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Cooks Deli - Time to "play the piano"
Back in like, 2003, I worked for my uncle Thomas Cook at 46 State Street, Albany NY. In fact, the FIRST DAY of school, I went to Arongen, and ran into my cousin Thomas (his son), and for some
reason I couldn't remember who he was ... Had a full on conversation with him, and then my mom or dad asked
me about it ...
(Mom/Dad) : So, heard you ran into your cousin today ...?
            I did ... ?
(Mom/Dad) :
            I mean, that's what HE said to your (uncle/aunt) \dots ?
Me
            Maybe I did ...?
            I'm just a little kid...
            I dunno.
Anyway, long story short, my cousin and I had some distance between us from 1990 to 2001 or 2002.
In 2002, we started talking again and we talked about hot bitches, and stuff like that.
I don't really remember a whole lot about what we talked about, because it felt pretty foreign.
By the time senior year came around, we were hanging out a fair amount more, because apparently when I
started working out, and taking these protein shakes and workout supplements, my uncle and my cousin Tom
were like:
(Uncle/Cousin) : So, this dude's gonna flat out impress the daylights out of us by workin' out and shit ... ?
                  Alright ...
                  TWO can play THAT game, bro...
And then, that's what they did. My uncle got a workout gym, and he and my cousin just started ripping away
at the reps. Just a non-stop ritual of:

 waking up,

2) crushing souls at making food in the deli,
3) clocking out at the end of the day,
working out for hours,
5) playing pool,
playing chess
playing poker,
8) repeat...
Anyway, at some point my mother was working at the Deli again (cause she did MANY times before), and then I
started working there, and I wasn't even REMOTELY as skilled in the kitchen as either one of these guys ...
However, they knew that I had the innate ability ... to move like the fuckin' wind when it came to the register.
Uncle
             : Mike, time to play the piano, dude.
              Alright ..
Me
               <customer 1-5 taken care of in like 2 minutes flat>
Uncle
            : Now, that's some fine fuckin' piano playin' skills right there, kid.
              Holy fuck.
Cousin
             : Yeh dude.
              That shit is ... unbelievable.
               How the hell do you move so fast like that ...?
Me
            : Idk.
              Quake III Arena and stuff...
Uncle
            : I dunno what that is ...
Me
              It's a game.
              It's like DOOM but it has advanced graphics and stuff.
            : Dad, you should REALLY see this kid play this game sometime ...
Cousin
              He makes his own levels and shit ...
Customer[1]: My kid can do that shit too, dude ...
              Yeah, probably not like this kid can.
Cousin
              He's got his own website on PlanetQuake and stuff.
Customer[1] :
              <Adjusts glasses> Oh really ...?
              A website on PlanetQuake, eh ...?
              Yeh.
Cousin
            : What's it called ... ?
              Мe
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Uncle

: BFG, eh ... ?

