things i Hate!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Wombats with handguns: this is my number one hate. They are rude and presumptuous at the best of times. They certainly lack democratic principles. They are rarely toilet-trained. If you meet one on the subway, do not approach, and certainly don’t give them money.

Planets whose names start with “q”: these things really cheese me off. What a pretentious letter to begin a planetary name with. Do not visit these planets under any circumstances; the service is poor and the food is terrible. Should you be forced to visit one, wear a false moustache.

Paisley/argyle underwear: what were they thinking? These can really screw a guy up. We’re just not made to tolerate such stimulation. Only the most irresponsible menswear stores would sell them. They are a gateway underwear, leading to all the worst excesses of the underground underwear underworld: shocking pink jockstraps, elevator pouches and adhesive strapless lift-and-separators.

Neanderthals: these people should be banned permanently from all public places. Not only do they have the unmitigated gall to be smarter, gentler and better hung than the rest of us (that goes for you too, ladies), but they go and leave litter and graffiti in caves all over europe. Who does that? Come on, people!

Samovars: this item speaks for itself. What the hell is wrong with an ordinary teapot and a bag of red rose? Oh, wait, i’m a samovar, i’m made of pure silver, polish me. Talk about arrogance! Let’s put a stop to this now, before things get out of control.

People who say “no” when i want stuff: did you ever stop to think about what your “no” means to me? Has it never occurred to you to do exactly what i tell you? Well, then, i suppose not, you’re special, aren’t you?! I’m telling you now, though — things have got to change around here.