hour-and-a-half late and they're gonna, "Oh, I forgot to bring beer. I'll get you next time." They won't get you next time.

Travis:

Nope.

Justin:

There is no next time. They'll bail! Those people would rather move than show up on time.

Travis:

Mm-hmm.

Griffin:

Yeah.

Justin:

You can't build your world around them.

Hey, uh, "Dear McElroys, I'm in high school, and there is this certain kid who's a total bully. He and his group gang up and beat down anyone they so-well please. Uh, both myself and many of my friends have reported him and his group, but he never gets any punishment. Would it be okay for me to get a bunch of my friends to teach him a lesson, or would I simply be escalating the conflict?" Heroic High Schooler.

Griffin:

Oh, no.

Travis:

Would it be okay?

Justin:

Absolutely not! N— it's not okay! Like, yes, you will be escalating, because you know how—

Griffin:

That's the definition of the thing!

Travis:

Yeah.

Justin:

That's the definition of escalate. Do you know how bullies get to be bullies? They have mean dads that beat them up, and will beat other kids up. Is that what you want? You want to escalate your problem from bully to mean dad?

Travis:

And also, look at this for the future. If you and a bunch of your friends jump him, he's not going to go, "You know, I see your point now, and I've decided to..." He's gonna wait till next time you're alone...

Griffin:

Yeah.

Travis:

... and him and a bunch of his friends are gonna jump you.

Griffin:

Yeah.

Justin:

Yes. You gotta stride right up to him, you gotta tap him on the shoulder, and say, "Excuse me, *sir*," and then deck him, and then change schools.

Travis:

Yup.

Griffin:

Well... [laughs]

Travis:

"You leave her alone, Biff."

Justin:

"You leave her alone, Buster."

Travis:

[chuckles]

Justin:

"I'm your son from the future..."

Travis:

[laughs]

Justin:

"... and you've been beating me up. And I traveled back in time to tell you, don't do that. But every time I tried to tell you before, you beat me up. So, this is awkward."

Griffin:

Can we, uh— let's get—

Travis:

Maybe you should befriend him?

Griffin:

You see here, we're getting closer to actionable advice now. Um, I think all three of us can speak to this. You gotta lean into it. You gotta ride that wave.

Travis:

Wait—

Griffin:

You gotta ride that wave to graduation day, and I swear to you, you'll get through.

Travis:

Are you— wait. Are you encouraging him to, like, demand beatings?

Griffin:

Oh, no, just eat it when they come. Just take them.

Travis:

[laughing]

Griffin:

Have it. Ingest it. Grow from it.

Justin:

Yeah.

Travis:

Just like, dive at the floor?

Justin:

Yeah.

Griffin:

Let his punishment become the fertilizer for your maturity tree.

Travis:

[laughs]

Justin:

You don't wanna end up like Bright Eyes and only get beat up enough to have enough material for two to three solo, independent singer-songwriter albums.

Travis:

Mm-hmm.

Griffin:

Mm-hmm.

Justin:

You need to be beat up enough that you can have a *career* of it. You want a Conor Oberst level of getting beat up in high school, okay? That's where we're headed.

Griffin:

Look at, uh—

Justin:

We wanna make you a star.

Griffin:

Let's use Ben Gibbard. That's a way better example. Probably got the shit knocked out of his face every day, uh...

Justin:

Right.

Griffin:

... and then what happened? He released a bunch of great albums, married Zooey Deschanel.

Travis:

Nice.

Griffin:

That one didn't work out so well. But, um, it became—

Justin:

But it's not 'cause he beat her up!

Griffin:

Nah.

Justin:

How about that?

Travis:

[laughs]

Justin:

"You left all your goddamn sweaters lying around again, *Ben!*"

Griffin:

"Benjamin."

Justin:

"I'm tired of cleaning."

Travis:

Or you could do what *I* did when I got picked on, and I hit him with a trombone case.

Griffin:

Mm.

Travis:

So...

Griffin:

So, you're talking about weaponized school supplies.

Travis:

Yeah. [laughs] Well, I think the idea of, like, getting a group of people together, not cool. But, like...

Griffin:

Yeah.

Travis:

... challenging him to an honorable duel? Trombone cases at dawn.

Justin:

Yeah. That, uh—

Travis:

No? You don't think a one-on-one fight might solve this? It might, like—

Griffin:

No, Travis, I don't... no.

Justin:

No. I don't think that two guys hitting each other with trombone— that sounds like a mating call for bullies to come and, like, a bigger bully to come see that fight.

Travis:

[laughing]

Griffin:

Mm-hmm.

Justin:

And that's not bullying. I'll show both of you bullying.

Travis:

Oh, you need to find a bigger bully to bully your bully.

Justin:

Yeah.

Griffin:

[sighs]

Justin:

No, that doesn't make any sense either!

Griffin:

[sarcastically] "Hey, guys, so why don't you all hire Owen Wilson to come and protect you and your friends?" [blows raspberry] Pfft!

Justin:

[laughs]

Travis:

It worked on an episode of *Doug*.

Justin:

[wheezing laughter] "Why don't you get your secret agent dad to come protect you, like in *Cloak and Dagger*?"

Griffin:

"Why don't you call Rick Moranis and help you win the big... triathlon, sports triathlon?"

Justin:

[laughs] "Why don't you get the former fat guy from the fat kids camp to come over and teach you how to be good at volleyball?"

Griffin:

[laughing]

Justin:

I don't even know how this helps with the bullying anymore.

Griffin:

"Why don't you go and, with a bunch of your friends and Christopher Lloyd, open up your own summer camp because you hate going to piano camp so much, and then on the last day at camp, you have to put together a parent's day, so that..."

Travis:

Whoa, whoa, whoa, Griffin!

Justin:

"Why don't—"

Travis:

Did you just pull out *Camp Nowhere*?

