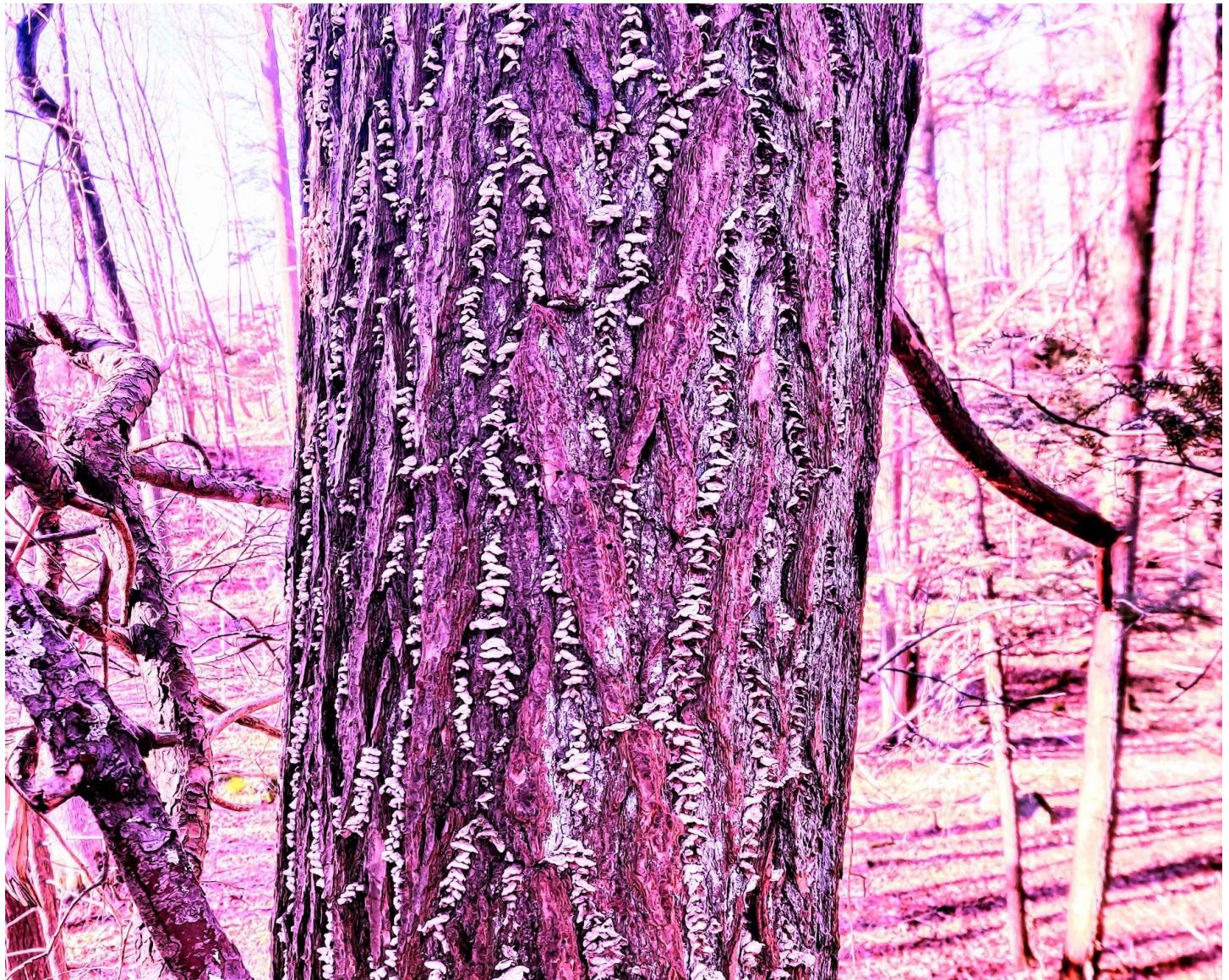


The Sensationalist: #14

12/22/22

“Stop thinking at the hand”



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The Pickle Prince and the Tomato Tyrant

(Part 2)

Henry Levitt

As midnight quickly approached, the Pickle Prince and his cunning companion looked for a secluded table in Dillseed Den. They moved towards the back of a tavern and Mr. Onion noticed a cloaked figure slowly moving towards them. What was peculiar was that the figure did not take steps but instead seemed to float above the ground. The pair became anxious about their unknown company as the clock had not struck twelve yet. So they settle down at a barrel in the back, out of view of the cloaked figure. But as they went to take a seat, the entity was already waiting for them.

