

# Dance Muthafucka, Dance!

Jace Everett

While thumbing through his news aggregator that morning several tidbits caught his eye and seemingly broke his heart. The continuing climate crisis notwithstanding, he'd been able to avoid his darker thoughts for the better part of a day. Day and a half. But upon reading in the Lifestyle section that pigs are susceptible to bouts of chronic depression, he felt his own creep up quietly upon him. Also, he was completely out of toilet paper.

(Dance Muthafucka)

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As he moped through his Monday thinking exclusively of himself (and the pigs), there was a gnawing suspicion that he'd forgotten something of great significance before he left the house. His latex gloves reached up to adjust his makeshift mask when it hit him... "It's not Monday... It's fucking Wednesday, man!" (Holy shit)

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(Alright then)

After embracing isolation as a lifestyle for the better part of two decades, his hermetic habits had finally found purpose. While his so-called friends rung their hands with worry, he smiled under his mask. Because this was his day. This Wednesday. This was his moment. This was his time! And there, was toilet paper!

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