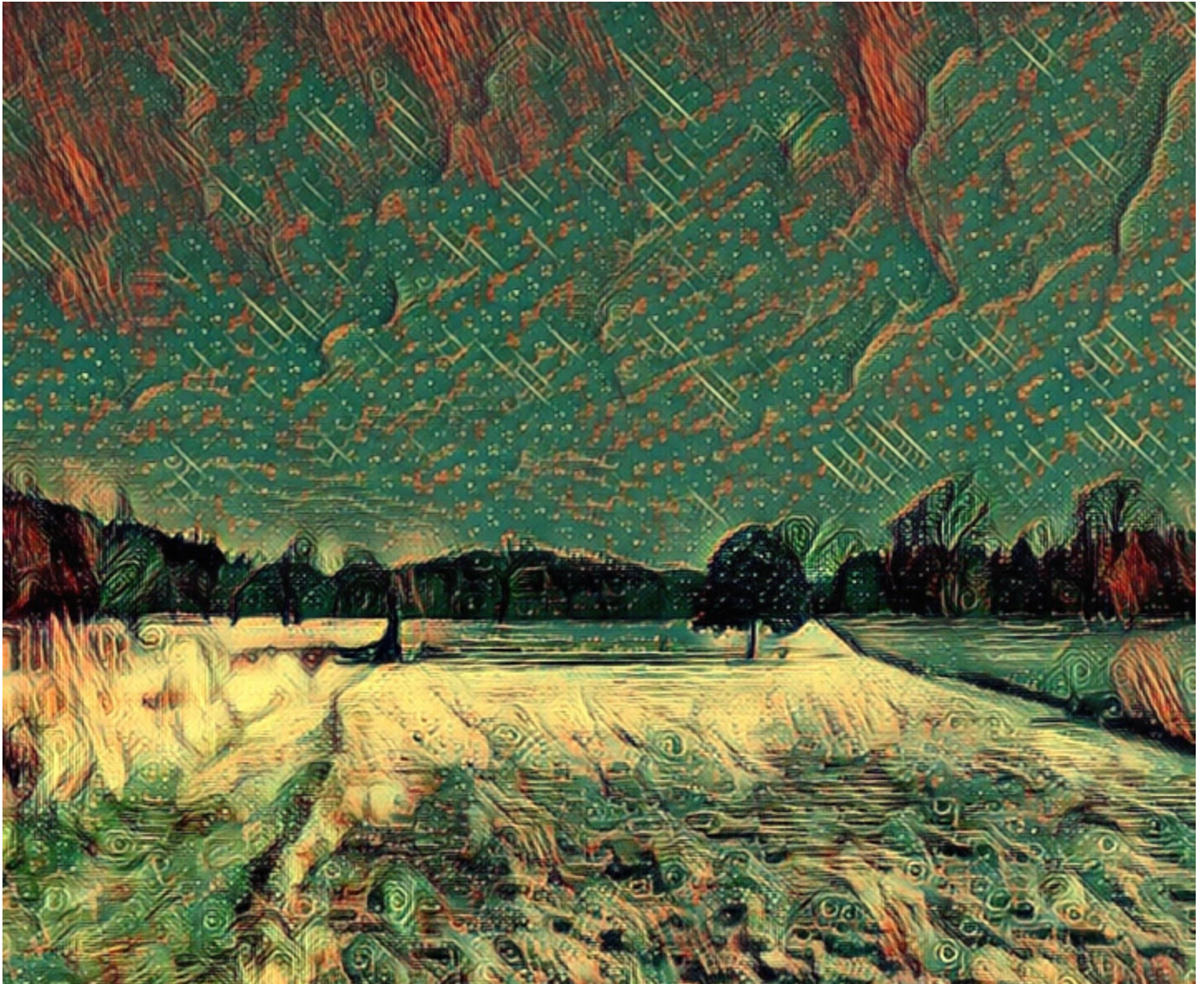


# The Sensationalist: #11

11/30/22

“The first question an ego asks is, what am I?”