Griffin:

I might have pulled that out of my quiver, yes.

Justin:

"Why don't you and your friends just learn how to change into cars and then back into robots and then fight the bad robots? 'Cause you're Transformers."

Griffin:

[laughing]

Travis:

[laughs] And by this point, you've graduated, so...

Justin:

Yeah, by now you've graduated.

Griffin:

Oh, man.

Justin:

I'm sorry that we're not more helpful.

Travis:

I don't think any of that helps.

Justin:

If we knew how to deal with bullies, [laughs] we wouldn't be in this situation...

Griffin:

High school sucks dick.

Justin:

... by which I mean our lives. Yeah, it sucks.

Griffin:

High school sucks more than anything, but then it's over, and it's awesome.

Travis:

Mm-hmm.

Justin:

Yeah, it'll get better. The bully will get tired of it eventually.

Griffin:

Yeah.

Travis:

Yeah, he's gonna get worn out from punching you. He's gonna get winded.

Griffin:

Mm-hmm. That's the real victory.

Travis:

And then you curl up into a ball, and you cry. You cry so hard.

Griffin:

You guys wanna Yahoo—

Justin:

Just don't get— I do wanna make this clear, though. Don't get a big group of people to fight that guy.

Travis:

No.

Justin:

Because then you're a bully, you're like a gang bully. And [crosstalk] in the first place.

Griffin:

Yeah, you are a gang, you're a gangster at that point, and that's a crime.

Travis:

Yeah.

Justin:

That's how people start gangs, to protect themselves from bullies.

Griffin:

Mm-hmm.

Justin:

Just wait it out, and stay hidden [whispers] in the shadows.

Griffin:

Um, guys, this Yahoo answer was, uh, sent in by Chuck Jones. Thanks, Chuck Jones.

Ugh, it's so good. It's by Yahoo Answers User Gary, who asks, "Thongs for men," in parentheses, "(Boyskinz)?" [snorts]

Justin:

[giggling softly]

Griffin:

"Hi, I was wondering if anyone knew where the website Boyskinz has gone. I wanted to buy a thong form there, but I saw they no longer were up. I also wanted to buy my son one, since he saw mine, and wanted to try it. No, I'm not a pedo. He's 15 and can speak for himself, thanks."

Justin:

[struggling to hold back laughter]

Griffin:

"Does anyone know where I can buy adult and youth boy thongs? Thanks."

Travis:

[stifling laughter] No!

Travis:

Oh, God.

Griffin:

Boyskinz, if you couldn't tell from my pronunciation, does have a "Z" up on it.

Travis:

[sniffles] Oh—

Justin:

Is there a "Y"? No "Y"?

Griffin:

I mean, there is a "Y."

Justin:

I mean, at the end— at the end of boy, but not at the end of skinz, not mid-skinz.

Griffin:

Oh, no, no, no. It would have been better if it was B-O-I-skin-Z, but, uh, I was not so lucky.

Justin:

But trademark Avril Lavigne.

Griffin:

Mm-hmm.

Justin:

Where *did* Boyskinz go? I've been cruising over to that website— not for any other reason than, uh, it was a good way to check my bandwidth speeds, because there are some *high-res* images. I mean, to put it mildly. The phrase doesn't even do it justice.

Griffin:

Yeah.

Travis:

"Hey, Dad? Hey, Papa? I cannot help but notice that stylish man-thong. Is there a place where I, a 15-year-old lad, could purchase one of those man-thongs? Boyskinz, you say? Let's check it out right now. Hmm..."

Griffin:

"Aww, what a disappointment."

Justin:

[simultaneously] "What a disappointment."

Griffin:

"Aww, um..."

Justin:

[crosstalk]

Travis:

"Now, I'll have to go bully all of those kids at school."

Justin:

[laughs]

Griffin:

"Come here, I'm mad at you! My pants are so loose."

Travis:

If only he had the support he craved.

Griffin:

I actually— I haven't been on the Boyskinz site in a while. I wasn't aware it disappeared— I had it in my, um, RSS feed. I had subscribed to their updates, and I wasn't getting them anymore, the newsletter stopped

coming. It really should've— that really should've been a telltale sign. Can we not get a Groupon on this?

Justin:

[laughs] Uh, you can get a Groupon, but everybody has to share the same thong, so it becomes very...

Griffin:

Oh, no.

Justin:

... there's some hygiene issues. Yeah, right.

Griffin:

Oh, God.

Justin:

There's nothing worse than waiting for your friend at a Mexican restaurant to get your thong for the day...

Travis:

Uh-huh.

Justin:

... and they don't show up 'til 10:20.

Griffin:

Why is this a thing?

Travis:

Boyskinz website?

Griffin:

Everyone in the answers is saying, "Go to Kmart and Walmart," as if that's— do they have those there?

Travis:

I know from personal experience that Walmart does not have sock garters, so I really doubt they have man thongs.

Griffin:

Can we call them Boyskinz from now on, and also can we call our podcast Boyskinz from now on?

Travis:

[giggling softly]

Justin:

Hey, uh, in the effort to, uh, actually give this person a helpful answer, uh, I just googled, "Boyskinz," and boy, do I regret it!

Travis:

[laughs]

Justin:

I shouldn't have done that! And if there are any government agents now monitoring my, like, DSL usage, like, I'm sorry. Very sorry, didn't mean to do it.

Griffin:

Is Boyskinz... I don't see a website called Boyskinz. I see a lot of usernames named Boyskinz, and a Yahoo— a YouTube channel called Boyskinz. So I'm thinking that this person's trying to start some branding. Oh, all these accounts are closed. I'm trying to Nancy Drew this shit, but...

Justin:

Yeah, Boyskinz just fell off the face... well, fell off the butt of the internet, let's be honest.