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Мe
               Yeh.
               The one in DOOM is only the BFG 9K.
Cousin
               Yeah, well the one in Quake II and Quake III is the BFG10K.
And I had to take things up a notch, right up to 20K.
That's... pretty fuckin' impressive sounding, dude.
Me
Customer[1] :
Cousin
               It is.
                This kid is a straight up, savage.
               He was telling me about these lan parties him and his buddies have..
                ..kicking everybody's ass on their best day, at this friggen game, dude.
Uncle
               Yeah, well ...
                You're in the REAL WORLD now, kid ...
                <shakes head>
                At least you can play the piano like nobody's friggen business...
Customer[2] : Yeh, this kid is REALLY fast on that thing ...
Cousin
               I'm pretty quick on that thing too, though.
Customer[2] : Look kid ...
               You know how to make a mean Monte Cristo, Corned Beef Rueben, Eggs Benedict ...?
               But- this cousin of yours knows the ins and outs of that friggen register ...
               <Sorta jealous> Yeah, yeah.
Cousin
Uncle
               <Also sorta jealous> Look, that's my deceased brothers kid right there...
               He's just like his father ... smart bastard.
Customer[2] : Yeah, I'm well aware.
Customer[4] :
               We all know that ...
               Kid was born to push people's buttons like nobody's business ...
Customer[5] : <points> That guy said it, right there.
Customer[1] : C'mon Customer[5] ... You always hype up what Customer[4] says ...
Customer[5] : Customer[4] is always right, though.
               He's like Ed friggen Kowalski...
Ed
             : Damn straight.
               This kid right here, has the makings of a genius.
Cousin
             : Alright, I've got Customer[1..5] all set and ready to go.
               Mike, you gotta bag em all up, and ship em all out. I gotta take care of Customer[6..29]
At which point, I'd grab the 5# paper bags, and put the bowls of soup in the bag.
Then I'd take the plastic bag, and then put that 5# bag in the plastic bag, hand it off to Customer[1] ...?
Me
             : Here's your food.
               Have a WICKED nice day, dude.
Customer[1] : Thanks kid~!
                Here's a $5 tip for being light on your feet.
             : Awesome.
Then, I'd have to take a couple 12# bags, and open the both of em, and slide the styrofoam containers into
the bags, with the bag on it's side. Then, throw THOSE into each of their own plastic bags... Needless to
say, I'd have (2) customers ready to go, side-by-side, over and done ...
             : Listen Customer[2] and Customer[3]...
               The chips are over there, if you want some ...
               Thanks, kid.
Customer[2]
Customer[3] :
               You're real light on your feet there, kid ...
               Here's a $5 tip for being light on your feet.
Thanks, I appreciate it.
Customer[3] : No problem, kid.
                <puts their sunglasses back on> Keep up the good work, kid.
Then Customer[4] and [5] would be the regular customers that ate at the deli, EVERY DAY.
They'd typically be from the SUNY plaza, or 41 State Street, or hell, maybe even 54 State Street.
The fact of the matter is, I'd have to be ready to take on a tall stack of orders that my cousin
Thomas cobbled together on 2 hours of sleep ... still making the perfect lunch for these people.
I'd need the largest paper bag... the 20# bag. This thing was no joke and sometimes if you opened it WAY TOO FAST,
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What's that, like the big fuckin' gun from DOOM or somethin' ... ?

it would tear a hole in it ... so, they were pretty temperamental. The several Styrofoam containers had to be carefully placed within the bag, with merely an inch or two left for my arms to fit inside ...

It was a dirty job...? But- somebody had to do it.

My cousin showed me the ins and outs of how to load this bag up without ripping anything, or spilling anything... and even HE knew that shit was pretty tough to do without making a mistake.

One slip up...? And the food would fall out, and then the order would have to be made ALL over again. People would get WICKED pissed if that EVER happened ...

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So, when you have soups, sandwiches, salads, and Thomas Cook's famous Mac n' Cheese...?
You were basically dabbling with death ...
Still, I survived. I figured out how to get it done, quickly, and without causing chaos.
            : Customer[4] and Customer[5] ... ? I literally just put all your stuff together ... ?
              You're basically golden, now.
Customer[4] : That's ... fuckin' absolutely impressive, kid.
Customer[5] : Damn straight.
              I dunno how this kid does it ...
              Literally dances with death EVERY time he does that ...
            : WELL, I showed him how to do that ...
Cousin
Uncle
              So did I.
Customer[4] : Well, this kid knows what he's doin...
              So ...
              Here's a $10 tip, kid.
              Spend it wisely.
              Thanks, I appreciate it.
Customer[5] :
              <puts THEIR sunglasses on> Keep up the good work, kid.
              See ya next time.
Uncle
            : I dunno how this kid does it.
            : It's as if people are spitefully throwing money in the tip jar...
Cousin
And, that's exactly how it was.
Things between me and that cash register ...?
They were like a well oiled machine.
A stacking of the chips...
A bet against all odds ...
One by one ...?
The (3) of us just demolished that entire line of customers, like soldiers at war.
Us
    : Here's your food...?
       Have a WICKED nice day, dude.
Them : Thanks a lot.
       <puts their sunglasses on>
       Here's a $5 tip.
       Keep up the good work.
Sweat, beading off of our foreheads, in our palms, underneath our vinyl and plastic gloves...
... and then the last day of school for both my cousin and I finally came.
You see, Thomas Edward Cook and I, we were like brothers on the very first day of kindergarten.
But pretty quickly, our lives were thrown on their own separate tangents.
Growing up with step siblings that literally punched him in the face and made him practically eat dirt...
Or crawl around for hours in the cold snow in his underwear...
Having my father killed... and then being basically abandoned, beaten, and forgotten.
Eventually, our tangents came back together, like Sin and Cosine waves.
We met again at the deli, we crushed people's souls at Quake III Arena, Counterstrike, and Halo 1+2.
We rolled many dutch masters, smoked plenty of buds ... while being best buds.
But on THAT particular day ...?
Well, we were in a car, and that car was headed for Shenendehowa High School ...
       : We're gonna be late, dude ... I don't even have my thing written up for my last class.
Cousin
Мe
          Dude, we'll make it if I drive like a fuckin' lunatic..
        : We WON'T make it if you get in an ACCIDENT driving like a lunatic \ldots
Cousin
Me
        : Tommy ... ?
          <puts his sunglasses on> I was born for this shit, bro.
Cousin : Yeah ... that's what I'm worried about, dude.
          You're a wild animal with your driving skills
        : Look dude, sometimes you gotta take the throttle in life...
Cousin
          Well, you know what dude ...?
          Since you just said that ...?
          I'm not scared, I trust ya.
        : Why ...?
Me
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Cousin : Cause ... if anybody's gonna drive like a fuckin' lunatic, and pull off a miracle ...?