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# *Willy Wonka is a Pedophile*

*Ellis Zusel*

Last night, I took edibles (sorry Nancy Reagan, I do drugs) and went with my go-to high activity: watching an old kids movie. The chosen film for the night was *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*. As the opening credits rolled, I waited for the nostalgia to wash over me. This was a story that had been ubiquitous throughout my childhood, and I was far from alone in this regard. But the comforting memories from my childhood never came. The movie hit totally different from how I remember it. Contrary to the joy and wonder I anticipated, I felt scared and creeped out. I assumed it was simply a side effect of the \$5/mg “top of the line” weed the Rabbi’s 8th grade son Shlomo sold to me during Chabad’s anti-semitism town hall, but this morning I had an epiphany. The edibles were not the problem. In fact, they were the only thing that allowed me to see that *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory* is a story not about a young boy’s journey through a mystical candy factory, but rather a deranged billionaire’s attempt to bang some kids. Yes, Willy Wonka is a fucking pedophile.

First, let’s examine Wonka’s reasoning for luring five “lucky” kids into his chocolate factory. He claims that the golden tickets and exclusive tour are all part of a scheme for him to find a child uncorrupted by greed to take over the factory and carry on his company. Willy Wonka, a moral businessman right? No chance. The movie makes it very clear that as a business owner, Wonka cares only about his bottom line. When other companies started copying his products, did he welcome the competition and attempt to innovate better than them? No, instead he did his best 80s US economy impression, firing his entire domestic workforce and replacing them with cheap overseas labor. While I’m at it, I should mention it’s a little fucked up that Willy Wonka traveled deep into the jungle, rounded up as many brown men as he could find, and brought them back to his maximum security chocolate plant to work literally 24/7. They might sing and dance really well, but the Oompa Loompas are about as free as Kunta Kinte. All in all, Willy Wonka is a ruthless colonizer and capitalist that does not give a shit about leaving his business in honest hands. I wouldn’t be surprised if he had already started selling off chunks of equity to the Saudis.

The only poor business decision Wonka makes is pouring massive amounts of capital into making his factory a wonderland. Instead of opting for a cost effective, brass tacks manufacturing plant, the complex is complete with an edible forest, chocolate river, incredible decor at every turn,

and more. What would be the point of paying for all of this? Does it make his mass produced sweets taste better? Is he trying to give his slaves a comfortable environment to work in? There's only one answer: he's giving those kids a reason to never leave. Willy Wonka's sexual yearning for children is even more disturbing when you consider how he "preps" the golden ticket winners for his liking during. Augustus Gloop is covered in chocolate after nearly drowning in the river, Violet Beauregarde is turned into a giant blueberry, Mike Teavie is stretched into an incredibly tall stick figure, and Veruca Salt is attacked by squirrels. Wonka doesn't just have a fetish for cute kids like Charlie Bucket, he wants kids that are wearing chocolate blackface, kids that are mega plus-sized, anorexic, and disheveled from animal maulings.

The character of Willy Wonka is one that seems all too familiar. A famous, lonely older man invites a bunch of kids over to his amusement park of a house? It all feels very *Leaving Neverland* to me. Go search up a picture of Johnny Depp's Willy Wonka - one could say he's a dead ringer for Michael Jackson in his white phase. All that's missing is a bad nose job and some wild sleeping meds.

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## **A Response to the Ass Wiping Technique...**

My bowels are moved to add to the discussion of the recent article, "The Sensationalist, Volume 1, Issue 4, "New, Revolutionary Ass-Wiping Technique".

First of all, to all the Bumfodders out there who are truly concerned about wasting water, be advised that the actual process of manufacturing paper consumes **copious** amounts of water. It takes 37 gallons of water to produce just one roll of toilet paper! Additionally, the environmental impact is devastating. Paper production contributes to deforestation, uses tremendous amounts of energy, emits considerable volatile chemical compounds into the air, and discharges significant waste water (from the pulping and bleaching process). Finally, paper accounts for over a quarter of total waste at landfills. (Note to all the Google jockeys: be wary of industry or chamber of commerce type search results telling you how benign paper production is - they're all a bunch of lying assholes).

