

# 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 finger-  
prints 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 rankling 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?