“Who are you?” exclaimed our hero prepared to take on a hostile foe. Fortunately, the shadow was not an enemy: she threw back the cloak and the allium and pickle stared in awe. “I had no idea...” said the Pickle, for it was the princess herself!

“I apologize for my secretive appearance, but my father doesn’t let me past the palace gates without a royal escort. How do you like the tavern, by the way? I thought you would feel at home among the spices.”

~

The Pickle Prince explained his travels in great detail to the princess before finally asking her what she meant about saving her people.

“When I was picked off the vine by my parents, they brought me to a magic-woman, the fabled garlic witch of the northern woods, to bless me. However, the witch, upon seeing me, sensed a great energy. She dismissed my parents and read my prophecy: She said that I would one day liberate my

people with the help of a foreigner who was born from acid...and...and...” The Princess seemed anxious and did not finish her thought.

“And you think that’s me,” said the Pickle Prince in shock. The Plum Princess nodded bashfully knowing what such a task would entail. “What did the witch mean by saying ‘liberate your people’?” asked the prince.

The princess, tears beginning to form in her eyes, answered, “A long time ago, the elite yellow minority ruled the Tomato Territories and subjugated all other colors of tomatoes. They ensured that all tomatoes, with emphasis on the red majority, would forever live in squalor. However, one day the red tomatoes rebelled. A war party, led by my father, slaughtered thousands of yellow tomatoes indiscriminately and enslaved the rest. Ever since then, slavery of the yellow-kind had been integral to our economy and culture. It hurts so much to watch every day, and it is what I fear I will one day inherit,” the Princess, now weeping, was almost inconsolable. The royal pickle took the princess in his pungent embrace and held her until she calmed.

“Princess, I will do whatever it takes to rid your kingdom of this horrible plague that has befallen your people,” declared the Pickle Prince with great resolve. The tomato looked the pickle in the eyes with a stoic expression, understanding that the prince had made his decision.

“Tomorrow,” said the Plum Princess, “You are to tell my father in his royal court that you intend to take my stem in marriage. He will challenge you to retrieve a golden ring from the bottom of an enormous jar of sauce...but I must tell you, no one has ever succeeded...” **(to be continue)**

The Antithesis of Creation

Hope Nathanson

I am suffering from stagnation
And it is no fault but my own
When granted an unscheduled moment
I have found that my brain would rather consume
IMAGES than EXPERIENCES
My brain would rather watch a cute girl knit a cute sweater
Than touch a spool of yarn
My brain would rather watch a strong man get stronger
Than strengthen myself
My brain would rather watch someone review a book
Than turn a page
Until today, my brain would have rather read The Sensationalist
But my heart wants to write for it



Evan Bellusci

Limerick Fun!

Henry Levitt

#1

There once was a boy with a magazine,

He wrote with the help of caffeine.

With many late nights,

And countless kilobytes,

It finally materialized on screen.

#2

Remember to praise the cheese,

For the tongue it always does please.

Whether cooked or baked

Or melted or flaked,

It is blessed to cure any disease.

#3

“Hi, would you care for a beignet?

I have three I must give away.

For if I do not,

They'll sit and rot,

And that will be very not slay.”



"We Find Ourselves"

James Hooker

Album of which the above art represents:

We Find Ourselves

Predatory Business Practice

This following narrative is about a local business that employs some... let's say questionable practices. I will refrain from naming the restaurant, though if you live in my little hamlet of Ridgefield, CT it is likely you have made the same observation.