To all the scat cat water conservationists out there. If you truly want to put your money where your anus is, then stop using toilet paper entirely. Use any kind of dried leaves (not poison

ivy), cornhusks, cardboard tubes, Russian roubles, used coffee filters (we can talk about the benefits of coffee enemas next time), or moss - be creative!

Whatever material you use to wipe your bung hole, I would suggest the folding technique in tandem with the suggested dabbing technique. Always fold after the first wipe and then wipe again. This effectively doubles your wiping efficiency. To those with deft fingers and dainty bowel movements, you may be able to get even more folds out of your wipes.

Finally to all the stool fools out there worried about poor hygiene from the author's toilet water dipping suggestion. I suggest that the greater concern should be not employing the oft-disregarded directional wiping technique known as front to back, particularly if you are a woman or a hermaphrodite. Let's avoid unnecessary odors, UTI's and other pathogenic bacterial infections.

DON'T FORGET! Always wash your hands!

Respectfully,  
Gary Masa

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## **Triple Decker King Sized Joint**

**Ben Wiener**

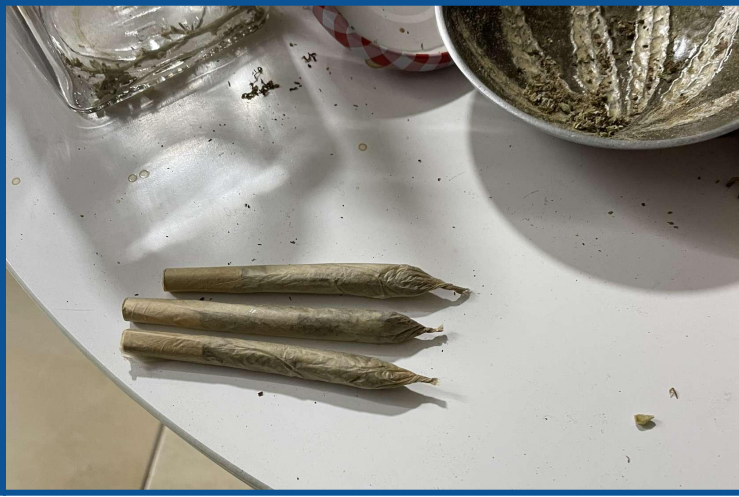
November 20th, 10:00 PM:

As a young whippersnapper, I was quite the cannabis fanatic. Now, two years later, I still am...it seems not much has changed, but I digress. Two years ago on my quest to get higher than the local crackheads, I decided to take three normal sized joints and roll them all up into a triple barrel shotgun shell.

Now, as a mature adult, I made the responsible decision to one up myself and defeat the final boss...I will be attempting the same challenge but with three king sized joints to up the ante. My original triple roll had a total of 1.5 grams of weed, but let's be honest...that's pussy shit. I rolled up my joints with



a total of 2.5 grams of weed along with some rolling tobacco 'cuz fuck it, why not? All the joints wrapped up together weigh in at 5.35 grams. Shit's fucked. I will write back after I'm