It's YOU. : We're just slipping through the cracks of reality, my dude. I said that phrase to a lot of people for many years, and it caused a lot of people to practically shit their pants... "What the fuck does that even MEAN, dude...? We're just slipping through the cracks of reality...?" Well, the phrase means exactly what it sounds like it means.. Just, slipping through the cracks of reality... Like a well-oiled machine. Anyway, we got to school for the final day of our entire 13 years at Shenendehowa High School. Tommy had an essay to write...? I believe that he was up all night trying to write it and kept procrastinating, I can't remember what he wrote, but I DO distinctly remember that he LITERALLY cobbled it together on the drive in to school. He told me that when he read it out for his classmates.. ... he got like a standing ovation and the teacher gave him an A+ on the story. The WAY that he told me causes me to think that everybody in his class stood right up, and just started chanting his name while CLAPPING and CHEERING for this awesome son of a bitch... Everybody: *chanting* Tommy~! *chanting* Tommy~! *chanting* Tommy~! *chanting* Tommv~! Thinking back on it all, I never really stopped to consider that my dad was right there with us that whole time. I think that when people die or pass over ...? They're not really GONE, they've just passed into a new dimension from which we can barely perceive them or their continued existence. It's just a THEORY. Maybe I'm wrong about that, but- I don't think I am. I'm pretty sure that when I made the decision to start driving a vehicle, my dad was right there, in the passenger seat. Tellin' me what to do, what not to do, through INTUITION. Dad Do you see any cops down this stretch of highway ...? Мe Nah. Dad Alright then ... keep it movin', don't slow down. Tommy ... what ... ? I was just sayin', I don't see any cops on this stretch here. Me YEAH, bro, *looks at speedometer* you're literally going like 114 miles an hours dude. Tommy : What the actual fuck, dude. Me : Hey dude ... That's about as fast as this thing can really go ... Dad : Damn straight, kid. It's fast enough. You'll make it to school JUST IN TIME, if you keep at this rate. Tommy : You know, you're actually making really good time ... Oh, I know, dude. Trust me, I was BORN for this shit. Мe Dad : Damn straight, kid.
Tommy : I'm ... right there with ya, dude. Normally $\bar{\mathbf{I}}$ 'd be shittin' $\bar{\mathbf{m}}$ pants if somebody else was driving. But, you ...? I don't fuckin' know why I feel like I'm in safe hands. Dad : It's cause I'm lookin out for my boy, kidmeister. Now, my dad has never had word-for-word conversations with me since he's passed away ...? But- sometimes I make SPECULATIONS about what he COULD be saying, based on how some things FEEL or SOUND. So, if I say "Andrew Cuomo is a fuckin' queer"...?

That SOUNDS pretty fuckin' ACCURATE... So, I will continue to say that, because of how ACCURATE it (SOUNDS/SEEMS).

But if I say that "NYSP TROOPER BOSCO is an awesome cop" ...? That SOUNDS pretty fuckin' INACCURATE...

So, I'll say the OPPOSITE thing, because of how ACCURATE the OPPOSITE thing (SOUNDS/SEEMS).

I don't bother to talk to people about what it's like to TRY and have a CONVERSATION with my DEAD FATHER...? Because people will immediately assume that's fuckin' crazy talk, without considering the SPIRITUAL aspect of it.