Travis:

[laughs]

Justin:

[crosstalk]

Griffin:

About... uh, nope. Fuck!

Justin:

Nope, you can't find Boyskinz anywhere.

Griffin:

There's a BlogSpot called "Boy Skin." Oh, no, don't just go to "Boy Skin" at BlogSpot. Oh, it's dicks all over! Dicks for miles.

Justin:

[laughs] How could this hap— well...

Travis:

You know, in 20 years...

Griffin:

[exasperated sigh] Ah...

Travis:

... on an episode of *Storage Wars*, they'll open up a storage container and find just box after box after box labeled "Boyskinz." And they'll be looking at it, going "You know, the Boyskinz are worth... that's like \$1,000 dollars a box right there. I'm seeing, like, \$6,000 dollars in thongs."

Justin:

"Is that a Hummel Boyskin? I can tell... That looks like a Hummel Boyskin." I was hoping that they were going to find the Boyskin website, 'cause I was curious how you were going to conceptualize that for me.

Griffin:

[laughs loudly]

Travis:

"Ooh, is that the domain name, Boyskinz?"

Griffin:

[through laughter] It's like a—

Justin:

"Underneath this, uh, what appears to be an elderly woman's sewing table folded up in the shelves here, there seems to be a website called Boyskinz."

Griffin:

"It's called Boyskinz."

Travis:

[laughs]

Griffin:

"It's a little—"

Travis:

"It's become corporeal. It looks hungry. [uncomfortably laughing] Um..."

Griffin:

"It seems— now, this looks like a regular cupboard, but when you open it and go inside, you exit on the other side into Boyskinz, the website."

Justin and Travis:

[laughing]

Griffin:

"Have a look around its directories and indexes. You're gonna like what you see."

Justin:

[laughs] "You're gonna be horrified at the way you look, I guarantee it."

Griffin:

Mm-hmm.

Justin:

Except Mr. Tumnus, he looks fantastic.

Griffin and Travis:

[laugh]

Justin:

Very svelte. "How did you get the tiny holes over your furry, furry legs, Mr. Tumnus?"

Griffin:

Hmm.

Justin:

Gah. "That is really doing some— it is shaping you very attractively."

Griffin:

That is... the most vivid mental picture, I think, we've ever created on this show, 'cause I can't—

Travis and Justin:

[softly giggling]

Griffin:

I can't— it's like... it's like—

Travis:

I can't get it out, and if you could see in my head, the look Mr. Tumnus is giving me... is troubling.

Griffin:

I'm f—

Travis:

'Cause he's angry. It's not like a seductive look. He's angry that I'm there.

Griffin:

I'm forming this sentence with my mouth, and speaking it with the power from my brain, but I'm only dedicating about one percent of my brain to that task, 'cause the other 99%...

Justin:

[giggles]

Griffin:

... is dreaming up this visage, and I can't.

Justin:

[laughs] [with deep voice] "I've been meaning to correct you, children. It's pronounced 'Ass-lan.'"

Griffin:

Ah, Jesus.

Travis:

Oh god, why is everyone in Narnia in my head and wearing thongs?

Justin:

[with high-pitched voice] "It's Father Christmas!"

Travis:

[laughs]

Justin:

"Children, I've brought— I've brought you gifts."

Travis:

Mr. and Mrs. *Beaver*! Hmm.

Justin:

"I've brought you gifts to help defend the kingdom. They're all Boyskinz!"
[laughs]

Griffin:

[laughs]

Justin:

"A sword?"

"No. A sword sheath, of a sort. [shouting] Boyskinz!"

Travis:

"Do you like Turkish delights?"

"No, but I'd love some Boyskinz."

Griffin:

"Hmm, those are delightful enough."

Let me...

Justin:

[laughs] "I suppose."

Griffin:

... just write down *The Lion, the Witch, and the Boyskinz* right now as the episode title. Okay.

Travis:

[giggling in background]

Justin:

You know what you never find on *Storage Wars*?

Griffin:

Hmm?

Justin:

They never just open it up, and it's just a bunch of wolverines.

Griffin:

[laughs]

Travis:

[laughs] Because like, they open it up, and they're just swarmed with, like, badgers.

Justin:

Just swarmed with wolverines. Do you think they would still bid on it?

Griffin:

Yeah.

Justin:

I got—

Travis:

Yeah. You know, there's money in wolverines.

Griffin:

Their teeth, their teeth are very, uh, precious.

Justin:

"Is anybody being mauled by a wolverine?"

"Yup!"

Griffin:

"Yup! Yup! [as if being chased] Nope, nope, nope!"

Justin:

"No! Christ!"

Griffin:

"My face!"

Travis:

Has there ever been an episode where they open up, and there's just, like, a dead person in there?

Griffin:

Mm-hmm.

Travis:

"That's a nice watch."

Griffin:

[crosstalk]

Travis:

"Look at that belt. That's a nice belt."

Griffin:

Dave found some bones once, and sold them for, like, \$15 grand. No joke. Good work, Dave!

Travis:

At one point— oh, I remember that episode, 'cause at one point, Dave, uh, commented that there was a hand. And then he said, "And this is an even bigger hand, so it's gotta be worth more."

And the lady's like, "Uh, that's a foot."

Griffin:

[bursts out laughing]

Justin:

[laughs]

Griffin:

Oh, man.

Justin:

Yup!

Griffin:

Dave, you're so fucking stupid. How'd you [crosstalk]—

Travis:

Dave, you stupid bitch.

Griffin:

You stupid idiot.

Justin:

"So recently—"

Griffin:

"Anyone got some bones I can have? Can I have anyone's bones, please? They're very expensive."

Justin and Travis:

[giggling]

Griffin:

"Yup! Bones? Bones?"

