

Is It 2021 Yet?

It seems like Tiger King came out 4 years, doesn't it? Boy, meth is a special kind of drug, huh? Two different straight boys married a mullet-wearing, gun totin' hillbilly. Something tells me they didn't marry for love. Well, it is America I suppose. This was the year we ran out of television, I swear. I'm sure network executives were digging through storage units on the back lot, just sifting through rejected shows and airing those bad boys. Look, you know I'm a sucker for low-brow reality TV. Big Brother continues to be racist as all get out and now Fox is making us suffer with the Masked Dancer. GET OUTTA HERE. And don't even get me started on Dancing with the Stars. Carole Baskin. Carole Fucking Baskin, who killed her husband gets a contract to dance, if you can call it that, from ABC. As you can tell, my 2020 was filled with many hours in front of the idiot box. I'm ashamed to admit that I've gained more than 15 pounds since the lockdown. If you've been trying to stalking me on Facebook, and why wouldn't you, my life is SUPER interesting, you may have had a difficult time finding me. That's because I suspended my account. One of the better decisions I've made in 2020. The misinformation being spread on that site, like y'all thinking voting fraud is real, it's not. I just sowed the seeds of division and I admit, I took the bait way too many times. Didn't even call my father on Father's Day, and no, he won't be getting my annual Christmas letter to update him with all the new and exciting things in my life, like buying a whole new wardrobe for example.

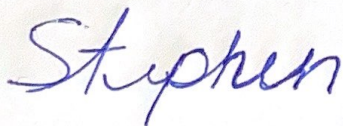
Cooking was quite the adventure this year. Given that Tim works in retail, he was home for all but a month before his company called him back to work to fulfill online orders. Leaving me to do the cooking, the laundry, the dishes, the vacuuming, AND working from home, or WFH as the millennials say. So if you're wondering, and I know a lot of you are, about the reason why Tim and I got a quarantine divorce, it was because when I would ask him how his day was when he came home from work and he'd comment on how nice it must be to work from home like I do everyday. It didn't take long before I was hocking loogies in his mashed potatoes and giving that a quick stir before serving that up, because, you know, there wasn't anything else I had to do with my days than prepare and serve him dinner. Not the person I really wanted to be. While I did move out, I agreed to marriage counseling before I sign on the dotted line. The great thing about the virtual counseling sessions is that I can turn off my camera when I need to roll my eyes. I've learned to glitch speak and blame a poor internet connection when needed.

I'm desperately in need of a vacation. I had planned on going to the 2020 Olympics, had tickets and everything, but how is it possible to need a vacation from people when quarantining? The only place I go is the grocery store and those trips are making me lose my mind. Who knew that wearing a face mask would be 2020's version of an idiot test. The mask GOES OVER YOUR NOSE! There can't be that many mouth breathers in the world, can there? I just want to ask these people, "Do you cut the tip off your condom before you have sex too?" And no, don't pull your mask down to ask me a question, to greet me, to cough, or to sneeze. Then when exiting I find myself taking a deep breath to calm myself only to find that the parking lot is littered with gloves and face masks. How disgusting! On a brighter note, the possibility of having a vaccine by 2021 looks promising. But circling back to Facebook, every third post was from some crazy person who I've had the distinct pleasure of crossing paths with who shared some "information" on how the vaccine will be the government's way to track our every move. 10 out of 10 people who have enlightened me with this "information" has shared it via Facebook for iPhone.

My stimulus check was spent on my security deposit and application fee for a small apartment when I left Tim. A depressing way to spend that money in 2020. My cousin Becky spent hers on a tattoo that read, 'It Pays to be Poor: Trump 2020'. White people gonna white people I guess.

I didn't find that there was too much to celebrate in 2020. I do hope that 2021 brings us some togetherness, both politically and among friends and family (yes, even cousin Becky).

Salud,



Stephen