However, sometimes my gut instinct tells me that it's accurate, that he's been keeping tabs on me from beyond his grave... from the other side, cause the memory of my father still thrives in my mind.

«My holy father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name… thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven..." I am pretty sure that some people think these words are fuckin' stupid...? But, some people don't think those words are stupid at all. I just think that people don't understand what they mean to ME... ... because I'm talking about my LITERAL FATHER who has since passed on, not the lord himself.

It probably thrives in the minds of many other people, but in my mind ...? I have to make sense of every time I suddenly feel the urge to describe the past at length... ... paying tribute to him for the life that he was cheated out of.

And then, that's when I'll see things in the sky, like a shooting star. Or, little hints, a little rabbit just suddenly moving in my field of vision... Sometimes the barometric pressure of the atmosphere causes my ear to pop... All of these things, becoming more than just COINCIDENTAL.

The truth is, I never at any single moment put my hands on a single piano, at Cook's Deli. "Playing the piano", or "Hopping on the piano", was just a figure of speech, or a metaphor, for running the cash register.

Sometimes I'd have to enter prices and tax manually.

Other times, the keys were programmed.

Sometimes I made mistakes, and I'd have to void out transactions and start over.

Other times, I made amendments and combined orders so that it still came out to be the same amount being put INTO the register, as well as being taken out.

I've had many jobs where I've had to run a cash register... ... very few where I've been able to program the 0's and 1's that go into that fuckin' thing.

And that's what led me to application development.

Everybody makes a big deal about cash, and money .. Few people make a big deal about the truth, UNLESS, there's a huge sum of money attached to the truthful nature of a statement, or whatever.

The fact of the matter is, sometimes the things that are never stated out loud ...? They need to be explicitly stated out loud, in order for OTHER PEOPLE to understand things so that ASSUMPTIONS aren't made, but rather... scenarios that are LOGICALLY CONSTRUCTED with a high percentage of ACCURACY.

And that's just it. Some people REALLY HATE ACCURACY... because to them, ACCURACY is fuckin' stupid, dude. Some people whip out their dicks, piss all over the edge and the sides of the toilet, and they get paid a lot of money to be that fucking careless. That means they DON'T REALLY CARE ABOUT ACCURACY.

Other people make damn certain that every drop of pee makes it into the toilet and doesn't make a fuckin' mess. That's some ck.Fatallty shit right there, VERY MUCH CARES ABOUT ACCURACY...

Somewhere in between one or the other, are where most people exist. While everybody DOES make mistakes ...?

Some people will never admit that they're the type of person that pisses all AROUND the toilet, instead of INTO the god damn toilet. Like, Andrew Cuomo and NYSP Trooper Sergeant Bosco.

When it comes to playing a musical instrument ...? People will HEAR the fucking mistakes PRETTY CLEARLY, if you're NOT ACCURATE. The sound of music that has a lot of ERRORS will SOUND archaic. Chaotic. Noisy. Annoying. Perhaps even terrifying in some cases.

However, the sound of music that has NO FLAWS WHATSOEVER ...? It will always sound like it makes plenty of sense, no matter what the approach is.

If it's the underbelly aching of a cold, dry day on the north pole \dots ? → It'll sound like that. \rightarrow It'll sound like that. If it's the hot, sweaty, pulsing beat of a jungle safari...? If it's the echoing of ocean waves, pounding up against jagged rocks...? → It'll sound like that. If it sounds like a dude decided to consume a fuckin' tractor trailer full of lead before attempting to play an instrument for the first time...? → It'll sound like that.

In some cases...? That last entry above is just a lazy POLICE OFFICER fellating a POLITICIAN... For instance: NYSP Trooper Bosco giving Andrew Cuomo some head, to be promoted to SERGEANT.

Look the fact of the matter is, who really gives a shit if that's how NYSP Trooper Bosco became a SERGEANT...? It's not like HE really cares...

But also, who really gives a shit if Andrew Cuomo sexually harassed 11 women, and can't actually get laid...?

He says that he didn't do it... and BECAUSE EVERY politician:

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| is ALWAYS honest | is ALWAYS accurate | ALWAYS has integrity | says what they mean | means what they say |
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then that means all (11) of those women HAD to have been DELUSIONAL or PSYCHOTIC. Right…? Well, in HIS MIND...? Yeah. That's EXACTLY what's goin on.