Justin:

[laughs] "So recently, it's come to my attention that a girl I liked thought I was kinda creepy. She still likes me as a friend, but my awkward attempts at courtship just creeped her off. How do I stop being creepy?" That's from the Chicago Creep show.

[through laughter] I don't know if that's a typo or not, but I'm really enamored with the phrase "creeped her off."

Travis:

Creeped her off.

Justin:

"He creeped me clean off."

Travis:

"Listen, I'm creeped off. I gotta go." [laughs]

Justin:

"I gotta be honest with ya, I'm creeped off right now."

Griffin:

Do you know what I think creepiness is? I think there's a lot of people that are creepy out there. And I see them...

Travis:

Mm-hmm.

Griffin:

... and I experience them, and I experience— I experience their creepy. Um, I think that it is mostly, no joke, like a lack of confidence. I think if you're not confident in yourself, that's the creepiest... that's like, a straight rocket car to Creepy Town.

Travis:

Well, yeah, but you gotta watch out, because that's like a... you can go over the edge...

Griffin:

Well, sure.

Travis:

... and then you're into, like, sleazy.

Griffin:

Yeah.

Justin:

Yeah, but there's also— I think Griffin's right. I think a lot of creepiness comes from second-guessing yourself.

Travis:

Mm-hmm.

Justin:

Where people think of you as, like, uh, creepy or perhaps a weird beard. Yeah, it's because you're constantly evaluating, eh, the situation, your response to it, in a way that's— people don't feel a connection, you know? If you connect with people, they're never gonna feel like you're a creepster. Unless you're, like, way deep down to the core creepy, creepy-cored out. And—

Griffin:

I think that people are so afraid that they're incapable of making that connection, though, that they go the whole, like, uh, the mentality of, "Oh, this is awkward, isn't it? [strained chuckling] Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha." Like, yeah!

Travis:

Or you do, like even worse, like, you pass notes and, like, you just kinda stare at them from a distance and wave, because you're too afraid to just, like, talk to them.

Griffin:

Like, your ineptitude in this region isn't, uh— it's not charming. It is creepy. It's how you creep people off, and you should stop doing that.

Travis:

It's how they get creeped off.

Griffin:

Yeah.

Justin:

Uh, yeah, I think it's just like anything else, right? Like, get interested in other people. Because if you can do that, you're gonna be a lot less absorbed with how you're coming off in a given situation.

Travis:

Mm-hmm.

Justin:

I think that's where that self-awareness— and that's something that a lot of people struggle with, even if they aren't necessarily creepy. That, um, sorta being obsessed with your self-awareness and your inner critic can make you seem off-putting to people.

Griffin:

Mm-hmm.

Travis:

And just be careful about putting people on a pedestal, and just realize that, you know, everybody is equal, and if there's a connection there, you're only gonna find it by, like, talking to them, and approaching them, and getting to know them. Uh, not from a distance.

Justin:

Also, be aware of— some of that creepiness can come from if you, uh, get kind of obsessed with a girl or boy...

Travis:

Mm-hmm.

Griffin:

Mm-hmm.

Justin:

... and spend a little too much time, you know, just showing up at their next class, and that kinda thing.

Griffin:

Mm-hmm.

Travis:

It's scarier—

Justin:

Be aware that that can be skeezy.

Travis:

It's scarier to face the possibility of, like, just being straight-out shot down. You know, like, you walk up, say, "Hey, uh, you know, I think we should get coffee sometime," and they're like, "No." That's scary, um, and so sometimes it's easier to just, like, try to incrementally get to know them, and that's what's creepy. You know what I mean?

Justin:

Yeah, that's a great point, Travis. A lot of that can come from this erosion style of seduction...

Travis:

Yeah.

Justin:

... where you're just going to wear the person down, uh, through virtue of exposure or time. Um, and it's rarely ever effective.

Travis:

What you usually end up doing is wearing down your own charm, because it gets a little exasperating. Um, where the person's probably thinking after

the second time, you know, "Who is this person? They haven't even, like, really introduced themselves to me yet." And then, pretty soon, they're looking at you as creepy.

I think that this is like anything else, uh, as far as self-improvement is concerned. You're not going to wake up tomorrow and not be creepy anymore, you know what I mean? Like, all of a sudden, you'll wake up one day, and realize that you're not creepy anymore, or you won't even be thinking about it by that point. But this isn't like, "I have decided to no longer be creepy."

Justin:

How do you dig out of it, though, Trav? How do you get out of the creepy hole?

Travis:

I think it's just by making the decision today, like, you know, "I'm gonna be more straightforward, I'm gonna be more confident, I'm—" and then don't hold yourself to that standard from day one.

Griffin:

Mm-hmm.

Travis:

You know what I mean? Like, 'cause that'll make you more self, uh, critical.

Griffin:

Also—

Justin:

And hey, don't be afraid to change the direction of your affections. Like, this person thinks you're creepy? It could also just be that they don't know what the hell they're talking about, and you're not a good relationship match for them.

Travis:

That's also true.

Justin:

Or you know, the chemistry is not there. Eh, you know, don't beat your head against a rock. If you're not feeling the connection, you're cool, too.

Travis:

And I think "creepy" is one of those words that can be, like, a really scary buzzword, because all of the sudden, you feel like, "Oh, my God, I've done the exact wrong thing." You know, it's not like, "I don't like him or he's uninteresting."

Creepy is like this "Oh, no. I've ruined it. I'm a terrible person..."

Griffin:

Yeah.

Travis:

... so, you know.

Griffin:

Now, also, don't send people, like, pictures of you hugging a body pillow that you photoshopped their face onto.

Travis:

Yeah.

Justin:

Yeah, that's— it seems like a great move, but...

Griffin:

Like, don't send gift baskets to people's parents to try and get them to like you, to get their kids to like you.

Justin:

"To Janet and Richard, congratulations on your 33rd anniversary. I'm so very proud of you."

