

Howie Mandel

by Sarah Sassone

We love the sparkling, speckless, spotless, spic-n-span, *sanitary*.

It sucks that no one gets you, Howie. They just don't comprehend that they carry so many—too many—estranged anti-bodies. How don't they see that the fingerprints on a glass are chancy, too chancy, that those swirly smudges from their own damn hands get so close—too close—to uniting with your lips as you drink your perfectly purified Fuji water. They are so naïve, so ignorant, and they don't see that you spray your bed with Lysol everyday because when they sit on your bed, their ass germs are ranking where you sleep. You'd understand if I said that I can't lend you a pencil because if your hand—which just touched that desk that you share with sloppy society—held my pencil, that pencil would contact all my other pencils in my specific Ticonderoga pencil case and ruin me? They don't see that it's not so funny, that we're not always comedians. You understand why I can't offer you a handshake or walk within a nine and three-sevenths-inch radius of you, Howie. Right?