Earlier this week I hit the gym in the late afternoon with my gym buddy and close friend Evan, and craved some protein after the sesh. Naturally we chose to go to this (unnamed) restaurant as it is known for its burgers and quick service. As I'm ordering a double with swiss I notice the same pattern that has been omnipresent in the eatery since it opened: predatory business practices.

When I say predatory I'm not talking cutthroat capitalist will-steal-insulin from a child dying of ketoacidosis, I'm talking about sexually predatorial in nature. You see, all the employees that are visible to the customer are female and under the age of 25. I have never, in all my years of patronizing this restaurant, interacted with a male employee or a woman past the age of approximately mid-twenties. This is a complete outlier when compared to all other eateries and places of business within my town--it has practically become the brand. I have physically existed within this premises on over 100 unique occasions for a total or no less than 30 hours, and yet still have not observed a male on the company's payroll. You may be thinking that there is some youth women empowerment movement driving this, but, to date, there still seems to be no signs of such.

Furthermore, and here's the kicker, they *always* wear tight-fitting pants as if it's some kind of dress code. I'm not saying that women can't wear yoga pants--quite the opposite, in fact: I encourage anyone to wear whatever they please. But, when 100% of the employee observations include this apparel that happens to reveal the body's physique more clearly, one begins to wonder.

And for the record, the owner in question is a middle-aged "gentle"-man who (and I don't like stereotyping) looks like a creep. My theory is as follows: the owner has a certain sexual affinity to much younger, and often underaged, women in tight-fitting pants.

I really do not think that my theory is much of a stretch, either--all my empirical data suggests it! I also believe that this appearance has become so ingrained within the brand that no one thinks twice about what is truly an odd and perhaps perverted practice. My point in writing this is to stir up some suppressed thoughts about this restaurant and ensure that I'm not really going crazy. Anyways,

**Until next time,
Henry L.**

Top-Secret Chocolate Chip Cookie Recipe

Henry Levitt

The following is my top-secret, highly tested cookie recipe that I am making available to the public. This was a very tough decision for me, but I believe that all human beings should have the opportunity to try out this incredible recipe.

Mix 1/2 cup browned butter, 1/2 cup granulated sugar, 3/4 cup brown sugar, and 1 teaspoon of salt in a large bowl. Wait for mixture to cool then add 1 egg, 1 teaspoon vanilla extract, and 1/2 teaspoon baking soda. Mix until well Incorporated. Fold in 1 1/4 cups flour. Do not over mix. Fold in 4 oz or 1/2 cup each of chocolate chunks and chocolate chips (two different kinds of chocolate is best). Preheat the oven to 350 and refrigerate the dough for at least 30 minutes. Place 12 golf ball sized lumps of dough on lined baking sheets. Make sure to allow 2 inches of space between every cookie. Bake for 10-13 minutes. Do not let the cookies brown. Remove and let sit undisturbed for at least 10 minutes. Enjoy!



*Not an image of the cookies



*Also not an image of the cookies

THE ENERGY DRINK EXPERIMENT

One week has elapsed since the inception of the "Energy Drink Experiment", and I have come bearing updates. Firstly, the basil sprouts have been placed in rock wool and will remain there for the remainder of the remaining experiments, and in which their remains may possibly remain for the remainder of time.

Secondly, the three energy drinks have been chosen: Reign energy, Java Monster (per Hope's suggestion), and the classic and humble Red Bull. I will also include a control of water and may test out coffee or tea as well.

The basil seedling-torture will begin once >90% of the seedlings present two leaves. Finally, here are images of the set up with some additional information.



- 1) Large genetic sampling in the basil which was *definitely* intentional and not because they were the only seeds I have.
- 2) I have absolutely know idea where the pink is from on the paper towel I germinated on.
- 3) Takeout containers with loose fitting lids and rockwool.

This has been The Sensationalist: #14

“You can't have two pickle spears! That's ridiculous! You couldn't even handle that much pickle.”⁹⁹