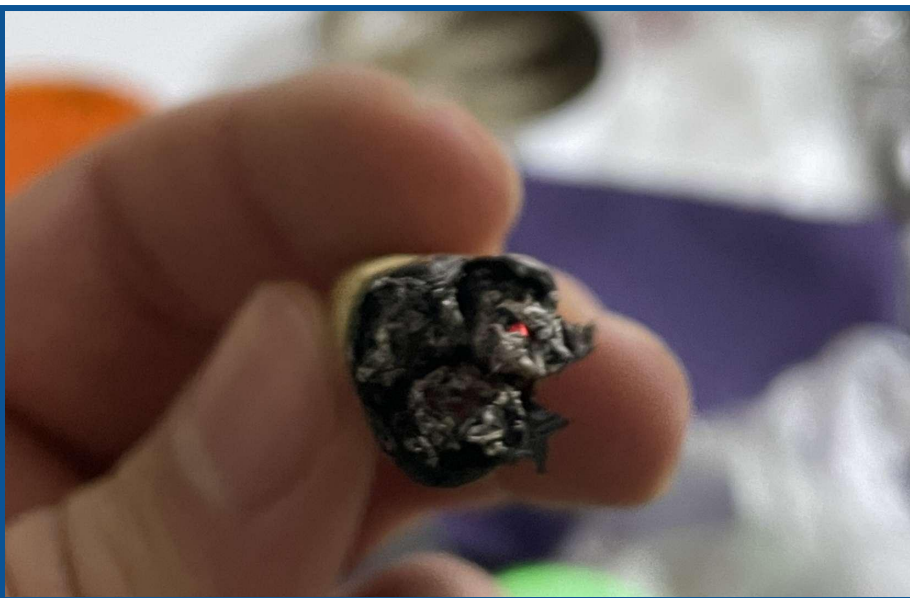


done smoking.

November 20th, 10:50 PM:

I've never seen someone hotbox an outdoor patio, but I managed to do it. Massive fucking clouds of smoke were consumed, and it was definitely a different feeling. Now to move on to how I feel...I'm going to be honest right now, I don't think I've ever been this fucked up. I physically cannot move anything but my

fingers and it's taking me about a minute to type each word. I'm all sorts of fucked up and honestly, 10/10 experience, would do it again. But I definitely will need at least a day after I smoke to completely recuperate from this.



# The Four Archetypes of Motivation

Henry Levitt

The following four archetypes were developed by myself, and refined through many conversations with my close friend, Ellis Zusel. Inspired by Carl Jung's archetypes, these four aim to describe the main internal motivations of a person. Below I will give a brief explanation and discussion of the ethos, goals, and attributes of each of the archetypes.

**Soldier:** It's hard to know which archetype is most common, but if I had to guess, it would probably be the soldier. The soldier is driven by other's admiration and being recognized for his greatness. Paramount to the soldier is his honor--this is that he will go to war for, and hence why I entitled this archetype "the soldier". The strongest attributes of this archetype are determination and confidence.

**Farmer:** What drives the farmer is his desire for stability. He wishes to achieve modest prosperity and live comfortably. The biggest internal force is his will for contentment. The farmer is often loyal, conscientious, and willing to put in hard work for a rewarding payoff. Overall, practicality and humility are the farmer's strongest attributes.

**Revolutionary:** A cause is always necessary to the revolutionary; she lives to effect change. The revolutionary is strong headed and outspoken. She is driven by her will to mold the world into a better place. As such, the revolutionary is motivated to develop original ideas and fight for them. The strongest attributes of the revolutionary are independence and raw passion.

**Wanderer:** The wanderer's main focus is seeking out new experiences. They live to feel all that life has to offer. Accordingly, freedom is crucial to a wanderer's actualization of motivation. They cannot be pinned down with responsibility and will often fly away from negative environments. They tend to be extremely resourceful and cunning when it comes to achieving personal desires. The strongest attributes are openness and compassion.

You will likely find that you are a mix of two or more of these archetypes, often with a more dominant one. Though do not discount your other motivational archetypes. By identifying your archetype you can find the most effective way to be productive and live contentedly. This may mean a shift in your goals or the way you think about them in order to align with your motivational drives. It's important to keep in mind that any goal is compatible with any archetype. The soldier, farmer, revolutionary, and wanderer seek only to explain **why** a person would be compelled to attempt a task.