Griffin:

"Your daughter is beautiful. Can I have her in exchange for this basket? I need..."

Justin:

And hey, barring everything else, you can always pay them. And the only way you can do that...

Griffin:

Like, to say, like...

Travis:

No, hold on.

Griffin:

... creepy bail?

Justin:

There's a tran— no, it's like a transition.

Griffin:

[laughs] "Let me—"

Travis:

Like, we pay... but, like, you're paying them to not think you're creepy?

Griffin:

"Let me outta—"

Justin:

Haven't you ever seen *Can't Buy Me Love*?

Travis:

Uh-huh.

Griffin:

"Let me outta the creepy jail in your mind! I want out."

Travis:

[laughs] "Here's a hundo."

Griffin:

"Here's a hundo. Is this bail?"

Travis:

[laughs]

Justin:

"Is this creepy bail that I'm paying?"

And of course, how else can you get your creepy bail together than with a trip to the Money Zone?

[theme song plays]

Justin:

You know who's never creepy?

Griffin:

Who?

Justin:

Oleetku Studios.

Travis:

John Cusack.

Justin:

No, John Cusack. No, John Cusack could freely— uh, if there's a guy outside your window with a boombox above his head, he better look like John Cusack...

Travis:

Yeah.

Justin:

... 'cause he is a homebuster.

Travis:

And he better look like 1980s John Cusack.

Justin:

Yeah. Ooh, yeah, not today's John Cusack, 'cause today's John Cusack is Alan Rickman.

Travis and Griffin:

[laugh]

Justin:

Oleetku Studios is a little group that tries to make cool stuff. They've got, uh, webcomics, they made one that's called *A/oof*. They have a podcast about cool freeware games. There's videos, there's articles, there's games, and there's other stuff, sometimes.

Travis:

[laughs]

Justin:

Uh, so if you're in the mood for any one of those— and the last one's so general that you cannot actually deny that you're in the mood for it.

Griffin:

If you're in the mood for any things in the universe ever in the fullness of time.

Justin:

[laughs] Open your mind to the expansive infinity, and visit...

Travis:

[laughs]

Justin:

OleetkusStudios.net, that's [sing-song] O-L-E-E-T-K-U-S-T-U-D-I-O-S dot net.

Griffin:

[laughs] You added an extra S on there.

Justin:

[sing-song] O-L-E-E-T-K-U-S-T-U-D-I-O-S dot net.

Griffin:

[laughs] That's great, 'cause now I don't have to do a jingle for them.

Justin:

[laughs] Ooh, good!

Got another message here for, uh, my man, Chris Flummer. Most people call him Flum. I stick with, uh, Flummer, and his gamer tag is Flumdinger, maybe? [wheezing laughter]

Travis:

[laughs]

Justin:

The person who sent this to us, uh, Melissa, his girlfriend, is not apparently sure what the Flummerino's gamer tag is, but she thinks—

Travis:

Hey, Flummenstein, what's your, uh, gamer tag? It could also be Flumdinjer, but that makes a lot less sense.

Justin:

Yeah, he's—

Griffin:

It's actually, uh, his gamer tag is all one word:
FlummerStarringRobinWilliams.

Travis:

[laughs]

Justin:

Uh, she wants him to know that she loves him, to have a happy B-day. Uh, he doesn't really like to celebrate his B-day, doesn't like anyone to give him a gift, 'cause he doesn't want people to make a big deal, but uh, now's the time to let that pass, 'cause your girlfriend, Melissa's gotten you this beautiful gift. She thinks that she wanted to pay us to tell you that you are flunbelievable.

Travis:

[laughing]

Justin:

And you know—

Griffin:

Oh!

Justin:

Oh! And we hope you have the very best birthday, ever.

Griffin:

I'm gonna actually do a jingle.

Justin:

Uh, so speaking of, uh, OleetkuStudios.net, uh, here's a song from my man, Griffin.

Griffin:

[strums guitar, stops] I think I've done something on Capo 5 before; lemme drop it down to Capo 3 and just, like, see...

Travis:

Yeah.

Griffin:

... just like see where the progression takes me.

[starts playing guitar] [singing] If you want to watch some videos, or read some articles, or play some games, or eat a sandwich, or see the face of your newborn baby before it's born. And if you like planes; and cars; and skies; and rocketships; and planets; and cans; and glasses, both the kind that you wear on your face, and the kind that you drink out of. If you like speakers and mice, if you like wallets and watches. If you like iron and calcium, if you like all of the things on the planet...

[singing] You gotta go to OleetkuStudios.org.

Travis:

Nope.

Griffin:

[singing]net. God damn it. [stops playing guitar]

Travis:

[laughing]

Justin:

[through laughter] If you'd like to get in on our Jumbotron, go to...

Griffin:

I'm definitely gonna cut a verse outta that.

Justin:

[laughing] Go to MaximumFun.org/jumbotron.

The one thing that you can't find at OleetkuStudios.net is the hilarious stylings of the Maximum Fun galaxy of stars. Here's one of them a-shining now.

[ad starts playing, rock music playing in background]

Jesse Thorn:

I'm Jesse Thorn. *Bullseye* is all about discovering the good stuff in popular culture that will do nothing less than change your life.

You know, I'd never heard anything like it before, it would be like seeing a new color, which I guess is music's, like, biggest asset, is that you can hear new sounds constantly.

It's the good stuff and just the good stuff in popular culture every week, on *Bullseye* from PRI.

Griffin:

Uh, here's a Yahoo Answer that was sent in by Keenen Williams. Thank you, Keenen. It's by Yahoo Answers User Interesting News, who asks, "How many farts per day is normal amount?"

Justin:

[laughs]

Travis:

Mm-hmm mm-hmm.

Justin:

Go on.

