

\\-\\-\\- Cooks Deli - Time to "play the piano" \\-\\-\\-

[illegible]

```

Uncle       : Mike, time to play the piano, dude.
Me          : Alright...
              <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.
Cousin      : Dad, you should REALLY see this kid play this game sometime...
              He makes his own levels and shit...
Customer[1] : My kid can do that shit too, dude...
Cousin      : Yeah, probably not like this kid can...
              He's got his own website on PlanetQuake and stuff.
Customer[1] : <Adjusts glasses> Oh really...?
              A website on PlanetQuake, eh...?
Me          : Yeh.
Cousin      : What's it called...?
Me          : <3FG20K's> Shopping Maul.
Uncle       : BFG, eh...?

```


[illegible]

Well, the phrase means exactly what it sounds like it means...
Just, slipping through the cracks of reality...
Like a well-oiled machine.

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.

[illegible]

They're not really GONE, they've just passed into a new dimension from which we can barely perceive them or their continued existence.

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.

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).

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.Fatality 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...? → It'll sound like that.
If it's the hot, sweaty, pulsing beat of a jungle safari...? → It'll sound like that.
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:

| is ALWAYS honest | is ALWAYS accurate | ALWAYS has integrity | says what they mean | means what they say |

... 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.

Me : That's impressive.

Peter : If you think THAT one is cool...
...you'll probably like this OTHER one...

Me : 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.

Me : Wow.

Peter : Pretty cool, huh...?

Me : Yeah, sounds like both of those dudes have some fuckin' problems, dude.

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

Me : 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...?

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

Commisso : That- Wow.

Cuomo : Wanna like, watch...?

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

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

/--/--_/--_/--_/--_/--_/--_/--_/--_/--_/--_/--_/--_/--_/--_/--_/--_/--_/--_/--_/--_

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.