# Body Dysmorphia

U. Jeong

I'm stuck in a fun house  
Feeling distorted  
I can't trust what I see  
But I just can't help myself  
I critique and I body shame  
Oh why do I have to be me

My Reality made of shards  
My vision of mirrors  
Where all I can see are my flaws  
I try to run from it I try to escape  
But every turn is my reflection  
Oh why am I such a lost cause

Shift shaper syndrome  
Body dysmorphia  
Call it what you will  
My prison of mirrors  
My prison of myself  
Why do I hate myself still

I'm stuck at this fun house  
But it isn't fun anymore  
Surrounded by flawed me's  
Mirror mirror on the wall  
Who's the fairest of them all  
I wish that it was me

# THE POINTLESS PANTS PROJECT (P.P.P.) UPDATE

Two Fridays ago I played my ridiculous role in the FSDA fashion show. The theme was “Wonderland: the Land of Dreams”. And while my costume was not ethereal or elegant, it sure was surreal. The bizarre nature of my look lended more than a hint of absurdity that seems to be woven into every one of my dreams.

Even more surreal than the Pointless Pants was the activity of strutting down the runway...which I did with uncharacteristic attitude and enthusiasm. As a picture is worth a thousand words, I will hold off describing the scene and instead release a series of curated photos that convey the mood of the evening. I had hoped that the photographers would be finished uploading and sorting the images by this week, but it seems that the deadline for that is December 2nd. Once these unique assortments of pixels are within my (virtual) possession, I will release a final addendum to this update immediately.

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## The Meadery Final Update

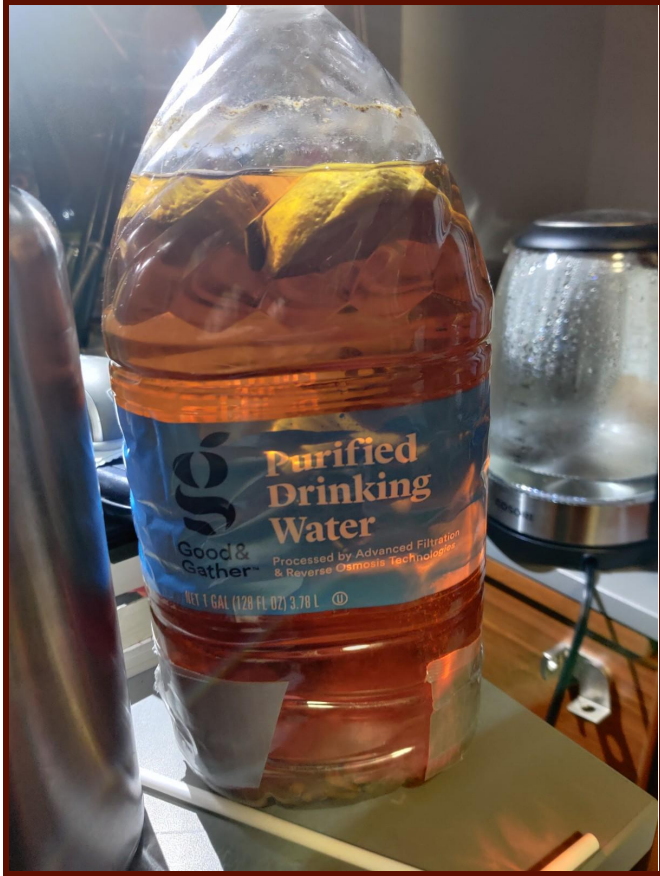
*After a long three and a half fortnights, I finally uncorked the nectar. Billowing from the growler was a pleasant autumnal aroma complete with a crisp nose. This was my first hint that the mulling spices achieved their purported goal. The honey wine was surprisingly clear for a beverage that was fermented using bread yeast. Naturally, I poured myself a tasting glass to ensure that the product was top quality.*

~

*On first taste I noticed an open palette with blossoming clove and cinnamon flavors. Underneath the spices was a thin, sweet and summer berry taste that I assume came from the clover honey. Much to my merriment, there was not even a semblance of plastic flavor. However, my tongue did start tingling and my gums began to go numb. I attribute this to the incredibly high quantity of cloves used. Friar*



*John later explained to me that cloves emit a certain oil that causes oral numbness. After trying the mead he proclaimed it “the best tasting analgesic there is” and recommended that I make the elixir available to the village dentist. Here are some final images of the endeavor and the feast over which it was served.*



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## **This has been The Sensationalist: #11**

*“Does anyone know what anything is anymore?”*