

Adventure Cabaret

My Feelings Are Ridiculous

Screen: [Capybara with a peach balanced on its head.]

You know how, especially these days, we're all supposed to respect every stupid feeling everybody has? Every dumbass feeling every dumbass has, we're supposed to bow down and show that stupid feeling all the respect it absolutely doesn't deserve, and then we're supposed to...talk about it! Yuck! No way.

And what about "You hurt my feelings?" What? That doesn't even make any sense. Feelings can't be hurt. How could a *feeling* be "hurt?"

And then there's that charming t-shirt. Yeah, you know the one. "Fuck your feelings."

But what a minute...what about me? Somebody has to go first, so I say now, in a loud, clear voice:

FUCK...MY...FEELINGS! FUCK THEM **HARD!** FUCK THEM **LONG!**

...and I have a LOT of feelings, so that could take a while, and involve a lot of effort.

Pause.

But what *are* my feelings, why do I have them, where did they come from, which of them actually *deserve* to be fucked, and will I respect them in the morning? My feelings, I mean.

I'm not really sure. Let's investigate.

For instance, I have some very deep feelings...about compost. Even now, just thinking about compost, I'm on the verge of tender tears. Yes, I am a gold digger. I dig black gold, and I dig it deeply. But more on this later.