Griffin:

Uh, first off, let me apologize, 'cause there's a chance that we made it out to *The AV Club's* podcast roundup for the first time... and one of their action items was that, uh, maybe not so much fart humor in it.

Travis:

[laughs]

Justin:

So Griffin's response...

Griffin:

I'm just gonna peel all of our fart humor off like a band-aid. Three.

Travis:

Um...

Justin:

Uh, I mean, is this person—

Travis:

Five and a half?

Justin:

Is this person looking for metric weight of farts, or a number?

Travis:

[laughs] Yeah, is it like duration, or...

Griffin:

Aw, man.

Travis:

... amount? 'Cause what if you had just, like, one fart, but it was really, really, really long? Is that worse or better than 10 tiny ones?

Justin:

I changed my mind about this question. I don't think it's advisable.
[crosstalk]...

Travis:

What's the matter, Justin? Are you ashamed of your body?

Justin:

... enclosing for.

Travis:

Are you ashamed of...

Griffin:

Hey, it's na—

Travis:

... the body God gave you and the sounds it makes?

Griffin:

Jesus gave you that body, it's all natch! Don't worry—

Travis:

Jesus gave you farts.

Griffin:

Yeah.

Travis:

It's to get the devil out.

Griffin:

[laughs]

Justin:

Farts are an eternal source of comedy as old as history itself.

Travis:

Oh, yes.

Griffin:

One.

Justin:

It's like the Don Rickles of... well, it's just like Don Rickles.

Griffin:

One.

Travis:

Have you ever seen that painting where, like, God's reaching towards Adam?

Griffin:

Yeah.

Justin:

Mm-hmm.

Travis:

He's saying, "Pull my finger."

Griffin:

No, Travis.

Travis:

What? No?

Justin:

Travis just— [sputters, laughs] Travis just warped through time to be a dorm poster from the 70's.

Griffin:

[laughs]

Travis:

[laughs] Take that, SOPA!

Griffin:

Can we come up—

Justin:

[laughs loudly] We're not only gonna infringe on copyrights; we're gonna travel through time to do it!

Travis:

[laughs]

Justin:

Sorry, Orrin Hatch! Suck my dick!

Travis:

[laughs]

Griffin:

Can we come up with another word for farts, cause we're gonna be saying it a bunch during this question.

Travis:

Flattus.

Justin:

Tooteroops.

All:

[giggle]

Griffin:

I was thinking of something more innocuous.

Travis:

Flumdingers!

Griffin:

Can we call them—

Justin:

[giggling] Stinky bumblers.

Griffin:

Can we call 'em butt songs?

Travis:

[laughs] Humpty-dunklers.

Justin:

I think Nickelback will sue us for trademark infringement there.

Travis:

[laughs]

Griffin:

Um—

Justin:

You guys don't like bumpy stumblers, huh? I'll come up with some, um—
how about broken flutes?

Griffin:

Um, somebody in the comments wrote, "The government's recommended amount is nine farts per day," and that...

Travis:

[laughs] What?

Griffin:

"... that doesn't include any long ones that continued over from the prior day."

Justin and Travis:

[burst out laughing]

Griffin:

Which is, let it be known, the first funny thing that I've ever seen on Yahoo Answers. First intentionally funny thing I've ever seen. Uh, but the...

Justin:

Oh, for sure, yeah.

Griffin:

... their source was www.fart.gov, which I did...

Travis:

[giggles]

Griffin:

... which I did click to investigate, and it's nothing. It's not a real live site, so...

Travis:

Oh, no.

Griffin:

... they got me pretty good there. Yeah.

Justin:

Yeah. You just got zinged by someone on Yahoo Answers.

Griffin:

I do wish that whenever you click that hyperlink, though, it took you to a website that wrote down the names of the people that had tried to access the website, 'cause...

Justin:

[laughs] Forever.

Griffin:

Or if it was like that cave with the genie in it, and you go into the cave and then the genie leaves, and he's like, "I got you! Only one person... one person has to stay in the cave at all times!" And then you're here until the next person comes in. So you have to trick the next person... it's like *The Ring*. Is that a thing? *The Ring*?

Justin:

Yeah, that's how *The Ring* goes.

Travis:

Yeah.

Griffin:

Okay. So, fart.gov, someone please set me free.

Travis:

[laughs] Please go to fart.gov.

Griffin:

Please, I need it.

Travis:

And then sign the petition to turn that into a cabinet post.

Justin:

Can we register fart.gov?

Griffin:

I—

Justin:

Or do you have to be in the gov?

Griffin:

I'm sure that, by saying it, that it's already happened somewhere. Well, let me check again.

Justin:

Oh, okay.

Griffin:

Nope, it's still 404-ed.

Um, uh, zero. If you— guess what, if you fart, you're a fucking freak. You're nasty. Nobody should do that.

Justin:

[snorts, laughs] [crosstalk] farts.

Griffin:

That's sin! That's sin! That's a—

Justin:

That's the sin slipping out.

Griffin:

... that's sin that you made.

Justin:

That's why it smells that way, 'cause of the brimstone.

Travis:

Mm-hmm.

Justin:

From hell.

Travis:

So Griffin, your number is zero.

Griffin:

Zero farts per day is the normal amount.

Travis:

Uh-huh. Justin?

Justin:

Did anyone— uh, I think that if you have four, then you're probably okay. I think if you have five, then you probably are epileptic.

Travis:

Well, I think what's important is not—

Griffin:

[bursts out laughing]

Travis:

[laughs] Wait.

Griffin:

I think if you have six, then you have some form of hepatitis. It's really— this is a new sort of, uh, um, medicine.

Travis:

Metric.

Griffin:

It's a new medicine, like, where you—

Justin:

It's like phrenology.

