

A Standup Comedy

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My closet is breaking apart.

If I were gay, I would love to make a second joke about that, but I'm not. Yet. And that's how inclusivity works!

The other day, I pulled open my closet, and the closet ... knob—literally fell into my hands. And for a millisecond, as I was standing there with the knob in my hand, I was like ... am I radioactive? Then I peered into the closet, and I saw a stuffed animal fighting ring, and Coldplay appeared and told me, "You're the Chooosen One."

And so, I fixed the closet temporarily and shut the door on them.

If you understood that Coldplay reference, chances are that you've worn skinny jeans before or wanted them. And if you didn't catch that Radioactive is by Imagine Dragons, you're just like me. Unable to imagine dragons.

I forgot that kids existed for a while, which is something that many people should think, who do not think.

Having been a kid once or twice in my 1000-year lifespan, I can confidently say it's not a period I want to return to.

I feel like children in this world are often used as a morality benchmark. Which is interesting because I feel like most of the world doesn't know how to deal with children morally. *I* can't. Every year up until like last year, I thought to myself, man. If I were to meet my past self, and we were standing on a bridge, I'll tell her, "hey. It's going to be okay. I won't take offense if you jump now. Jump. Now." And then I'll push her off.

You know how when someone dies, and whoever liked them or whatever is like, You can't talk bad about them because they had a wife—usually a wife—and kids.

And I feel like ... if that's your first point when defending someone ... that someone probably is ... not someone you should like?

It always rubs me the wrong way when people use that argument, especially if the family isn't saying anything? Like, why are you dragging them into this mess? If they're grieving, let them grieve. If they're not grieving, that's awkward.

Like, if the kid isn't coming out—ha ha, missed chance again—and going like, “Hey. He has a kid. Me! He was a great dad! I love him even though he has committed great atrocities that will disturb me once I stop disassociating from life!” I just don't think that argument should be used.

Who doesn't have kids? The human population is unfortunately still continuing, so. I feel like the percentage of people who have kids should be bigger than those who don't. And I don't think that correlates with being ... a standup person.

I guess the moral of the story is, if you're running an illegal stuffed animal fight club, don't have a family when you die, so people can use better arguments to defend your crimes. Like, maybe your personality.