And now, apropos of nothing:

– Dude this guy totally cock blocked me the other day. I was totally like horning in on his sister so he stuck a fork in my penis. Cock blocked!

– Oh man…coach won’t let me play in the game man. Dude! He burned my jersey bro! It’s so fucking stupid. Jock Blocked!

– God damn, you know I was really looking forward to wearing my sneakers today, but i had to just slip on my flip flops cause I got Sock Blocked!

– WWE has gone wayyyy down hill. It’s fucking garbage now! Fucking garbage! It just hasn’t been good since it got The Rock Blocked.

– “Aren’t you going to ring the doorbell?

“No. What, trying to Knock Block me?”

– “Dude! Don’t point your gun at that poor bird!”

“Hey! Watch it. Don’t Hawk Block me, bro!”

“What ever! You Glock Blocker!”

– I almost got famous you know. I almost did it through the sick shredding of my guitar, man, but I got totally Rock Blocked by this dude in a mohawk so I took a you know, one of those electric razors and totally Mohawk Blocked that bitch.

– Fuck! Dinner was gonna be so good. I was gonna stir fry up some veggies… unfortunately mom had another schizo episode and sold a bunch of our stuff! Again! So, sorry kids, we got Wok Blocked.

– Dude I totally wanted to go to the cradle of Christianity, but some asshole bought the last seat on the flight and Antioch Blocked me!

– “Hey dude what’s up-“

I hold up my finger to his lips and press firmly so he knows who the fricker is his boss.

“What are you doing?” he says through pressed lips.

“What does it look like? I’m finally Talk Blocking you!”

– UGH, don’t you hate it when someone snags that ebay item when you had the highest bet like three seconds before the end! Fucking Shop Blockers!

– Interesting dress, but I wouldn’t wear it. FROCK BLOCKED!!!

– “Dude you’re mom is so fat-“

“Allen!”

“Dad! It was gonna be funny!”

“Allen!”

“Fine…”

“Ha! Mock Blocked!”

– Can you check the time?

Me? No, I got Clock Blocked

– I was just trying to get myself sexually aroused, but I got erotic blocked.

– No Graffiti you pint sized criminals! You kindergartners have been chalk blocked!

– Dude…Leonard Nimoy just died….Spock Blocked.

– “What do you think of this one?”

“It’s a bit…idk. A bit old looking. Where was it made?”

“China.”

“Oh yeah, you don’t want that. That’s shoddy.”

“Thanks friend!”

“What else are friends for other than Schlock Blocking?”

– I won’t let you watch that movie. The Blind Side is just a white guilt movie that doesn’t actually truthfully portray the issue of race in America. Fuckin Sandra Bullocked.

– A writer thought about how to work Crockpot Blocked into a story and couldn’t find a satisfactory way. But then he did! Writer’s Block Blocked!

– I swiped my card in front of the scanner and unlocked the door into Finley. I held the door open for Kari Flocker. What was she thinking? I hadn’t even made up an excuse like that we could work on Japanese together or anything. Why was she going along with it then? Whatever. Just keep your cool.

I swipe my card again and the other little thingy at the stairs.

“Where do you live again?”

“In um the new dorm, you know.”

“Oh Teebo?”

“Yeah,” she throws her arm forward like she’s pointing at something, but of course there is nothing there. “That one.”

We climbed the stairs in silence. I check my phone. He’s in position.

We walk down the halls and I said hi to Nathan AKA Beezlebud. Kari gives a little wave even though she’s never met him. I unlocked my door and let us in.

“Oh…yeah excuse how shitty this place is cause we really need to vacuum. I really need to vacuum my roommate isn’t going to do it…”

“Oh…it’s fine.”

I close Tim’s wide open closet doors and face her. I shrug my shoulders.

“Soooo…” she said.

“Uh yeah.” I got out my phone and sent the text. “Uh yeah, make yourself at home or whatever.”

“K. What are we doing?”

“Um.” Come on come on come on come on come on come on.

Tim bust through the door and yelled, “Whoops!” with a playful smile wrapped around his face. “Sorry! Didn’t mean to be a Flocker Blocker!”