Griffin:

I don't need to cut your hand open to see if you have carpal tunnel syndrome; I just need to know if you fart 11 times a day, 'cause that's your body trying to tell me, on this—

Travis:

That you're pregnant.

Griffin:

Yeah. That's what— you have carpal tunnel, and also you're pregnant. Congratulations.

Justin:

You fart 11 times, you have carpal tunnel. You fart 12 times, then you have lupus. If you fart 13 times, then someone in Asia loves you very, very much.

Griffin:

[bursts out laughing] If you fart 14 times, you're gonna live in a mansion. If you fart 15 times, you're gonna live in a shack.

Travis:

[laughs] You're gonna marry Bobby Schmitz.

Griffin:

Mm-hmm.

Justin:

Yeah, this is the way you tell it. This is how you tell your future from now on.

Travis:

I think with all this, um, I think this is a new field that should be registered at fart.gov.

Griffin:

Yeah. A list. 16 times, that's a bad omen, that's a bad moon rising.

Justin:

Oh, bad fart [crosstalk].

Travis:

But 17 times is a good omen, so if you get to 16 and it's like 11:45 PM, start pushing.

Griffin:

Nobody—

Justin:

[laughs] And the bad omen may end up that you pooped your pants.

Griffin and Travis:

[laughing]

Justin:

[through laughter] Maybe what the bad omen was trying to tell you.

Hey, uh, by the way, thanks again, *The AV Club*, for putting us in the podcast roundup. And thanks for your subtle commentary about how many fart jokes we have. We turned it around to a big "Come at me, bro," of fart jokes, apparently.

Griffin:

[laughs] Um...

Justin:

So sorry we didn't take your advice more seriously.

Travis:

[laughs]

Griffin:

There is no diagnosis for 18 farts, 'cause nobody on the planet has ever farted 18 times in one day before. They just skip right over to 19.

Justin:

And that's why Adele called her album that.

Travis:

Oh!

Justin:

Because she was so proud.

Griffin:

She called it *18 Farts*?

Travis:

Yeah, it's 'cause-

Justin:

[laughs] She called it *19*. Her album was called *19* because of the farts.

... I'm not sure about that.

Griffin:

I wasn't either.

Justin:

I read about that in *Kerrang!* I'm not sure if it's accurate.

Griffin:

The Starbucks, uh, cashier who sold me the album explained that to me, about the farts, the thing about the farts...

Travis:

[through laughter] Yeah, this album's named after how many farts she did.

Justin:

[laughs] She did this many farts this year.

Griffin:

In one day.

Justin:

It might've been a goof [crosstalk].

Griffin:

It was way, way, way more than the normal amount.

Justin:

[laughs]

Griffin:

According to the government.

Justin:

That song about— that song “Chasing Pavements” is about farts, think about it.

Travis:

“Setting Fire to the Rain,” get it?

Justin:

Think about it.

“Hey, I’m a straight, red-blooded American male, who in May is serving as best man at my gay best friend’s wedding. Ceremony itself is very traditional, but I’m stumped when it comes to the bachelor party. The attendee mix is going to be about 50/50 straight-gay, with a few lesbians thrown in for color. How do I throw my pal a rainbow colored bachelor party? Please note that my friend, by his own admission, is a terrible gay, and he’s expressed on more than one occasion a desire to have an Asian lady stripper at his party.” Getting Down in Durham. Wow!

Griffin:

Wowzers!

Travis:

I feel like the bulk of it’s already planned. Asian lady stripper.

Justin:

This is a wi— I mean, this is a real tough one. We don’t get many toughies like this.

Griffin:

Ultimately, the easy answer, which is to say the not funny answer, is you get him what he wants, and I guess an Asian lady stripper. I guess that's what you do.

Travis:

This is my answer.

Griffin:

The fun answer...

Travis:

What *can't* you do at a gay bachelor party?

Griffin:

This is not a—

Justin:

Oh, my God, you're right!

Griffin:

I... and like, there's gonna be a 50/50 split with some lesbians thrown in for color? I'm imagining, like a Caligulan miasma of genital delights.

Travis:

Just a bacchanale.

Griffin:

Just a—

Justin:

Yeah!

Griffin:

What do you want? 'Cause it's everywhere!

Travis:

The fucking sky's the limit as far as fucking goes.

Justin:

It's a carnival of Earthly delights, put it in there.

Travis:

[laughs]

Justin:

Happy bachelor party! Sorry Dave couldn't marry you, he died last night.

Griffin:

[bursts out laughing]

Travis:

He OD'ed on hedonism.

Justin:

[laughs] Now he's a weird sexaholic, and he can only get off on a gay
[crosstalk]—

Travis:

He was drinking wine out of a lady's hair, and he doesn't seem concerned!

Justin:

[laughs] He set a pet rock on fire and jammed it up that guy named Dave's
anus, and now that's the only way he can finish.

Travis:

He cut himself on all the harps.

Griffin:

[continues laughing in background]

Justin:

Lacerated himself.

Griffin:

Ugh, man.

Justin:

Uh, you know, I think if you get the right Asian lady stripper, then everybody will enjoy it, because you gotta have one that's high on theater, and is just fun. You know, like not as much focused on the, uh, seduction as they are on the pageantry.

Griffin:

Yeah.

Justin:

If you get that kinda Asian lady stripper...

Travis:

And maybe a little whimsy?

Justin:

Maybe some whimsy thrown in.

Griffin:

Mm-hmm.

Justin:

Um...

Griffin:

You could just go the traditional route, and just, like, rent out a cabin by a lake, and just go there with all of his friends with a few beers, and have a classy time. And then everyone just, like, pops a bunch of ecstasy, and then, like, pees on a beached whale.

Travis:

[laughing]

Justin:

Just see where it goes.

Griffin:

Just like see what happens.

Justin:

I think this is gonna be a pretty good party.