However, the reality is that the man himself, happens to be DELUSIONAL himself.

So, if the man INSISTS that he's NOT GAY or anything like that…? Then, he obviously IS, because he's DELUSIONAL. And, that's just the way it is.

Everybody should consider, that politicians like ANDREW CUOMO…? They suck ass at playing music. And, that's ok. In some cultures, sucking ass at something is actually a compliment.

You know...? Sucking ass, and kissing ass aren't a whole lot different than one another.

Now, lets face some facts while looking in the mirror. Some people probably DO care about what I just said ...? But that doesn't matter, because he is more important than anyone reading this, and he doesn't really care for any of that shit I just said.

And, THAT'S what matters the MOST... you know ...? He's TOO IMPORTANT.

I mean really, so what if Guilianna Bruno from WTEN, or Allyssa Corporese from WRGB are pretty fuckin hot...? They know they are. ANDREW CUOMO knows they are, too. I know they are. Everybody knows they are.

Because, ANDREW CUOMO might even agree with me "Those girls are pretty hot after all..." But, he and I BOTH KNOW...? If he tries to score with girls like that...? That'll be additional SEXUAL HARASSMENT cases, and he is trying his best to steer clear of those situations.

But the reality, is that… none of these WIDELY KNOWN FACTS, are NEARLY AS IMPORTANT, as how GAY, FORMER NEW YORK STATE GOVERNOR, ANDREW CUOMO really is.

I mean, that's just the principle of the conversation here, being WICKED SKILLED at playing a LITERAL PIANO, or a METAPHORICAL PIANO...? It needs to BE ACCURATE in order to SOUND GOOD, or MAKE SENSE.

And saying that ANDREW CUOMO can score with HOT FEMALES...? It makes no fucking sense, whatsoever. And, that is the MAIN REASON, why he's no longer the GOVERNOR of NEW YORK STATE. Nah.

That's why POLITICIANS like ANDREW CUOMO, and MUSICIANS/PROGRAMMERS like MYSELF... ... have a really hard time getting along.

In other words, this dude is probably a good musician after all when it comes to the SKIN FLUTE. Or like the fuckin' RUSTY TROMBONE, both are terms that my buddy PETER REPP used to say a lot.

Peter: There once was a man from Madagask...

whose balls were made of fine brass...

And in stormy weather ...? They would clang together...? And sparks shot out of his ass.

: That's impressive.

Peter : If you think THAT one is cool...

...you'll probably like this OTHER one...

: Alright...

Peter: There once was a man from Nantucket.

Whose schlong was so long he could suck it.

He said with a grin...? As he wiped off his chin...?

If his ear was a cunt, he would fuck it.

: Wow. Me

Peter : Pretty cool, huh...? Me : Yeah, sounds like both of those dudes have some fuckin' problems, dude.

: Yeah, the dude from Nantucket plays the SKIN FLUTE...

Мe : Wow.

The fact of the matter is that both of those LIMERICKS (that's what they are), were actually written about ANDREW CUOMO ahead of time. It's just that, nobody really knew, until BRITANNY COMMISSO started telling people about how the FORMER GOVERNOR was doing some shady shit, and that... he REALLY sucks ass at flirting with girls.

And that's why she had a sense of DREAD on her mind every time that ANDREW CUOMO was like:

Cuomo : Hey Brittany...? Commisso : Yeah, buddy...?

<says with a grin as he wiped of his chin> If my ear was a cunt, I would fuck it.

Commisso : That- Wow.

Wanna like, watch...? Cuomo

Commisso : UH- NAH BRUH, I'M ALL SET ON THAT...

: C'mon... it's not THAT BAD. Cuomo

Look, the point is this. If it's an ACTUAL MUSICAL INSTRUMENT, and not like a "code name" for you know what...? Then, the man should do everything possible to steer clear of a fuckin' actual musical instrument… ya know…?

Cause... when a guy like ANDREW CUOMO goes around telling people how awesome he is at everything, but he fuckin' sucks ass at SOUNDING like he's making any SENSE....? Well, you're not likely to outdo an actual musician who knows the ins and outs of musical scales or chords... and can play the fuckin piano like nobody's business. So ... That's just how it is.