Griffin:

Mm-hmm.

Justin:

... or the last party. Either which way, you've done your job.

Griffin:

We all got buttohole tattoos!

Travis:

[laughs] And also, he's in prison. Sorry.

Griffin:

Sorry.

Travis:

Sorry.

Griffin:

Oops.

Justin:

Sorry. *Hangover III*.

Griffin:

It's okay, though, 'cause his buttohole tattoo looks like a shark, so no one's gonna get near him. [growling] Arr, arr!

Justin:

Are we done?

Griffin:

[laughs] No, let's have a—

Travis:

Maybe a cake? I dunno.

Justin:

[laughs] Maybe a tasteful cake.

Travis:

Some balloons?

Justin:

Hey! Welcome to *Cake Boss*! This week on *Cake Boss*, we're making a big cake shaped like a asshole for a gay guy's bachelor party with an Asian lady stripper gonna pop out of it!

Griffin:

We're making a cake—

Justin:

[crosstalk] just thinking about it!

Griffin:

This cake looks like a dick going into a cake shaped like a vagina, going into a cake shaped like another vagina! *Cake Boss*! [laughing]

Travis:

Cake Boss!

Justin:

Stay tuned for *The Littlest Chocolatiers*, by which I mean they're inside the cake! What the fuck!?

Griffin:

[laughs] What the fuck?? I'm making eight dicks today! *Cake Boss!*

Justin:

This isn't even for a party!

Travis:

[laughs] This isn't even being filmed right now!

Griffin:

[laughs] This asshole cake's for Cake Boss! *Cake Boss!*

All:

[burst into uncontrollable laughter]

Justin:

[through laughter] This cake's from... fucking Cake Boss!

This cake's made of sand, and also, I'm a ghost!

Griffin:

[through laughter] *Cake Boss...*

Travis:

Cake Boss!

Griffin:

Cake Ghost?

[coming down from laughter] Oh, Christ.

Justin:

Cake Boss.

Griffin:

Oh...

Justin:

I mean, you gotta earn the title somehow. [laughs] You gotta dethrone—

Travis:

So, I guess, throw him a *Cake Boss*-themed bachelor party.

Justin:

I guess, in closing, that's the only way you're gonna dethrone him, you gotta up his game. Gotta beat him at his own game.

Travis:

You gotta out-Cake Boss the Cake Boss.

Justin:

Out-Cake Boss the Cake—

Travis:

... What was the question?

Justin:

Hey, so thanks for listening to our stupid show, uh, *My Brother, My Brother, and Me*. Um, we really appreciate you sticking with us through thick and thin.

Travis:

That is, assuming that you didn't turn it off like ten minutes ago, when we were talking 'bout farts.

Griffin:

Aww, God...

Justin:

Not that anybody could blame you.

Griffin:

You gotta make it through the swamp of farts to get to the good, good *Cake Boss* goofs.

Travis:

[giggles]

Justin:

Thank you to everybody who, uh, tweeted about the show this week with the #MBMBaM hashtag. Uh, thank you to Good Righter, that's with a R-I-G-H-T-E-R, thanks to, uh, Krista Whalen for tweeting about the show, the Jake of Ankh, thanks to Botherer, make sure you check out his show, uh, *Rum Doings*, or his site RockPaperShotgun. He's always been super supportive of us and we certainly appreciate it. Jinxville, uh, the Triscuit, our buddy... uh, Tristan the Marine, Mace in Your Face, everybody.

Travis:

Um, if I may, I would like to ask you, our listeners, our friends, for a favor. The theater that I work for is competing in a contest to win us a new set of lights, which we desperately need, and so we would really appreciate your support. I'm gonna put a link on Twitter, uh, after the show goes up, and there's also gonna be a link on the MaximumFun.org, uh, webpage. Uh, and probably also on Facebook too, so if you'd go and vote for our lighting video, it's also a really funny video, and I'd really appreciate it.

Griffin:

I wanna thank—

Justin:

Well, then we're... [crosstalk]

Griffin:

No—

Justin:

Sorry, go ahead.

Griffin:

... let's all do that.

Justin:

I was just gonna say, everybody do that.

Griffin:

Everybody do that. Uh, you have my permission.

I wanna thank John Roderick and The Long Winters for the use of the theme song to our podcast, "(It's a) Departure," off the album *Putting the Days to Bed*. Uh, it's so fucking good, and you should buy the album, and then all their albums.

Justin:

Yeah, someone else just bought it.

Griffin:

Some... And again, just now.

Justin:

Like, just now. People are buying it all the time.

Travis:

That one was John Roderick.

Justin:

Yeah.

Griffin:

He bought it himself.

Travis:

Oh, no, there's another guy.

Griffin:

[softly] Named also John Roderick. Uh...

Justin:

Uh...

Griffin:

You wanna close it?

Justin:

Yeah.

Griffin:

Um—

Justin:

Uh, did you get our email address? It's uh, mbmbam@maximumfun.org. Um, and also check out *Bullseye*, it used to be called *The Sound of Young America*, we're on it sometimes, it's also at MaximumFun.org, and PRI, and a bunch of other places.

Travis:

Oh, and, uh, *Stop Podcasting Yourself* just hit their 200th episode, so make sure you check it out, if you haven't already.

Justin:

Yeah, congratulations to those guys.

Griffin:

We're approaching our 100th, aren't we?

Travis:

Yeah.

Justin:

Oh yeah, we're...

Travis:

And then we'll stop forever.

Griffin:

Goodbye, everyone.

Um, that was a goof. This final Yahoo was sent in by Keenen Williams, also. Quickly becoming a gold status contributor. It's by Yahoo Answers User Amanda, who asks, "Did Kel from *Kenan & Kel* die?"

Travis:

[laughs]

Justin:

I'm 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.

[music plays and ends]